

SARATOGA  
1907



BY  
Eli Perkins  
& Lumley

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# SARATOGA 1901

BY  
ELIP  
FUNK  
LOVELL  
SOCIETY  
& Satire



ILLUSTRATED WITH  
200  
Photo-Engravings  
by  
Arthur  
Funk

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Sheldon & Company.

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Many of the letters in this volume first appeared in the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, but, with others, they are now presented in a changed and highly improved form.

The Press has echoed the following sentiment of the *Richmond Whig*:—

“‘Lan,’ the wicked, mischievous and dashing correspondent of the *Commercial Advertiser*, has surpassed all contemporaneous letter writers in waggery, fun, invention, and sensational effect. He has made a national reputation.”

“‘Lan’s’ Saratoga letters were supplemented, after the return of their author, Mr. Melville D. Landon, to New York, by the humorous and statistical letters of ‘Eli Perkins’; and this new *nom de plume* has become as well known as ‘Lan.’”

“The letters of both ‘Lan’ and ‘Eli Perkins’ have won so wide a popularity throughout the United States that we have asked Mr. Landon to prune them, enrich them with suitable additions, and arrange them for publication in a book.”

Here is the book—embellished, moreover, with numerous graphic illustrations from the felicitous pencil of Mr. ARTHUR LUMLEY.

THE PUBLISHERS.





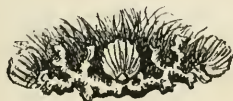
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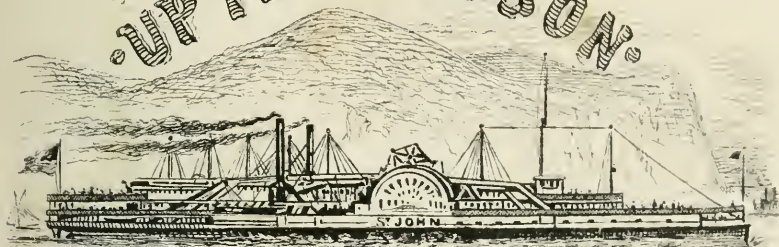
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# UP THE HUDSON.



## OFF FOR SARATOGA!

STEAMER ST. JOHN, JULY 10.

A TRIP up the Hudson with a boat load of excursionists, horse-racers, gamblers, and adventurers, is a trip full of interest.

The keen observer never wearies with the ever-changing scene. The air is full of interest, Men, fast horses, beautiful women, charming villas, and beautiful scenery occupy the mind. The boat is a little miniature world floating away from the rest of humanity. Then the dialogues which you hear on every side have in them much to amuse and a world of wisdom to instruct. By the side of Dr. Hepworth, full

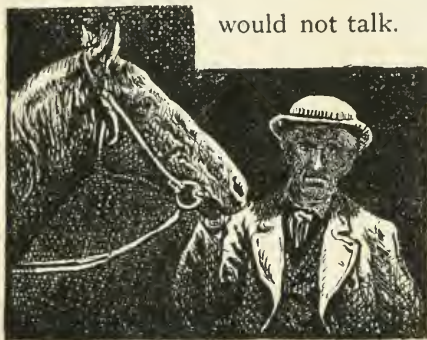


of muscular Christianity, will be Belmont and Traverse, full of pictures and horses ; Astor, full of tenant-houses, and Peter Cooper, full of glue and gelatine. Everything is discussed, from theology to pigs' feet, from horses to viaduct railways.

#### HORSE-RACERS.

Among the rest, we see several professional horse-racers from Kentucky. They are men who remain idle during the winter, and as spring breaks, they commence their race-track tramp. First they run down to New Orleans, then up to Long Branch, then to Saratoga, then back to the Branch. Back again to Saratoga, and an end-up at Jerome Park, and their summer's work is done, and their pockets are lined with the happy results of their observation and knowledge. You will find these men at peep of day around the race-track, talking with the boys or observing the horses in course of training. When the race comes off they know every horse—his pedigree, what he *has* done, what he *can* do, and what he *will* do.

LONGFELLOW,  
& OLD JOHN.



Old John Harper, the owner of Longfellow, was with them last night, but the old fellow would not talk. He stood like an animated ghost, with his white hair streaming in the wind, but not one word could they get out of him about Longfellow.

"What is the best he ever did?" asked one.

"O, he's done some right smart trotting down in Kentuck," replied old John, and then he was as silent as the grave, his sharp gray eyes all the time resting admiringly on his beautiful horse.

It is a queer sight to see this venerable old batchelor, bending under the weight of eighty winters, tottering along after his only love—a horse ! His pet, a four year old 17-hand white faced

stallion (sired by Leamington, dam Nanturah by Brouner's Eclipse), is always with him. Indeed, as they announced the arrival of Bismarck in Paris in '67, "accompanied by the King of Prussia," so they now announce the goings and comings of

Longfellow, accompanied by John Harper. Longfellow's competitor is Kingfisher (four years old, sired by Lexington, dam Eltham Lass), a beautiful horse owned by Mr. Belmont, and the eyes of a nation are concentrated on this coming race at Saratoga.

#### GAMBLERS.

Crowds of professional gamblers from New York gather in knots on the deck of the *St. John*, on their way to visit the "gilt-edged hells" in Saratoga.

They are a handsome set of rascals, but the gambler sticks out in every feature. Who could fail to recognize the profession in the long, dyed mustache of that handsome scamp Johnnie Lynch? The observant eye can pick them out of a crowd of Christians as it can separate the Cyprians on Broadway from the innocent children of virtue. It is always a mystery how these fellows make and spend so much money. They cannot make it out of the faro-banks, for the banks must make enough themselves to pay expenses. In this quandery I questioned a friend who knows all their ways and "tricks which are vain."

"Make it by *legitimate* gambling!" he exclaimed. "No, sir! They are 'ropers-in-men.' They bring others to play, and when they have lost fortunes they receive a percentage as their commission from the owner of the bank. These fellows are *brokers*—faro-bank brokers, and though they play and lose ever so much, it is only done to crowd the tables and create an interest. The keeper *pays back their losses.*"



## FREEDMEN.

ON the boat were groups of laughing, banjo-playing negroes—men and brothers and the connecting links in the great Darwinian theory. Where would Darwin's nice talk be without the darkey? No one would think of jumping from the monkey to 5th Avenue. First we commence with the ape, then the Hot-



tentot, then the Sandwich Islander who loves and eats the tender missionary who taught him to love his fellow man, then the Chinese, then the darkey, then the *voters* in the shanties on the rocks around Central Park,—then the 5th Avenue *belles* and *swells* in fly-away bonnets and dashy tandems. .

# CLERGYMEN



Twice I was awoken out of a profound sleep by a party of Methodist Ministers bound for Round Lake camp-meeting. They were having a serious discussion with an unbeliever, and while a zealous minister was arguing, I came out of my state-room. The good man turned towards me and asked as he laid his right forefinger argumentically on the palm of his left hand :—

“ Was or was not Moses right ? ”

Moses who ?

“ Moses in the Bible.”

Colonel Heywood, who had seen a good many scoffers in California, came to my relief. He said : “ Moses was all right. His head was level.” Then the cabir was quiet again.

The last heard of the Colonel he was trying to prove that Sunday was the strongest day in the week

“ Why ? ” asked the clergyman.

“ Because all the other days are week days.”

“ Oh !! ”

Then again we only heard the heavy thug of the engine.

*Thug—a— ! thug—a ! thug—a !*

*Was, or Was not MOSES Right ?*



## THE OLD PILOT.



The pilot of the *St. John* is an excentric old fellow. He stands all day long, rain or shine, alone in the pilot-house. He has no one to talk to, so he converses aloud to himself. Sometimes he stands and talks to himself for hours. He was talking to himself last night as I stood by the pilot-house door. This is the way he conducted the dialogue :

"Why are you up here in the mist and rain of this God-forsaken pilot-house, Billy? You are a man of enterprise, you can keep books, you can speculate, you can run a newspaper, you *could* be an Alderman and go to Saratoga. Then what's the good of standing here turning this wheel?"

"I will tell you, sir," he replied, "it is because you are a fool, Billy, an idiot, and a jackass."

"But what business is it to *you*?" continued Billy. "You come out here into the pilot-house to brow-beat *me* do you? Who are *you*?"

"You are a low-lived, sneaking, chicken-livered, salaratus-eating Connecticut Yankee, any way, and I'm honest, hardworking William Munson!! D—— your soul, take that!" Then he chuckled at his joke, and went on turning his wheel, which, like his dialogue, went round and round, but finally stopped at the same place.



LAN—



CONGRESS HALL, July 11.

As usual, on the 11th of July, Saratoga is not very full. The great hotels are sparingly populated, and there is an air of waiting about everything. Mr. Rodgers and Frank Hathorn stand behind the desk with pens behind their ears and await patiently the coming of the wonted guests. The great parlors look lonely enough, and Bernstein's music sounds like the roar of the sea upon the desolate winter beach at Long Branch.

The great races commence to-morrow, the coaches will come loaded to-night, and morning will find the scene changed from the deserted halls of Pompeii to a Roman convocation.

PEEP IN THE MORNING.

At four o'clock this morning (think of it, lazy reader!), I left Congress Hall and rode out to the track with Gen. Buford to see the last working of the horses before the races to-morrow. Though early in the morning, all the horsemen were on hand.



with their horses, and the professional betters with their stop-watches, taking down the exact time of each horse to within a quarter of a second.

The first on the track, a little after daylight, was Belmont, in person, with Kingfisher and his trainer. The agent of the Rothschilds was preparing for the grandest race which has ever or will ever take place on this continent, and a race on which will be staked untold thousands. That white-haired old wizzard, half concealed behind a post, and holding an old black silver stop-watch, is John Harper, the owner of Longfellow, who has \$80,000 staked upon the race. This is the first time he has seen "the Fisher," as he calls him, and, almost breathlessly, he stands estimating his antagonist.

"Too much belly on 'the Fisher' to-day," remarks General Buford.

"I'll be dog-on if that little short cuss can beat Longfellow," continues a lank, red-haired Kentuckian.

"Moves like he could run some," said old John, and when "the Fisher" came along he quietly got up and went down to the track.

"How do you like him, old man?" asked John Hunter.

"Putty dog-on full of muscle, Hunter, and he branches off like he had hell in him, sure, but I guess old Longfellow will have his 'run,'" and then shrewd old Harper stopped his old silver watch to get Kingfisher's time, which was 1:50.

Old John remarked, "I reckon he kin do 1:41."

Kingfisher is a light bay horse, full of muscles, and with terrible action. He looks like a racer every inch of him.

#### LONGFELLOW,

accompanied by his stud (Littleton, Express, and Exchange), now came out. He looks like an elongated Chatham square hack-horse. His head is homely and clumsily put on. He starts off like a camel charged with electricity, but, by-and-bye, when the

electricity is gone, he settles into a steady, rolling gait. Then his strides become monstrous, and without apparent effort he shoots by everything on the track. Longfellow has run six races, all of which he has won, though, when he was a three year old, he was beaten, *when sick*, by Enquirer. He ran in Lexington, beating Pilgrim—time, 1:37. From there he went to Nashville, beating Morgan Scout without effort, and ran in Memphis, beating Morgan Scout and John Morrissey's Defender. He also ran in Cincinnati. At the Branch he has just *easily* beaten Helmboldt, Regards, and Breakneck. Longfellow did 1:44 by Harper's old silver watch this morning.

"You will see a terrible race for that Saratoga cup on Friday afternoon," said Harper, as he went back to the stable.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because Longfellow has never had a horse to run with him before. He always comes in on a galop. But if 'the Fisher' beats him this time, he will beat the best horse I ever saw."

"Will the Fisher beat?"

Old John shook his head ominously—then he said, half regretfully, "I was offered \$60,000 for old Long at the Branch, and if he wins I can take \$100,000 for him; but if he loses I will sell him for \$25,000. So you see I have \$75,000 at stake on the race."

"And Belmont is betting even?"

"Yes—he offered to take any number of bets, \$500 to \$500, or \$5,000 to \$5,000, coming up on the cars yesterday."

"Who have you got training this \$60,000 worth of horse?"

"Oh, my darkey boys take care of him—they're good boys, I raised 'em, too—on the farm with the hosses. The boys like the hosses, and they get on well together. I bought old Jake there for \$1,500 from Dr. Shelby, in Kentucky, but I think *as much* of him as I do of Longfellow."

"Will you sell Longfellow if he wins?"

"No, I shall take him back to Kentuck, put him up, and breed from him. A *mar* with a colt from him would sell for \$5,000, and I'd soon get my \$100,000 back."

"Would you like a cool day for the race?"

"No, the hotter the better. Hosses run better hot days than cool days."

And so the old octogenarian horse-racer went on—full of wisdom, philosophy, and sometimes fun.

#### LO, THE POOR INDIAN

is here again this season, but the Saratogians have run him a little further into the woods—further towards the setting sun. The name applies well, for they are all *low* Indians. Artemus Ward says the Indians came to him on the plains and said: "White brother, we are just traveling toward the setting sun. In a few moons more the lone Indian will touch the setting sun;" "and then," said Artemus, "they stole our whiskey and blankets, and *started for the sun!*"



#### JOKE.

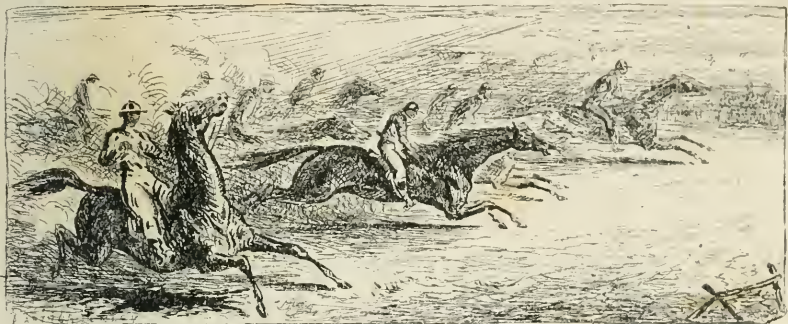
Mrs. Colonel Shafer says to-day that "Saratoga and the Gilsey House are charming places, but they *do* remind one *so constantly* of home!"

"Why, dear?" asked the Colonel.

"Because they are the dearest spots on earth."

LAN—





WHAT is a steeple-chase? CONGRESS HALL, July 13.

Think of a three-mile race over walls, fences, ditches, and hedges—over the pastures. Think of three John Gilpins flying like death on a pale horse; think of three fire engines bound for a fire; think of a mad horse race up the Roman Corso from *porta del popolo* to the capital during carnival week! Bret Hart's Chiquita running herself "clean out of her harness" was a "slow coatch" to the crazy leaping of the steeple-chasers to-day. Away they went in a three-mile race—"hell to split over the prairie," if we may quote from one of the "new departure" poets—Oysterman ahead and Tammany and Julius neck and neck, the jockeys flying like frightened Tamershantys.

Now somebody shouts for Oysterman—now lace handkerchiefs swing, and the tenor voices cry for Julius; then little Tammany makes a spurt, and, forgetting politics, a dozen hats wave for the horse whose name has lost its prestige.

"Two to one on Tammany!" shouted the silver-moustached Fernando Wood, as everybody enthusiastically shook their handkerchiefs.

"No Tammany for me—Tammany has balked in the harness," exclaimed the wife of an ex-Congressman, and in a moment she won a dozen "three buttons" on Oysterman.

The reply was satire boiled down; for the lesson of a city scourged by two Halls—Tammany and Okey—with their riots and corruption, was warm in the memory of all.

## JOCKEYS.



Belmont and Harper have been figuring for the star jockeys for the Kingfisher-Longfellow race to-morrow. The venerable John has succeeded in retaining Bob Swim, who ran Longfellow to victory at the Branch. Bob is the smartest jockey in the States. Light, muscular, and as tricky as Mayor Hall, he is sure to cut across, or through or over, and win every race. Two years ago he rode Douglass Johnson's Muggins, capturing the Saratoga cup; then he rode John Harper's Littleton, at Lexington, Ky., where he was ruled off the track for crossing another horse's path. Yesterday a little jockey wedged himself between Bob and the fence, winning a race, which he never would have won if Bob had not been on probation, and afraid



to squeeze to the boards the impertinent little rider. But to-morrow, when \$80,000 depends upon the race, Bob says he'll win if it is the last race he ever runs.



## JAKE.

"Who is to ride the Fisher?" I asked of Mr. Belmont this morning at the Union.

"Why—Jake, the smartest boy in the world."

"Who's Jake?"

"Jake is an Island boy," continued Mr. Belmont. "I got him pardoned out of the House of Correction. Don't you know Jake?"—and the red-hot Prussian was as indignant as Bret Harte's Jim when he said:

"Say, perhaps  
Some on you chaps  
Might know Jim Wild?"

Well, no offence—  
There aint no sense  
A gitting riled."

"Jake," said the natty Belmont, "is the brightest boy on the track. I've got twelve different boys, most of them from "the

Island," but Jake can steal them all poor. He has the best whip, the best spur, and is sure to steal the best place on the track. But Jake divides with the boys, and they like him. Last summer he stole two pet chickens from my trainer, and the next day the little rascal presented him with one of *his own chickens all dressed!*

ALBERT.

Major McDaniel's boy, Albert, who rode Oysterman to-day, is as black as the ace of spades. He is a native Virginian—raised on the Major's farm. The Major paid \$150 for him when he was three months old—taking his sick mother, who was *thrown in* in the bargain. Major McDaniel, who is a plain, blunt old Virginian, fairly worships the boy, who, in turn, looks upon the Major as the very Cæsar of the track.

"How long have you been with the Major?" I asked of little Albert.

"Dun-no; 'reckon it's gwine on twenty years."

"But, Albert, you're not twenty years old."

"Wal, I'ze done been with Major Mac all my life. Sometimes down in Virgin, and sometimes up at the Patterson track—then over to Nashville and Memphis."

Like Artemus Ward, whose daughter had been singing the "Mocking Bird" for three weeks, Albert thought he should like it—living with the Major.





CONGRESS HALL, July 14.

To-day the great race was run. The great hotels are full, and they poured out to the track a seething crowd—filling Lake Avenue with dust and the grand stand with an enthusiastic multitude.

The old white-haired wizzard of Kentucky was on the track with Longfellow. The horse was as tranquil as an ex-dray horse—no prancing, no kicking, no biting. Old John says the little niggers play about him down in Kentucky, and that he raises his feet as carefully as an elephant when the little rascals tumble under him.

Kingfisher is a high-fly of a horse, full of mettle, and with eyes red and snapping with passion. He is full of muscle and as beautiful as a horse! To-day these two kings of the turf come together for the first time—Belmont with his silver feather and the silver-headed home-spun farmer of Kentucky! What a race! Distance two and a quarter miles. Thousands of dollars

changed hands. Harper was offered \$60,000 for Longfellow at the Branch, and he said if his pet should loose the Saratoga cup he would lead from the track a ruined horse. Jake bobbed around proudly on the back of Kingfisher, and Bob Swim sat grimly on the back of Longfellow.

The race started.

Belmont was on the grand stand, dressed in a white hat and silver feather, and old John Harper upon the ground, dressed in an old slouch hat and a suit of home-spun. Pell-mell they went as the white flag dropped, "Longfellow moving with long, regular strides, with clumsy head stuck straightforward. Kingfisher started with a quick, nervous movement, making six movements to Longfellow's five. Straight as an arrow Bob Swim reined Longfellow across Kingfisher's advance to his accustomed inside track, taking the lead. There he kept it, dead to the applause of ten thousand spectators. That first quarter was his salvation.

"I told Bob," sagely observed old Harper, "that Longfellow would run the first quarter faster than any horse ever did it before."

"How after that?" we asked.

"Why, he'll keep on gettin' better an' better all the time!"

And so he did. The second mile was done in 1:40—time only equalled by Gladiator and Prioress, and that on English turf. On they ran, the vast crowd shouting lustily, as now and then the "Fisher" closed the gap a little. Belmont stood up and leaned forward, surveying the field as a General would survey a battle-field, while the little gray-haired stooping Harper looked on like a stoic, his sharp gray eyes only twinkling as Bob shot in to the victory.

The old Kentucky farmer took his eighty thousand dollars as quietly as you would buy a morning newspaper, while the great swaying masses shrieked and waved their handkerchiefs like a great sea of humanity covered with fluttering sails.

## Ladies on the Grand Stand & BETTING.



Mrs. B—, of Boston, an old *habituée* of Saratoga, is a High Church Unitarian, and consequently don't bet at the races. She will not even hazard a dozen gloves when the favorites are neck and neck, and when thousands of ladies are standing up and waving their handkerchiefs in wild enthusiasm. To-day, when everybody was getting wild over Kingfisher and Longfellow, Mrs. B— pulled our coat-sleeve, and meekly asked us "to please *not* bet."

"Why, Mrs. B——! a Christian can't help betting *now*. There's Dr. Corey—yes, and your own Dr. Hepworth—recklessly hazarding dozens of gloves this moment!"

"My old minister betting!" exclaimed Mrs. B——, "impossible! *I'll bet you a dozen gloves he hasn't bet to-day!*"

Mrs. Ba——, (there! I've almost told her name) is afraid the Boston people will hear of her watering-place worldliness, and so we all promised not to say a word about it.



My dear friend Artemus! I have a thousand things to say about you, but only room for a few.

Once we traveled together down the Mississippi—in 1863. His trunks were labelled thus :

.....  
A. WARD  
HYS  
BUSINESS SUITE  
.....

.....  
A. WARD  
HYS STORE CLOTHES  
.....

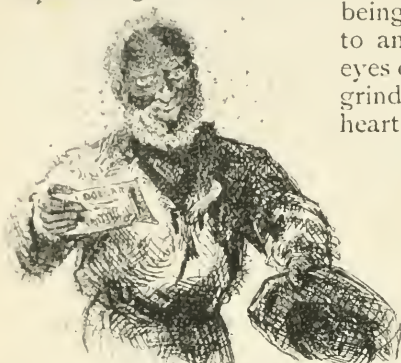
.....  
A. WARD  
HYS SUNDAY  
CLOTHES  
.....

The steamer stopped at the writer's plantation at Lake Providence. He took especial delight in the good-natured plantation darkies. Strolling through the "quarters," his grave words, too deep with humor for darky comprehension, gained their entire confidence.

One day he called up Uncle Jeff, an Uncle-Tom-like patriarch, and commenced in his usual vein : "Now, Uncle Jefferson," he said, "why do you thus pursue the habit of industry? Indolence is preferable. I prefer it. I am happier when I am idle. Why cannot you pursue a life of happy idleness too? Why, Jefferson, you could live for months without performing any kind of labor, and at the expiration of that time still feel fresh and vigorous enough to commence it again. Idleness invigorates the system; it is a sweet boon. No one should work; they should get other people to do it for them."

During this conversation Uncle Jeff returned his mournful gaze with a mute admiration for the good and wise originator of the only theory which the darkey mind could appreciate. "You is jes' right, Mr. Artemus," ejaculated Jeff, when the mournful humorist handed him a dollar and waved him away. As Uncle Jeff ran to tell his wonderful story to the negroes in the "quarters," holding up the dollar as material proof, Artemus would lean forward with his elbows on his knees and indulge in a chuckling laugh.

One day the negroes were grinding their hoes on an old, dilapidated grindstone, which wobbled and swayed up and down,



being worn by time and hard usage to an eccentric ellipse. When the eyes of Artemus sighted the rickety grindstone, he settled into a long and hearty laugh. Then, tired of laugh-

ing, he cased himself down upon his elbows, but did not cease his intermittent chuckling. "There!" he gasped, as he wobbled his hand and arm in the curves of a parabola; "there is wit personified, or thingified.

When you can surprise any one with an eccentric anti-climax instead of a rounded sentence, then you will have something funny."

"People laugh at me," the humorist once said to me, "because of my eccentric sentences. There is no wit in the form of a well-rounded sentence. If I say Alexander conquered the world and sighed *because he could not do so some more*, there is a funny mixture, that is, it is funny to those intelligent enough to understand the original sentence, which is burlesqued."

Here is the true key to Artemus Ward's power as a humorist, and it will be found that the great majority of his jokes depend upon a sudden switch off from a serious beginning to an absurd ending. While at Natchez he sent the writer a ticket to his lecture which read thus:

<p>ADMIT THE BEARER AND ONE WIFE yours trooly a. WARD.</p>
--

### TRAVERS'S JOKE.



Mr. Traverse tells this joke on himself to-day: You know Mr. T. stammers enough to make the story interesting. Well he went into a bird-fancier's in Centre street, in New York, to buy a parrot.

"H—h—have you got a—a—all kinds of b—b—birds?" asked Mr. T.

"Yes, sir, all kinds," said the bird-fancier politely.

"I w—w—want to b—buy a p—p—parrot," hesitated Mr. T.

"Well, here is a beauty. See what glittering plumage!"

"I—i—is he a g—g—good t—talker?"

"If he can't talk better than you can I'll give him to you," exclaimed the shopkeeper.

William bought the parrot.

### PHILOSOPHY

The races to-day were not quite so exciting as yesterday, when the contest lay between Kingfisher and Longfellow, but there was an element of interest in the fact that the ex-honorable John Morressey, with bucket and blanket in hand, has attended personally to the training of his own horse Defender. The professionals have made all sorts of fun of him, but John has borne their raileries in good part—always good-natured, always ready with a joke.

To-day Marvin came along, when John shouted: "Hellow, going to bet on my horse, Marvin?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"*Going to copper him!*"\* And then everybody shouted, John with the rest.

Marvin was right, as it turned out, for Defender was no where when the race was finally run; and now they will make more fun than ever of the ex-Congressman.

---

\* To "copper" a card at faro is to bet that it will lose.



## CONGRESS SPRING. SARATOGA.

CONGRESS HALL, July 16.

Mr. Marvin is a man of fame, name and learning, and an old free-holder in Saratoga, so to-day I asked him something about the village.

Said he : "I came here in 1828. Then High Rock Spring was the great spring. Sir William Johnson made the first pilgrimage to the spring through the woods, piloted by the Indians, to use its water. This was one hundred and five years ago—in 1767.

"Hold on, Mr. Marvin, are you going into all the statistics?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"Let me call my old 'statician' then to assist you." So my venerable statistical friend came and wrote down, in the presence of Mr. Marvin :

### THE STATISTICS OF SARATOGA.

"Let me see, Wm.—Sir William Johnson—wounded in the battle of Lake George, September 8, 1755," the old statician murmured.

"What else?" I inquired.

"Wounded in the leg," he continued.  
"Ball not extracted—did not recover. Dy-



MY OLD STATICIAN.

sentery, sickness and lameness set in. Mohawk Indians told Sir William about Saratoga—the “Medicine Spring of the Great Spirit.” There were then six nations of Indians forming the Great Iroquois Confederacy—the Mohawks, Cayugas, Onondagas, Senecas, Oneidas, and Tuscaroras.

“Sir William reached High Rock Spring August 22nd, 1767. He went with the Indians to Schenectady by canoe on the Mohawk River, then by litter *via* Ballston Lake to the rude cabin of Michael McDonald, thence to High Rock Spring.

“The sun was an hour above the eastern hills,” continued my statician, reading from a book, “when the startled deer saw the evergreens sway, and the Baronet’s party emerge from the thicket. Their polished

bracelets and rich trappings, glittering in the dewy foliage like so many diamonds, were in keeping with the cheerfulness visible upon each countenance—for were they not bearing their dearly loved brother to the ‘Medicine



SIR WILLIAM AND THE INDIANS.

Spring of the Great Spirit?’ As the party emerge from the glade upon the green sward, they separate into two divisions; and, with gentle tread approach the spring, bearing their precious burden in the center. Pausing a few rods from the spring, the Baronet leaves the litter; and, for a moment, his manly form, wrapped in his scarlet blanket bordered with gold lace, stands towering and erect above the waving plumes of his Mohawk braves.”

“How do you know these to be facts, my venerable friend?”

“Well, the book says so, sir; besides Wm. L. Stone delivered these facts in an address in 1866,” said my statician indignantly.

“They are correct,” observed Mr. Marvin.

“Very well, go on!”

“Then,” continued the old man, “Sir William approaching the spring, kneels, with uncovered head, and reverently places upon the rock a roll of fragrant tobacco—his propitiatory offering to the Manitou of the spring. Still kneeling, he fills and lights

the great calumet, which, through a long line of kings, had descended to the renowned Pontiac, and, taking a whiff from its hieroglyphic stem, passes it to each chieftain in turn. Then, amid the profound silence of his warriors, he, for the first time, touches his lips to the water; and, gathering the folds of his mantle about him amid a wild and strange chant raised by the Indians to their Deity, he enters the rude bark lodge which, with prudent forethought, his braves had erected for his comfort directly where this building now stands; and in this *primitive hotel* reclined the *first* white man that had ever visited this spring."

"How long did he stay, what hotel did he put up at, and where was Wm. Leland and Col. Johnson then?" I asked, interrupting the old man.

"Sh——" he exclaimed, "Wm. Leland was dead then. He was not discovered till fifty years afterwards. This was even before Fernando Wood or Mr Greeley or Peter Gilsey were discovered. Sir William sojourned four days at High Rock Spring, then went back to Schenectady on foot, and General Philip Schuyler sent up Dr. Stringer to analyse the spring.

#### EARLY SETTLEMENT.

"In the year 1687," continued my venerable friend, "the French in Canada had seven hundred Indian warriors for the purpose of instructing them in religion and to *help them kill the English!* So Governor Dongan, to get these Indians away from the French, gave them the land about Saratoga. This was not a very generous act when we come to consider that the land belonged to a gentleman in Albany. The Indians kept the land till 1742, when Father Picquet, a French priest, with some French troops, gobbled up the Indians and stole their corn and cattle. The French fought better then than they do now-a-days, or else there were not any Prussian Uhlans around. The French burnt up the Indian huts and raised the devil generally. Peace came between the French and English, and the French priest had to leave in 1748. Then the Sovereign of Great Britain gave away the Van Schaick patent, which included Saratoga. In 1783 Albany County was organized, including Stillwater, Saratoga, and Ballston. In 1791 Saratoga was taken from Albany County and divided into twenty townships, viz: Ballston, Halfmoon, Saratoga, Stillwater, Charlton, Galway, Milton, Greenfield, Providence, Northumberland, Edinburgh, Hadley, Malta, Moreau, Waterford, Corinth, Wilton, Saratoga Springs, and Clifton Park.

#### GROWTH OF SARATOGA.

In 1773 Dirick Scowton cleared a piece of land about High

Rock Spring and built a cabin. In 1774 John Arnold brought his furniture on his back from Saratoga Lake and built a tavern near High Rock. High Rock Spring had various owners after this—Samuel Norton, Isaac Law, Rip Van Dam, Henry Livingstone, and (during the Revolution) Alexander Bryan.

“Gideon Putnam arrived at Saratoga in 1789. He seems to have been the great founder of Saratoga. He said to his wife: Saratoga is a healthy place; the mineral springs are valuable, the timber is good and in great abundance, and I can build me a *great house*.

“In 1802 Putnam purchased of Henry Walton an acre of land where the Grand Union now stands, and built seventy feet of the present hotel. This was a great house in those days, and the wonder of the country. His sign was a rudely painted representation of Putnam and the wolf.

“In 1806 Putnam tubed Washington spring, and afterwards the Columbian.

Visitors now began to come to Saratoga. Many came up from Ballston in stages, took dinner with Putnam, and returned.

“In 1811 Putnam began the erection of Congress Hall. He fell from the scaffolding and died a year afterwards from the effect of his injuries. He ranks with John Rodgers, Miles Standish, and Daniel Boon—a great pioneer and a great man. Congress Hall was finished in 1815, became the property of Mr Van Scoonhoven, who kept it until 1822, when the company was extended by taking in Samuel H. Drake, John E. Beekman, and John McDougall Lawrence.

In 1855 Henry H. Hathorn and Harvey P. Hall purchased the property of Z. V. Kingsley, of West Point. Hathorn and Hall made great improvements in the hotel, but on the evening of the 29th of May, 1866, the building took fire and burned to the ground. It was rebuilt in 1868 on a still grander scale, and is now one of the most beautiful hotels in America. Mr. H. H. Hathorn is still at its head.”

#### THE OLD UNITED STATES.

“What has been your experience in Saratoga?” I asked of Mr. Marvin as my old statician ended.

“For twenty-six years I owned the old United States Hotel,” continued Mr. Marvin, “one of the best hotels Saratoga ever had. The United States was commenced in 1823 by John Ford and finished by Lewis Benedict. I bought it in 1825. It covered six acres of ground and required an acre and a half of roof to cover the buildings. This magnificent hotel together with the Marvin House was burned to the ground June 18th, 1865. Since

that time the ruins have been seen by every one.

#### THE RACE TRACK.

"Property has never seen a decline in Saratoga—even during the dark days of '36 and '37, when everything seemed smashing up," continued Mr. Marvin. "Even the land we purchased for the race-track has advanced wonderfully in value. We could now sell that 125 acres and double our money. So you see the Saratoga Race Track Association will always be solvent. The land originally cost us about \$100 per acre. It is worth \$300 now. Our dividends have been usually expended in improvements. Once we divided a 10 per cent. dividend, afterward a 17 per cent. dividend. When I first showed old John Harper the track he exclaimed, 'That is the best track in the world! and John was right. We can stable in our own buildings 150 horses. Besides the big track we have a small one for training.'"

#### CONGRESS SPRING.

My stacion followed with his statistics :—

"Twenty-five years after Sir Wm. Johnson visited High Rock Spring, Congressman John Taylor Gilman was one of a hunting party to visit the spring which he named "Congress Spring." The spring trickled from a ledge of rocks which coursed from the Columbian Spring towards where is now Morrissey's gambling house. Gideon Putnam tubed it though it belonged to the Livingstone. They afterward sold it to John Clarke, an Englishman, with the farm around it. Mr. Clarke built the Doric structure over Congress Spring and the Grecian dome over Columbian Spring. USE OF THE WATERS.

"The Hathorn water is a powerful cathartic—33 1-3 per cent. stronger than Congress water. The Pavilion water is used for rheumatism, indigestion, kidney complaints, and is a cathartic. Congress water for dyspepsia, gout, and cutaneous diseases. The Empire water for bilious disorders, rheumatic, and scrofulous affections. The Columbian water for strengthening the stomach, and for increasing the red particles in the blood. The Geysier is a powerful cathartic.

#### HOW TO DRINK THE WATERS.

"The general visitor should, in the absence of specific advice, drink a cathartic water like Hathorn, Congress, or Pavilion, before breakfast, say from two to five tumblers. At ten A. M. drink one tumbler of iron water—Columbian. At six drink one and a half tumblers from the Washington Spring, in the Clarendon grounds.

# ANALYSIS OF SPRINGS IN A NUTSHELL.

"I make the following tabular analysis for the benefit of the thousands who desire it in a compact form. To make this table I have searched in old books, pamphlets and newspapers, and expended much labor. The figures in the table denote the number of grains of each chemical and the base line the solid contents in grains. The reader will now see the relative strength of the different springs. The Geyser is the strongest water, the solid contents being 991.546 grains. The Hathorn stands 888.406 and the Pavilion 687.275.

TABLE.

CONTENTS.	CONGRESS.	HATHORN.	ZELTZER.	GEYSER.	COLUMBIAN.	EMPIRE.	PAVILION.
	grains.	grains.	grains.	grains.	grains.	grains.	grains.
Chloride of Sodium.....	385.000	509.968	134.291	362.080	267.000	269.696	459.903
Hydriodate of Soda.....	3.500	.....	.....	.....	2.500	12.000	.....
Bi-carbonate of Soda.....	8.982	42.818	29.428	71.232	15.400	30.848	3.764
Bi-carbonate of Magnesia.....	95.788	176.463	40.339	149.343	46.710	41.984	76.267
Carbonate of Lime.....	98.098	176.646	89.869	.....	68.000	.....	.....
Carbonate of Iron.....	.075	1.128	1.703	.....	5.580	.....	.....
Bi-carbonate of Lime.....	.....	.....	.....	178.392	.....	141.824	120.169
Bi-carbonate of Iron.....	.....	.....	.....	.979	.....	.....	2.570
Silex.....	.....	1.260	2.561	.905	2.050	.....	3.155
Chloride of Potassium.....	.....	9.597	1.335	24.634	.....	.....	7.660
Bromide of Sodium.....	.....	1.534	.630	2.212	.....	.....	.987
Iodide of Sodium.....	.....	.198	.031	.248	.....	.....	.071
Bi-carbonate of Lithia.....	.....	11.447	.899	7.004	.....	.....	9.486
Bi-carbonate of Strunthia.....	.....	.....	.....	.425	.....	.....	.....
Bi-carbonate of Baryta.....	.....	1.737	.....	2.914	.....	.....	.875
Sulphate of Potassa.....	.....	.....	.557	.318	.....	.....	2.032
Alumina.....	1.500	.131	.374	.....	.....	.....	.329
Per gal. solid contents.....	597.943	888.406	302.017	991.546	407.300	496.352	687.275

Besides these springs there are the Saratoga A, Eureka, Reed's, Hamilton, Putnam Iodine and Washington.

## REFLECTION.

Thus ended my statician and I drew a long breath. Said I, no one will ever read what you have said. The world hates statistics. I wrote a book once—"The Franco-Prussian War"—it was a better book than I ever expect to write again; but statistics killed it. Carleton says "people were frightened at my array of figures and fled from it in dismay." The book ought to have sold 50,000 copies and made me a fortune, but, as it was. I only made a little money and some glory. Few people laugh at the multiplication table. Horace Greeley is the only man who positively enjoys statistics. So I dedicate all those figures to H. G.

## RACES.—FUN.—PERSONAL.

CONGRESS HALL, July 18.

So the races are ended.

To-day Kingfisher galloped over the three-mile race while old John Harper confessed his weakness by letting Belmont run off with the \$1,000 stakes.

The rich Belmont party now plume themselves on "the Fisher"—yes, more than that, they "tassel out," laugh, and banter the old Kentucky wizard in ways too amusing to write about.

### HORSE TALK.

Meeting John Harper at the track to-day, I told him they were betting that his horse would never run the four-mile race.

"Tell them all," said he, "that I shall *surely* run the race, if everything is right with the hoss, and the track is pretty."

"Has Longfellow ever run a four-mile race?"

"No, but with what bottom he has, I think I can put enough more bottom into him to dust 'the Fisher' in August."

Belmont offered Harper \$60,000 again for Longfellow yesterday if his owner would throw in the old mare.

"The *mar* will never leave my farm till I do—and then dead!" exclaimed the Kentuckian.

Old John came up to me just as I was writing the last paragraph, when I asked him why he did not let Longfellow run yesterday.

"Waal," said the old man, "I want to keep him out and get him ready for the great four-mile race with *the Fisher*, Helmbold, and the others in August."

This reply is a confession of weakness on the part of old John; and Kingfisher stock goes up accordingly.

At the last race,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  miles, Uncle John told Bob Swim, his jockey, "to run 'old Long' as far out as he could, *from ind to ind*."

Longfellow came in tired, while Kingfisher looked fresh enough for an other mile. This is why "old John" feared the three-mile race yesterday, and why he ought to fear the four-mile race in August.

Can old John put bottom enough in his horse to run with the five year olds at that great race?

This is the question now.

Oysterman goes on winning every hurdle race. We are getting sick of his chronic winning. We want a new horse by way of variety.



### JOKE 1st.

A party of Tammanyites went down to Hathorn Spring this morning to drink.

"How do you like the water, Judge?" asked big Judge Connolly

"Horrid," said Bernard.

"Miserable," said Hank Smith

"Only fit for jackasses," growled a half dozen others.

"Have some more, gentlemen?" innocently asked the dipping boy.

Bernard granted an injunction instantly, and the boy's "occupation is now gone."

### JOKE 2th

"You look like the monarch of all you survey," said Fernando Wood to John G. Saxe as he stood leaning over the railing on the grand stand yesterday.

"No, I only have a *lean* on the property," said Saxe.

### JOKE 3th. (still worse.)

The Poet was sitting with his genial wife and a party of ladies in the parlors at Congress Hall, one day.

"You seem to be quite a *lion* this morning, Mr. Saxe," said Mrs. Lewis.

"I think he's a *bear*," said Mrs. Saxe with a smile.

"I know what's a— *bruin* now," rejoined the Poet.

## THE ROUND LAKE CAMP-MEETING

closed on Friday. During the meeting they had the three episodes of humanity—a birth, a marriage, and a death. One hundred souls wandering at large were gathered into the Methodist fold. There is certainly a strange power developed in these meetings.

The meeting closed with these three exhortations from Elder Inskip :

" Glory to the God of America ! "

" Glory to the God of the Republic ! "

" Glory to the God of the Stars and Stripes ! "

### FUNNY.

We see funny things in Saratoga. Within the last week many inanimate objects have been seen in full motion. We have seen a Saratoga *hop*, a watch *spring*, a note *run*, a rope *walk*, a horse *fly* (that was Longfellow), and Southgate says he saw the big elms *leave* last spring. John Cecil says they wanted to go and see the Pacific *slope* and the Third Avenue Bank *run*. The Rev. George Knowlton says it is a common thing to hear a locust (low kuss) sing—down on Broad St. when stocks are up. Col. Heywood carries a pair of door hinges constantly in his pocket. He says they are something to a *door*, like the ladies.

### WHO IS HERE ? (Personal.)

I note the following *habitués* of Saratoga here to-day : Senator Robertson, who stood boldly for the Union in the dark days when his State went over to Davis and secession ; Prof. Chandler, who has analysed many of the springs here ; George W. McCullum of the 5th Avenue Hotel, who has just founded a college at Mount Vernon, his native town in New Hampshire, endowing it with \$50,000 ; Mr. E. A. Hammond the 5th Avenue *millionaire*, whose beautiful park equipage is the admiration of Saratoga, and Sidney W. Cooper, the young New York barrister,—fresh from the laurels of a college poem at Williams.

Hon. William Wall of 5th Avenue, and Charles Wall of Park Avenue, are here, also General Stahl, who closed in with the cavalry at Gettysburg, and C. W. Durant, Peter Moller, Col. J. A. Bridgeland, the friend of Gov. Morton ; F. S. Davis, President of a Bank and a Rail Road, The chesterfieldian Judge Moseley, N. H. Decker of 5th Avenue, the genial Judge John Fitch, and these kings of the turf : Hunter, Travers, Sanford, Morris, Cameron, Dennison, McDaniels, Wheatley, McGrath, and Belmont. Here too is Lord Willoughby with his silver beard and benevolent face, who has a beautiful residence on Broadway,



Mrs. Hicks of 14th St., the stylish *equestrienne* of Central Park, Mrs. Shoemaker *née* Marvin, of Cincinnati; Mrs. W. S. Groesbeck, Mrs. John Shilito, Mr. Larz Anderson, son-in-law of old Nicholas Longworth, the Daniel Boone of Cincinnati, J. C. Baldwin and Miss Emily Baldwin of 5th Avenue, Reuben Springer and Henry Probasco, who own the beautiful Art Galleries of Cincinnati, which rank with the galleries of Belmont; Blodgett, Hoey, Stewart and Aspinwall; Thomas N. McCarter of Newark, and daughters, and Col. M. J. O'Brien, Superintendent of the Southern Express Co. Among the well known gentlemen here are G. D. Pitzipio with his charming wife, Col. Rush Hawkins, D. L. Pettee and wife, S. Fisher Johnson and Wm. H. Capman of the 5th Avenue Hotel; C. C. Hastings and wife, Samuel G. Gourtney, ex-U. S. Dist. Attorney, and wife; H. S. Clements, Jefferson Coddington, George Willshire of Cincinnati, C. V. De Forest, Mr. George Bissell of 5th Avenue, who gave \$50,000 to Cornell University, Mr. S. W. Coe and wife of West 42nd St., and Mr. and Mrs. General Shaler.

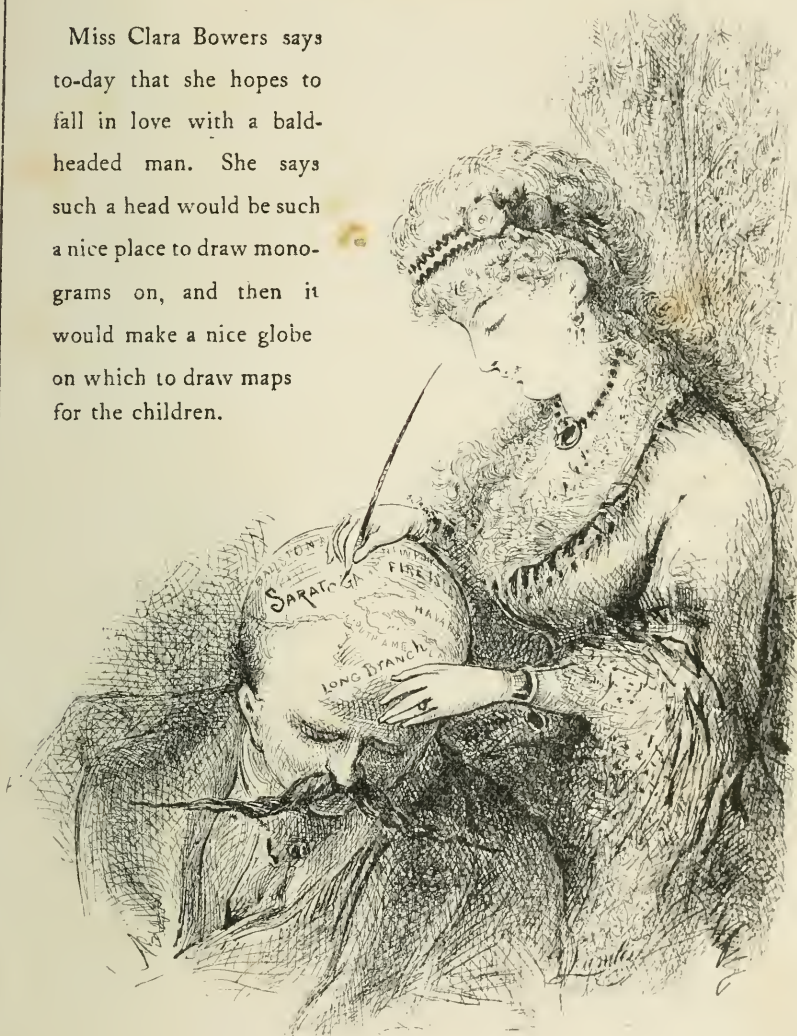


SARATOGA LAKE BY MOONLIGHT.

# LOVE AND GEOGRAPHY



Miss Clara Bowers says to-day that she hopes to fall in love with a bald-headed man. She says such a head would be such a nice place to draw monograms on, and then it would make a nice globe on which to draw maps for the children.



CONGRESS HALL, July 19.

The races have come and gone !  
The cars, yesterday, were full of  
thoroughbreds—both men and  
horses—bound for the metropolis.  
John Harper has returned to the  
“bed and board” of Longfellow,  
and Morrissey, like the Arab,  
“has folded his tent and silently  
stole away” to his *roulette* and  
*rouge-et-noir*.

WHAT WE DO NOW.

—and bet ;  
reading  
“What  
lady who  
morning.

to-day Congress Hall has become a studious,  
household.  
“O ! I’ve got all the sensations—here is ‘Dame Europa’s  
School,’ here’s ‘The Battle of Dorking,’ here’s ‘Ginx’s Baby,’  
here’s ‘Milbank,’ here’s ‘The Franco-  
Prussian War’—in a nutshell, and  
here’s ‘Bret Harte’s poems.’”

“Which is the best ?”

“Well, ‘Ginx’s Baby’ is a very  
pleasant satire.”

GINX.

“Who is Ginx ?”

“Ginx was the father of the thirteenth baby. Ginx was poor, and becoming impatient at Mrs. Ginx’s increasing babies, after she had had the twelfth, declared that he would throw the thirteenth off of Westminster Bridge.”

“Did he do it ?”

“No, but he discovered the infant, after Mrs. Ginx had succeeded in hiding it away for several days—seized it and started for the bridge, and—

“Threw it in !”

“No, the police stopped him, Ginx expostulated, said he didn’t want the —— baby ; that he had twelve already at home ;



FASHIONABLE READING.



that he was a poor man, and had no use for the thirteenth Ginx. Then a Catholic nun came along, and offered to feed it and save its life."

"And never bring it back?" asked Ginx.

"Never!"

"He's yours—to have and to hold!" And then Ginx ran back to his wife and wretched twelve children, a *happy man*.

"What then?" But Bernstein started up Brook's "Silver Slipper" gallop, the *belles* rushed to the hop-room, and I had to lean forward to catch the story.

"Then," said she, whispering loud, "the tug commenced. The baby was baptized. Ginx's wife had to go and nurse the baby twice a day. Father Cozan wanted to—and did—make the sign of the cross on Mrs. Ginx before the baby was allowed to nurse. Mrs. Ginx told this to a Protestant friend.

"'Sign of the cross, Mrs. Ginx! Oh, horrors—they are making a proselyte of the baby—those atrocious Catholics!' said the friend.

"Then the Protestant clergy got hold of the scandal. The Protestant papers rioted over the matter. The clergy went to a lawyer. 'The Catholics have forcibly distrained a Protestant baby, and are trying to make a Catholic of him—what shall we do?' they asked.

"'Bring an action,' said lawyer Meddle, 'an action of *habeas corpus*.'



"The case went to court. Thousands of pounds were spent. The newspapers talked about the 'Ginx's-Baby Case.' 'Ginx's-

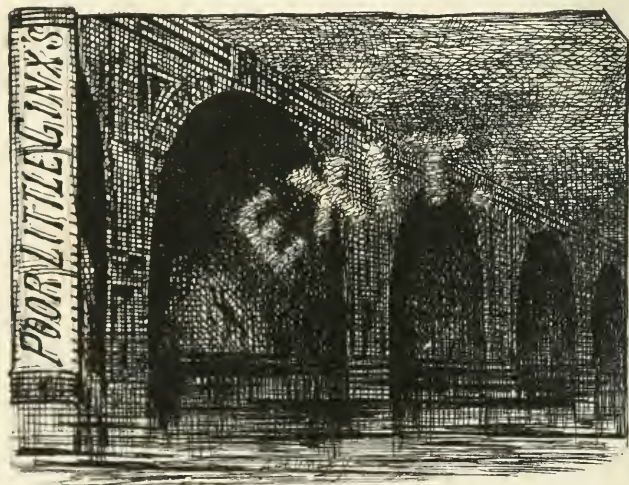
Baby Funds' were collected, the lawyers *took the money*, and the baby was surrendered to the Protestants. Soon the baby fund was exhausted; its nurse in vain demanded pay for nursing him; and finally, one day, she left the poor baby on a club-house door-step to starve! Another humane religious society took it after the almshouses had said they would not have it. Another religious controversy ensued. The baby was always poor, half-starved, and neglected, while everybody was fighting over his religion."

"What became of him?"

"Well, after fifteen years of kicks, of cold neglect, of ignorance, and starvation—while all the world and the newspapers were talking about how the Catholics had forcibly distrained a Protestant child from its doting parents—the poor, neglected, sorrowful, ignorant boy went, one dark night, with not even a flickering star to see his act,—went and jumped——"

"Off Westminster Bridge?"

"The same; and at the very place where the policeman caught Ginx fifteen years before, as he held the little innocent cause of all the trouble over the rolling flood."



OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

POOR LITTLE GINX!!

## THE BLOOD OF HARRY LEE

CONGRESS HALL, July 20



ROBERT JACKSON.

left the only great records of the trials and tribulations of these children of bondage.

Right here, while all around is fashion and frivolity, I stop to tell you the story of Robert Jackson, our head-waiter. The records of slavery are full of romantic incidents, full of feats of love, full of buried hopes and splendid triumphs. Their record is fast fading away, and in a quarter of a century more, none will believe the stories which are now told of the Southern blacks in the time of slavery. Mrs. Stowe has

### THE STORY—CALHOUN AND WEBSTER'S BIG HEARTS.

Year after year Robert Jackson has been the second waiter at the Grand Union, and now he is head-waiter at Congress Hall; but the careless crowds that frequent this mammoth hostelry do not know that through his veins courses the proudest Virginia blood.

Robert is a small, well-made quadroon, fashioned, perhaps, in about the same mould as Stephen A. Douglass, for his head closely resembles that of the Little Giant. His grandfather was Gen. Harry Lee, of Revolutionary light-horse cavalry fame, and his mother was a slave woman named Jenny, a maid of Mrs. Lee. Soon after the birth of William Jackson, the head-waiter's father, Jenny was sold to Col. Stewart, of Frederick county, Maryland. The boy William showed extraordinary intelligence, and became the pet of his master, and on the death of Col. Stewart found himself free by a clause in the will. William went immediately to Washington, where he had been many times with his master. There he met John McLean, Postmaster-General under Martin Van Buren, and a friend of his old master. Judge McLean appointed him a messenger in the Post-office Department at a salary of \$600 per annum.

While a messenger in the Postoffice Department, William Jackson, our head-waiter's father, met a beautiful long-haired octoroon, the slave of old Judge John Stewart of Baltimore. The slave girl's name was Rachel, and she came to attend Miss

Stewart, one of the fashionable Baltimore belles, at one of President Van Buren's receptions. William lost his heart with the dusky maid, and soon went to Baltimore to get Judge Stewart, who owned her, to consent to their marriage.

"No, sir," said the Judge indignantly, "Rachel is a slave, and she must marry a slave. If she marries a free nigger she will be running away herself; and, besides, I don't know when I may want to sell her to the New Orleans traders."

"Then I can never marry her?"

"Never, until somebody buys her from me," replied the Judge.

Rachel was sent to the Frederick county farm, and thither William went in the night to hold a consultation with her. First it was resolved to run away. But there was no chance of success. The Fugitive Slave Law was in effect; passes were required by the slaves on the plantation, and to run away was surely to be caught, returned, and then a dreadful whipping followed.

"What can we do?" sobbed Rachel.

"I know," replied William, "I will buy you myself."

"But you have no money."

"I can work and earn it," replied the determined lover.

"How much will you take for Rachel?" he asked of Judge Stewart the next day,

"Well, a thousand dollars will buy her," replied the hard-hearted Judge.

William went to work—every cent was saved, he even going on foot into Frederick county by night to see Rachel, where they held solemn consultations and hoped only for the time when he could buy her and own her and make her his wife.

Think of that, mercenary beaux, heartless fortune hunters of Congress Hall—think of toiling night and day, and then think of paying your last cent for the love of a woman.

Two years rolled around, and nine hundred dollars gladdened the sight of William Jackson.

Christmas came.

"What shall I give you for Christmas this year, William?" asked the good old Postmaster-General of his trusty messenger.

"Anything, Mr. Secretary."

"But what would you like most?"

Then William told the story of his and Rachel's troubles—how he was afraid she would be sold, how he loved her dearly, and how he lacked still a hundred dollars to buy her.

The old Postmaster-General took off his specs, wiped his eyes, then put them on again. Then he fumbled in his pockets.

"Five—ten—twenty—thirty," he counted, and then he handed William a hundred dollars.

Too happy to live, William started for Judge Stewart's.

"Here, Master John," said he, with his eyes all aglow with joy, "here is the thousand dollars—now I want Rachel."

"My God! William, you don't tell me so!" exclaimed the Judge. "Why, I sold Rachel yesterday for \$1,200, to go to Mobile."

"When is she going?" asked William, nervously.

"She's gone already—went yesterday. She'd be in Lynchburg in three days, by the boat."

Broken hearted and crushed in spirit, William hurried back to Judge McLean in Washington. The Judge heard his story. Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun were in the Judge's room, and they both took a deep interest.

"Let's raise the money and send William after her," said the generous Webster.

"He would be seized a dozen times as a fugitive," said the Judge, "and they'd sell him, too."

"I'll send my private secretary," said Mr. Webster, and so he did.

There was no telegraph then, nor cars, but the Secretary took the Potomac river boat, and with \$1,200, partly contributed by William Jackson's friends in the Department, overtook Rachel, showed Mr. Calhoun's letter, endorsed by several Virginians, bought her and brought her back. Calhoun, Webster, and Judge McLean saw them married the next week.

Their son, Robert Jackson, afterwards waited on Webster and Calhoun in their old age at the old Indian Queen Hotel in Washington, now called the Metropolitan, where, in 1834, he met Mrs. Joseph C. Luther, a present *habituée* of Congress Hall, on her wedding tour. Mrs. Luther took Robert to Swansea, Massachusetts, instructed him, and a few years afterwards he made an engagement at the Union Hotel. During the winter he catered for those eccentric bachelors in New York, Mr. T. H. Faile, Mr. Edward Penfold, or Mr. Robert McCrosky. Only the former survives. He caters for New Yorkers in the winter at 206 Waverley Place. Robert has perhaps the largest acquaintance of any one in Saratoga. He knows old Presidents and scions of royalty, knows distinguished savants, poets, statesmen, and historians. He lives in a beautiful vine-clad cottage on Washington street, in Saratoga, where the guests of Congress Hall frequently call upon his wife, who is one of the neatest housekeepers in Saratoga.

## GENERAL SHERMAN TALKS.

CONGRESS HALL, July 20.



General Sherman, all sun-burnt and dusty, and fresh from the plains, got in unannounced on the late train to-night. As he came up to the Congress Hall office to register, he *did* look like the homeliest man (except General Spinner) in America. His straggling red beard radiated in a thousand directions, his soiled duster was buttoned to his neck, and his old slouch-

ed army-hat looked too seedy for anything. Marching straight to the office, carrying his own carpet-bag, he seized a pen and scrawled :—

"Any room, sir?" he asked of Southgate, who, with the rest in the office, didn't recognize the General of the United States army.

"Got a fourth-story rear," said Southgate. "All right," said the

General smiling and dropping his bags—when Fred. Anderson, your humble, and several others who had recognized the General stepped up to shake hands.

“What, General Sherman!” exclaimed the clerk. “Here—here, General, we’ve got a ground floor front—Vanderbilt’s room;” and Southgate hustled up a half dozen porters, who besieged the General with brush-brooms and negro politeness, till he reached his room.

I knew the General in Memphis in war time, and as he started for his room, “All right,” said he; “we’ll have a talk in the morning.”

### SHERMAN’S STORY.

Once, while dining with the General at a little Italian woman’s restaurant in Front street, in Memphis, in 1864, after General Veatch and General Chetlain—now our Consul at Brussels—had told several army stories, the General’s chief of staff told the chicken story. Said he: “While at Bowling Green, the rebel women bothered us to death. It was always the same old complaint—‘the soldiers have milked our cows, or stolen our chickens, or *busted* into the smoke-house.’ Always the same story too all through Kentucky and Tennessee; at Chattanooga we were bored to death with these women.”



MY CHICKENS! —

One morning a tall giant woman in a faded sun bonnet besieged the General’s headquarters.

“Well, my good lady, what can I do for you?” inquired the General as she hesitated at the tent entrance.

“My Chickens——”

“Sh——! Madam,” broke in the General—“I have made up my mind solemnly that the integrity of the Constitution and the unity of the Republic shall be maintained if it—*takes every chicken in Tennessee!*”

July 21st.

This morning I met the General early, and strolled down to Congress Spring, and then around the Park. He was vivacious and sparkling as Hathorn water, and walked and talked like a boy.

As George Alfred Townsend said of Miles O'Riley, "there's a splendid boyishness" always about Sherman. He is always ready with a pun, a sarcastic repartee, or a strong thought—a *very* David with the tongue and pen *too*.

"Do you remember how I managed those Charleston rebels when they wanted to pray for Jeff. Davis in the churches?" asked the General, as we strolled along.

"No. How?" I asked.

"Why, I said, yes! pray away—*he needs it!*—and d-n it if they didn't get mad and go right away and *pray for Lincoln*."

"Been killing a good many Injuns out West, General?" I asked.

"No; the papers kill more Injuns than we do. Why, if we killed half as many Injuns as the *Herald* does, we'd be '*short of Injuns*!'"

#### PRESIDENTIAL.

"Your friends were a little disappointed when you refused to have your name used Presidentially," I remarked.

"No, *not* my friends. *They* want me to stay where I am. General of the army for life is better than President for four years. Grant regrets that he ever left the army now, and so do I, except that he has done a good work as President."

"Do you think it policy to elect Grant again?"

"Of course I do. Why not? He knows the ropes now—he has become acquainted with the duties—acquainted with thousands of public men, and ten thousand good-for-nothing White House bummers who would do nothing but harass a new President for the first year. He has just got where he can *tell a good man at sight*. Humbug men always get the best credentials; every Congressman signs their recommendation at sight, and many of them deceive a new President. These party frauds are now pretty much played out, and Grant is enabled to deal squarely with true men. Experience and acquaintance is the 'stock in trade' of a good President."

"Who will win in '72?"

"There is no question in my mind," said the General, enthusiastically. "I'll bet on Grant against the field—two to one."

"Who will run against him?"

"There won't any body *run*; but, not being a politician, I can't guess for a moment who will be nominated."

"Hancock?"

"Well, he may be tempted to run. Hancock, you know, dislikes Grant personally, and it would be an immense triumph for him to get where he could rank him. Grant *never* showed any dislike to Hancock. He went more than half-way to conciliate him a year ago; but there is a clique in Washington, a social clique, which manipulates Hancock and keeps up the feud. Women have more to do with it than men."

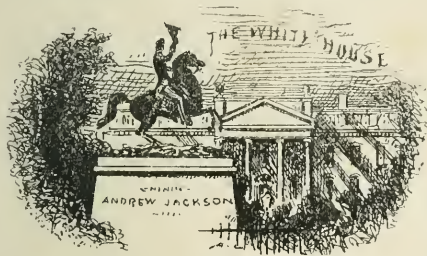
#### EMPEROR GRANT.

"What do you think of the Ku-Klux bill?"

"Good bill, sir! It has already stopped a good many outrages. The fact that the President has power to send troops into any State to quell disturbances, *in itself* is enough to frighten the disturbers of the public peace."

"But John Quincy Adams says the bill 'is an absolute surrender of the principle of free government—placing in the President's hands the power, through that and the 'Election bill,' to raise himself to the Empire.'"

"All stuff! How ridiculous to talk about a 'man raising himself to the Empire' in this country! Such a man, after declaring for the Empire, might hold a regiment of soldiers in the White House yard for just one day, and then the people would put him in the Potomac River."



"A set of Imperialists bivouacking around the statue of Jackson? Why the old Roman would give one shake of his old cock hat and their traitor cavalry would execute a steeple-chase over the picket fences and out of the White House yard."

The silly French had sense enough to shut up Napoleon at Strasbourg and duck him in the sea at Boulogne for just such nonsense."

"But in '52 he *did* ride to the top, after all."

"Yes, but France was not composed of States—sovereign States, as far as each State controlling its own troops—and every Governor, Democratic and Republican, *watching* jealously his own State militia."

"We are not France. Let some crazy President declare himself Emperor, and intrench himself in the White House yard with the whole regular army—about 18,000 fighting men—around him, and how long would it take Governors Hoffman, Jewett, Randolph, Geary, and Claflin, and the rest, to surround and capture the whole concern? Why! your loyal governors backed by your grand old Goddess of Liberty on the dome of the capitol, and forty millions of people behind her, would push an army of Imperialists out of sight of the White House in forty minutes."

"No, sir," said the General indignantly; "when a President declares *Imperialism*, every Governor will have to be in the mess too, and when that shall be the case, the country will be too rotten to be worth preserving."

"Adams calls the Ku-Klux bill Grant's negro policy," I remarked.

good sense of the people, and Adams ought to have too much good sense to talk such foolishness."

We now brought up at Congress Hall, and the General went in to an early breakfast. He was surrounded by a charming family of children, and looked the picture of a good, quiet, honest, sensible citizen, as he is. Always radical, but pretty sure to be right, the General is a hater of humbugs—a hater of impossible theories—a hater of long, empty talkers. He puts more sense into one sentence than some men will get into ten. He spent most of the forenoon talking with Mr. Larz Anderson, brother of Major Anderson, of Cincinnati. General Sherman left at three P. M. to-day for Lake George and the White Mountains.



"All humbug again! It is simply a law making it possible to arrest and disperse unlawful gangs of rascals, black or white, in any of the Southern States--to imprison them, and try and punish them. Grant don't have any negro, nor German, nor Irish policy. His policy is to protect all citizens; remain at peace, economize and try and pay the debt. All this stuff and talk about Imperialism in America is a libel on the



ARRIVAL OF THE OMNIBUSES.

## FUN BETWEEN THE HOUSES.

CONGRESS HALL, July 22.

It is too amusing to witness the rivalry between Congress Hall and the Grand Union. Each hotel to the other is like "the rival editor across the way." When the big New York afternoon train comes in, you will always see the ruddy face of Mr. William Leland on the Grand Union steps in a state of terrible expectancy, while just across the street will be the Chesterfieldian Hathorn noting the exact number in the rival omnibus.

"One—two—three—four," begins Hathorn, when Southgate interrupts him by saying—

"Pshaw! only twenty-five in all—all *men* for the races too."

On the other side all the clerks run to the front, while Warren and Bill Leland commence to count the Hathorn passengers.

"Two—four—six—eight, twenty-eight, and *half women*, by gum!" exclaims Bill, the drops of cold perspiration rolling down his cheeks.

"No, you're wrong, Bill," says Warren, "only twenty-six!"

"I'll bet a million there is twenty-seven."

"Why, Bill, you—you don't count those girls in short dresses, do you?" expostulates Warren.



THAT IS CONGRESS HALL.

"You're right, War, by gum!" and then Bill took his first guest by the arm and led him behind a pillar, and commenced on the subject of Congress Hall.

"See that mean-looking brick house over there?"

"Yes."

"That's Congress Hall—a regular penitentiary of a house."

"You don't say so!" exclaims the guest, opening his eyes.

"Fact, sir,—ask Warren. Why, they starve people over there. For two weeks they hadn't a pound of flour in the house—the guests ate beefsteak three times a day. Then the steak gave out, and d—d if I believe they had anything. It is an

absolute fact, sir, that Hathorn made three crackers and eleven gallons of water supply twelve guests a week."

"Musquitoes?"

"Lord! don't ask. Why, sit on that Hathorn balcony and you can't hear the brass band in the parlors, the musquitoes make such a buzzing."

"Flies?"

"Yes, by gum! You can't see the sun from the back of the house, without punching a hole through the swarms of flies with your umbrella to look through. Ask Hall, or Slocum, the newsmen, they know it."

"But Commodore Vanderbilt stays th—"

"Commodore thunder! Why, when he came last year he weighed just 486 pounds. He stayed there three weeks and became a living skeleton—weighing 87 pounds! The poor emaciated man was seen by his wife eating crackers and hard boiled eggs behind the card-stand to keep from starving."

"Where does *he* board?" said the guest, pointing to Judge John Fitch.

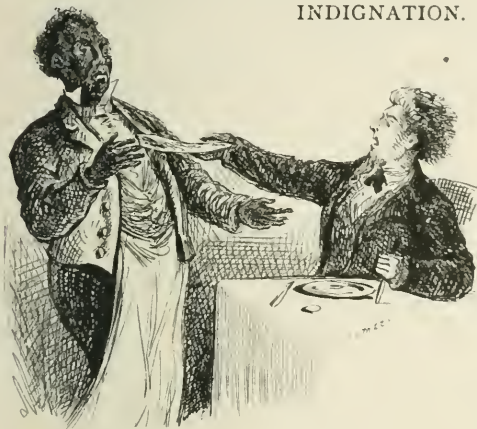
"Well, he's just come—he's lean now," said Bill. "Just you see him two weeks from now—a pair of hay scales won't weigh

him. General Burford was lean too when he came here, and so was Judge Connolly. Look at the giants now—look at *them*!”

#### YANKEE JEWS.

The Hutchinson family of Jacobs, Isaacs, and Rebeccas—those Puritans with Jewish names, long hair, and Plymouth-Rock shirt collars turned over their coats—whitened the town up with handbills yesterday. Somebody asked Artemus Ward what nation he belonged to. “I think my ancestors came from Jerusalem,” said the humorist, “for we had an Isaac and a Jacob in our family, but my uncle’s name was Cyrus—so I think I’ve got some Persian blood in me.”

#### INDIGNATION.



Yesterday, “young man from the country” sauntered in and took a seat at the breakfast table. He sat fifteen minutes without speaking—the waiter standing deferentially behind him.

“When is the table to be set?” he asked.

“What will you have?” said the waiter, handing him a bill of fare.

“Take that paper away—I want something to eat—I didn’t come here to read,” exclaimed the indignant countryman.

#### DAINTY DISHES.

Yesterday a wag asked for “baked potatoes with monograms on them.”

Dainty, delicate red raspberries, reed birds, woodcock, soft shell crabs and brook trout! that’s what we had for dinner yesterday. They’s got them down stairs and I’ll tell you *privately* how to get them. When you came in to the dining-room you must shake hands with Robert Jackson the head-waiter (no money); advancing to your seat you must look at your waiter with a nice smile—then handing him a dollar ask him to confer with Le Compt, the cook, on “the state of the nation.” When you come to dinner the next day, if it be ever so late,

you will find a nice woodcock, soft shell crab or sweet bread snugly hid away under a cover in front of you! *Ignorantia legis* don't excuse any body.

Moon (on the lake) lets you shoot a domestic bird—hook out a tame trout and attend its funeral service in Duncan Hall. When he's a full moon he won't charge you a cent, but when he's on the last quarter—well it is an expensive luxury.

#### EXTREME OF VICE.

Paymaster Cunningham astonished every body to-day by boldly reading the following six lines from a copy of Pope's Essay on Man :—

“ Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,  
That to be hated needs but to be seen :—  
But seen too oft—familiar with its face  
We first endure, then pity—then embrace :—  
But where's the extreme of vice ? 'twas ne'er agreed.  
Ask where's the North—in YORK 'tis on the TWEED.”

#### GAMBLING.

More like Baden-Baden, every year, becomes Saratoga. John Morrissey has added still another building to his old establishment, making it a fair rival to the Kursaal at the Badens. The rooms now include a beautiful club *salon*, and Belmont and Travers, and two hundred conspicuous members of the Jockey Club are stockholders and members. Gorgeously furnished toilet-rooms, faro parlors, and dining-rooms, carpeted with soft carpets and decorated with rich carvings and bronzes, hold the *blasé* and allure the *naïve*. Last summer, twenty-five thousand ladies visited these rooms, and this summer several receptions will be held. The Honorable John is liked in Saratoga, because he divides the profits of his sinning with the good people of the village with a generous hand. A few days ago he subscribed five hundred dollars toward sprinkling Lake Avenue. It is dreadful to think that the descendants of Miles Standish are some day to follow in the footsteps of the gambling Badeners, but year by year the gilded curtain is lifted higher and higher, until now we begin to see the beautiful figure of vice without shrinking.





## SPRINKLED.—NEW SPRING.—JESSIE CRANE.

CONGRESS HALL, July 23.

Grown people have a good many white days in their lives to look back upon,—the first doll, first love, engagement, college triumphs, a peep at Naples, and a thousand and one great surprises; but *one of the whitest days* of little Jessie Crane's life was last Thursday, at the Grand Union. Jessie Crane is a very little girl, not more than forty inches high, with Saragossan blonde hair, rosy cheeks, and eyes with long, drooping lashes, and she lives at No. 31 West Twenty-first street. On Thursday Miss Jessie held a reception—a grand drawing-room reception. Everybody came, and a bevy of misses went into ecstasies over Jessie's beautiful wardrobe. Her dress was scarlet satin, trimmed with real lace, and her parasol, with a little six inch handle, was trimmed to match. Her golden ringlets curled all around her head. Her jewelry was rich and costly, and so great was the curiosity to see her nice things, that her mother made a display of them in the grand parlors. The tiny trunk was opened, and

there were beautiful fans, only two inches long ; handkerchiefs, four inches square ; three bonnets, about the size of your hand ; diamond rings, point lace jackets, camel's hair shawls, twenty inches square ; little envelopes, about an inch long ; visiting cards, a half-inch square ; and even a little thimble about as large as a pea. Jessie's *trousseau* was imported from Paris. Among the guests present were Miss Ellen Kellogg, of Chicago ; Miss Bella Seligman, of Thirty-fourth street ; Miss Ida Leland, Miss Englehart, Miss Petus, of Madison Avenue, and many others. After the reception, Miss Mamie Crane *locked her daughter up in a trunk*, and the servant carried her away. Jessie was a—a—d-o-l-l !



SPRINKLED !

Yes, for the first time, Lake Avenue is sprinkled, from the village to the lake. For unremembered years point laces have been turned yellow by the *débris* of this highway, and camel's hair shawls and rich pongee dresses have been frosted with the sacred soil of Saratoga. But now pure air takes the place of the wonted simoon, and a Central Park phaeton is a delightful luxury.

NEW INDIAN SPRING.

Another new spring ! When they shoved the Indians away from their old camping ground above the Park, they (Mr. Jessie Button, of Ballston) commenced boring for water. Mr. Button is the man who found the Geyser spring. After boring two hundred feet Mr. Button struck the mineral water strata, and

FIZZ !

went a stream of carbonic acid gas forty feet into the air ! The spring has been "doing so some more" to-day. Tubing will soon be put down when it is expected that this spring will spurt like the Geyser. The water tastes like Congress spring—only not so much so. The spring is a mystery. The laborers are as mysterious as a masonic lodge about its depth, amount of rock excavated, &c.

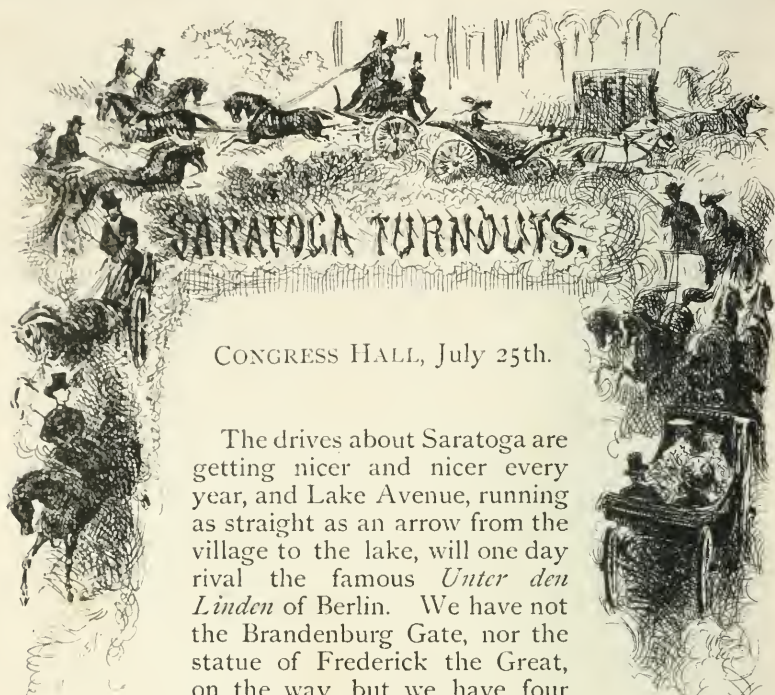
They go around with their fingers to their lips, and sh——! is the only ominous answer given to the thousand and one questions asked. My Statician says they bored 95 feet, excavated no rock, and that the spring will not run after the excess of gas is exhausted. He was right—for it has stopped sprouting already.

## WALKING STICKS.

Dr. Fred. Anderson says "walking sticks at Saratoga—articles of use and ornament to the view—are abominations in the hands of the many. Every male at this summer resort considers it the correct thing to "wear" a stick, and, moreover, that it is essential to keep it in constant agitation; when the tyro is not tripping himself with his awkward little cane, after the fashion of a green adjutant on trainin' day, he is hazarding the vision of his neighbors, or punching the short ribs of the nervous classes. This fashion should be regulated by an Act of Congress. It calls for legislation loudly. It should be the privilege

of the halt, blind, and infirm to carry canes, and of dexterous swells to wear sticks only. Every afternoon, while the band performs, those who are not hammering in consonance with the leader's baton, are twirling their sticks like Fourth of July pin-wheels, and attempting to appear composed. The danger of these weapons is understood at art galleries alone, and ignored totally at Saratoga."





## SARATOGA TURNOUTS.

CONGRESS HALL, July 25th.

The drives about Saratoga are getting nicer and nicer every year, and Lake Avenue, running as straight as an arrow from the village to the lake, will one day rival the famous *Unter den Linden* of Berlin. We have not the Brandenburg Gate, nor the statue of Frederick the Great, on the way, but we have four beautiful rows of trees most of the way, and when sprinkled the

drive down by the old Saratoga battlefield is unsurpassed. The distances to the different points of interest here are as follows :

	Miles.
Saratoga Lake.....	4
Gridley's Trout Ponds.....	2
Prospect Hill.....	5
Glen Mitchell and Loughberry Lake.....	4
Ballston Spa.....	7
White Sulphur Spring and Red Spring.....	4
Geyser Spring.....	2

### EQUIPAGES.

My statistical friend has been riding with almost every body here, and he hands me the following list of turnouts :

John Appleton, publisher, pair of long-tailed bays to a clarence.

Mr. I. N. Phelps, Dodge & Co., New York ; dapple grays ; stylish ; bow-necks.

Mr. E. A. Hammond, the millionaire batchelor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, pair of large bays to a dogcart, takes out Mr. J. Coddington and M. G. M. Groves.

Mr. James H. Peabody, of Philadelphia, bays to a landau.  
Mr. Joseph Harker, Commodore Vanderbilt's friend, pair of trotters.

Mr. P. Van Valkenburg, handsome span of bays.

Sheriff O'Brien, sorrel horses to a dogcart.

Hon. William Wall, of Fifth Avenue, pair of grays.

Mr. Charles Wall, of Park Avenue, grays to a barouche.

Mr. Frank H. Lord, stylish English drag with span of bays.  
Also tandem team.

R. H. Southgate, sorrel trotters, time 2:37.

C. F. Southgate, handsome blacks.

Mr. S. W. Coe, of East Forty-second street (H. B. Claflin & Co.), poney phaeton, and clarence seen almost every afternoon riding to the lake with a load of beautiful children.

George H. Bissell, of 5th Avenue, stylish Vermont bays to open box-drag. Mrs. Tenney his sister, and his daughter, Miss Florence, and handsome little son Pelham, generally ride with him.

Judge B. H. Bixby, spike tail road team—time, 2:37¾.

Colonel R. C. Hawkins, bays to a park phaeton.

Mr. W. S. Wyse (time, 2:40), Mr. J. F. Purdy (time, 2:38), Mr. J. R. Whaley (time, 2:37½), and Mr. A. L. Webb (time, 2:41), fast road horses to light wagons.

Mr. J. P. Wallace, handsome span to park phaeton.

Mr. J. L. Young, gray trotters—time 2:41.

Wm. Turnbull, sorrel colts, raised by himself.

Robert Squires, President of the Third Avenue Railroad, blacks to a landau. His son, Chalmers, bay trotter to a light wagon—time, 2:39.

Major Gibbs, English drag with side seats—horses chestnuts.

D. C. Wilcox, bays to a park phaeton.

Captain J. B. Thomas, bays to a "C" spring landau.

E. H. Miller, brown horses to a park phaeton.

B. F. Carver, banker, large bays to a "C" spring landau.

George Dennison, bay horses to a park phaeton.

Colonel J. A. Bridgeland, of Indiana, span of Cadmas bays, drives out in his Brewster phaeton, Senator Robertson, Colonel A. Boody, President of the Wabash Railroad; Fernando Wood, and Mr. F. S. Davis, President of the First National Bank of Memphis.

Hon. A. Boody, of 5th Avenue, the great Railroad projector, bays to a landau.

Ex-Mayor George Opdyke, bays to a clarence.

Mr. T. Brooks, of Brooklyn, dapple grays to a landau.

Robert L. Stewart, the New York sugar refiner, bays to a four-seated German-town.

Mrs. W. H. Hicks, of East Fourteenth, rides on horseback morning and evening, accompanied by her grooms.

John T. Farish, an old *habitué* of Saratoga and the Clarendon, Kentucky thorough-breds. For thirty years Mr. Farish has annually appeared at the Clarendon—a bachelor, and, the gossips say, a great catch. Imagine the commotion of the Clarendonite ladies when this year he appeared upon the scene with a—beautiful wife!

J. R. Franklyn, New York City, bays to a Brewster phaeton.

Mr. Kellogg, of New York, browns to an open carriage.

Henry Smith, President of the Board of Police Commissioners, brown horses to a landau.

O. A. Bills, of Yonkers, gray trotters—time, 2:42.

George A. Taylor, bays to a park phaeton.

Judge Barnard, chestnuts to a park phaeton.

Dr. Crane, of East Twenty-first street, chestnuts to a park phaeton.

A. T. Stewart, pair of large Kentucky thoroughbred bays.

Judge Hilton, pair of large browns to a landau.



## MOON ON THE LAKE.

CONGRESS HALL, July 26.

Yesterday I went out to Moon's little storey-and-a-half modern hotel on the lake with General Babcock and Colonel B——

After looking at the tame trout, rolling a game of ten-pins, and tasting some of that delicious champagne, impregnated with the flavor of orange peel, made by President F. S. Davis, of Memphis, the dapper little proprietor, Mr. C. B. Moon, took us through the dining rooms, larders, and kitchens of the establishment.



"Twenty-one years ago," said Mr. Moon, "I came up from Hartford, Washington County, with \$26, and a pair of boots over my shoulders. I fell out with hard work on the farm, and built a little shanty here on the lake. Saratoga was then a village of about five hundred inhabitants."

"What was land worth then?"

"I could buy the best land around the village for \$30 per acre, and right there," said he, pointing to the bank of the lake a few rods off, "I have just sold an acre for \$1,000 to Frank Leslie, who is to build an Italian *villa*. I own land for a half mile now from the lake back to the swamp."

"How has the race track affected property?"

"It has damaged it. Dozens of carriages, *with spotted dogs under them, used to drive up to my place, while they now go to*

some more quiet resort. They won't bring their families here where there is such a smell of horses. Then the war made great changes."

RICH SAM DUNCAN.

"Do you see this room?" said Mr. Moon, opening a door into a rear room with a veranda in front of it. "This was the old Duncan dining-room. I named it after Sam Duncan, who had that big plantation at Skipwith Landind, on the Mississippi. Thousands of dollars Sam has spent here. Blooded fellows, those Duncans! But they ain't what they used to be. Why, last summer a shabbily-dressed man came into the bar-room and took a drink alone. I thought I knew him, and said I:

" 'Hellow, Sam, is that you?'

" 'I didn't think you would know me,' said Sam.

" 'I should think I'd be a darned fool to forget a man who has spent as many thousand dollars with me as you have,' said I."

POOR SAM DUNCAN.

" 'Don't mention it,' said Sam,—'don't!' and then my old friend Duncan turned away and looked sadly out of the window. I slipped up to him, and said I, 'Sam, won't you dine to-day in Duncan Hall?'

" 'No—no, Moon' stammered Sam, as he brushed a tear from his eye, 'I'm too poor now—I've lost everything. I'm stopping at a quiet boarding-house in Ballston, but I thought I must come and see the place where we had such good times before the war.'

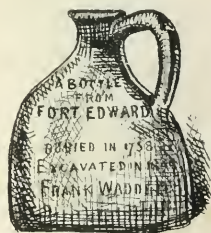
"Lord!" said Moon, "how mean he made me feel!—and then I took Sam Duncan's hand and pulled him into the old Duncan dining-room, and I ordered the best dinner the boys could get up. We had woodcock, trout, and champagne and Santa Cruz rum out of the

OLD "FRANK WADDELL" BOTTLE.

"What is the 'Frank Waddell bottle?'" I asked.

"Here," said Moon, stepping to the bar, "this is the old bottle—113 years old," and he held up an old chunk of a green bottle, on which was the inscription—

"Frank Waddell was a gentleman dyed in the wool," continued Moon, "and his bottle has been filled more than ten thousand times with the best rum in America. Once Sir Charles



Gray sent me a cask of rum from Santa Cruz, and I had a man go to New York and ride straddle of the bung-hole all the way to Saratoga, and I rode in *myself*, astride like a jockey, from the depot to the lake."

Here a quiet-looking old gentleman came in and asked for the Frank Waddell bottle.

"Who is that?" I asked.

"That's Stuart, one of the big Stuarts, sugar refiners, of New York. Stuart knew Sam. Duncan and Frank Waddell, for he's been here for twenty years—he's a *poor man*—only worth \$17,000,000!" said Moon, with a twinkle of the eye. "He likes to come out here now, at six o'clock in the morning, for his pig pork and brook trout." Stuart now took a "smile" with young Erastus Corning, of Albany, who kept a 2:46 span of bays waiting at the door.

"Who has given the biggest dinner here in twenty years?" I asked.

"Let's see," said Moon, scratching his head; "well, Watts Sherman, of Duncan, Sherman & Co., gave the biggest dinner a few years ago. Thirty-six in the party—and the dinner cost \$3,000. Madame Rush was one of the party. My wife was in her prime then, and, Lord! you ought to have seen that dinner—canvas-backs, hot-house grapes, Johannisberger, Roman punch, ——!" and Moon held up both hands, like a great V, while his eyes hung out in a state of wondering bewilderment.



OLD HENS FOR SWELLS.

Now we enter the larder, where were layers of brook trout, reed-birds, woodcock, partridges and black bass.

"This partridge looks like an old fellow—he's five years old," said Colonel Bridgeland, holding up an antique partridge which one of Moon's hunters was dressing: "what will you do with him?"

"Oh, some of those shoddy city fellows will come along to-day, and they can't tell this old hen from a chicken.

I know too much to give this old bird to one of your thorough-

bred boys," replied Moon, with a merry twinkle.

POTATOES (THE SECRET).

"How do you cook the potatoes?" I asked, as we looked through the kitchen.

"We slice them as thin as paper, put them in ice-water over night, wipe them dry with a towel, then fry them quick."

"What else do you do?"

Mr. Moon gave a profound look, and then said he, *mysteriously*, "Well, there is one thing that I *fool them all on*. Do you see this big dark oven?"

"Yes."

"Well, I put them in there, after drying them with the towel, where it is perfectly dark and hot, and dry them to a crisp before they are fried; that makes them light-colored. *That's a secret, now*—mum's the word!"



## SARATOGA GOSSIP.



GIDDY CLARENDONITES.

see our daily newspapers made up of epigrams and paragraphs illustrated by Cartoons which, as you see in our Ginx-Baby chapter, strike the heart of the reader as a streak of lightning penetrates the heart of a hay-stack. Don't they?

### SARATOGA.

The three hotels—the Union, Columbian, and Congress—have about 2,000 guests to-day. The White Mountain, Lake George, and Richfield tourists are getting in to be present at the culmination of the great social carnival, about the 1st of August. The August races commence on the 16th, and last six days.

### LEVITY AT THE CLARENDON.

Two giddy young people arose from their chairs at the Clarendon last evening, and, to the amazement of everybody, commenced waltzing around the room! They have been expelled from the house. (*see cartoon*).

## JOKE.

The Congress Hall guests were talking about patriotic music this evening, when some one suggested that Bernstein be requested to play the national airs. A lady in the house, whose husband loves her more before people than elsewhere, said she didn't want "Hail Columbia" with the rest, as her husband frequently gave her *hail Columbia up-stairs!*

Every body was frightened

BY THUNDER!

yesterday. The Long Branch and Cape May storm arrived here at three P. M. The sky darkened—the clouds hung over Saratoga like a funeral pall, then broke in a flood of rain, driving in the music. The gas was lighted and the Congress Hall dining-room became an evening dress promenade.

## GROESBECK ON THE WAR PATH.

Fernando Wood told the following anecdote of W. S. Groesbeck, Mr. Dana's candidate for the Presidency, to a group of New Yorkers, to-day: "It happened in Paris in '67. A daughter of Mr. John F. Pennman became engaged to a Parisian Count. A short time before the nuptials Mr. Pennman settled \$10,000 annuity on the Count. Soon after, and before the wedding took place, the young lady died, when the miserable Count commenced a suit in the French Courts for the annuity.

"Do you know what I would do with that fellow, Mr. Wood, asked the Chesterfieldian Groesbeck?

"No. What?" asked Fernando.

"I'd hang the d—d scoundrel up by the heels and cut his d—d ears off!" This was considered a very live remark for the High Church Groesbeck, who never got fully awake again till he made a speech against the impeachment of Andy Johnson.

## SELF-MADE MEN.

One of those rich no-account fellows, whose father is a stockholder in the Academy of Music, and who himself is a social and financial parasite, to-day abused a man because he was a self-made man. We are much too prone to over-estimate self-made men, but many gentle youths under-estimate them. We admire self-made men, but not comparatively—as every body admires little George who plays the piano and sings here so nicely *for a little boy*.—They are such great men to make themselves—and then, as we pass by the brown stone front to look at the Irishman's house, so we forget the Spooners, Everetts, the Humboldts and Keplers, to look at the disjointed frames of such really great

self-made men as Greeley, Burritt the blacksmith, and Wilson the shoemaker. Now Mr. Greeley is a great man, but how much greater would he have been if in boyhood he had studied in the school with Everett, demonstrating the XXXVI. of Euclid, or reading the philosophy of Aristotle, in the ancient Greek, instead of cultivating his mind with clumsy symbols of tenant-house misery? Why Horace Greeley would have shook the globe! What is the sense of always talking about blood in horses and despising it in man? I don't mean sham blood which runs to heraldry, coats of arms with silly hog-Latin mottoes, crests of hippogriffs and libbards and heraldic monograms, small clothes generally—but I mean the man whose father and grand-father were *square up and down men*, and who looked after the son, watered him with pure water, fed him with good intellectual moral and material food, washed him, rubbed him down and trained his muscles as old John Harper trained his blooded horse Longfellow!

Old John has got his woods full of blooded horses, and he knows the *sire* and *dam* of every one, and I'll bet he'll get more racers in his drove of colts to run off with the Mommouth stakes than you will find among a promiscuous drove of *self-raised* colts which struggle up to mature horse-hood.

#### MADE HIMSELF.

Henry Clews, our young bald-headed banker, boasts of being a self-made man.

One day in conversation with Mr. Travers, Mr. C. remarked:

"Yes, sir, I am proud of being a self-made man—I am proud of being the architect of my own fortune. I am——"

"W-what! y-you a self-m-made man, Mr. Clews? asked Mr. T."

"Yes, sir, I made myself from almost nothing" replied the banker standing promptly up to his full height.

"T-then while you were making yourself, Henry, why d-did'nt you p-put a little m-m-more hair on the t-top of your head?"

Mr. Clews has since bought a wig.

#### "POKER"

Many distinguished men like Simeon Cameron, General Schenck, General Nye and Senator Chandler, take a quiet game of "poker" occasionally for amusement. It relaxes the tired brain and is a relief from the fatigues of literary or forensic labor. Even Webster and Clay and Calhoun played "poker."

Judge Bixly tells this "poker" joke on Senator Robertson and the Hon. Mr. W—— to-day.

The two Honorables are in the habit of resorting to the Senator's room daily to take a quiet social game of American "poker."



THE AMERICAN GAME OF POKER.

The Honorable Senator's room is in the "L" of Congress Hall, and just across the corner was the room occupied by two witty New York married ladies, who could see the Senator's hand William dealt good hands, and both commenced betting with a good deal of vim. "One—two hundred better!" said Senator Robinson. William was just about to call him, when "*Three queens!*" shouted one of the ladies. The Hon. William saved his \$200, but the *blinds have never been open since!*



MASKED BALL.

### THE FIRST MASQUERADE.

The first masquerade at Congress Hall came off last evening. The room committee wore rich and costly dresses, and names were printed on the card as follows:—

Each gentleman carried out his character during the evening :

The Bull Fighter.....	F. H. Lord.
Earl of Leicester.....	Dr. Fred. A. Anderson.
Fra Diavolo.....	C. Anderson.
Henry IV.....	R. H. Southgate.
Charles II.....	W. B. Gage.
Highland Gentleman.....	E. H. Stevens.
Francis I.....	Melville D. Landon.
Spanish Cavalier.....	W. B. Wilshire.
Louis XIV.....	Henry W. Raymond.
Prince Hal.....	E. H. Rogers, Jr.
His Satanic Majesty.....	James Aveille.
French Guard.....	James Prendergast.

A gentleman from Philadelphia took the part of Satan at the *bal masqué*. A High Church Quaker lady, at the Clarendon, says "he did it *devilish* well!" While Mr. Saxe says he "*looked like the Devil!*"

#### MASQUERADE GENERALLY.

The masquerade fever exhausted itself last evening ; but the gilded European exotic went out in a blaze of glory. We of the North are too matter-of-fact—too civilized to appreciate the *bal masqué*. It is a relic of barbarism. The custom thrives better at the White Sulphur or at other provincial border watering-places, where the people have for a long time run to tournaments and other fantastic ceremonies. As the tournament died among sensible people with Don Quixote, the Knight of La Mancha, so the *bal masqué* ought to die with the Venetian carnival. We see grand masquerades in Moscow and St. Petersburg, but the Russians are only half civilized. It is there, in Moscow,

where the Tartar hordes have left the traces of Asiatic barbarism, that French or German extravaganzas culminate into gaudy Eastern pageants.

#### BROWN'S BOYS.

A gentleman to-day said Fejee Islanders were called Cannibals because they live off of other people.

"Then I have three Cannibals at my house on Madison Avenue," said a rich old father-in-law, "for I have three Browns-Boy sons-in-law, who live off of me.

## THE PIRATES !

The custom of the young gentlemen holding the young ladies' hands on the Clarendon balcony during the evening, instead of

dancing in the parlor, has been interfered with by the old ladies, who keep a close

watch nightly from the second-story windows. One good old Quaker lady, from Philadelphia, sits up all night. She says she's bound to be aristocratic, *if it half kills her*.

It is thus that ravenous wolves in sheep's clothing are ever on the alert for the innocent and unwary.



INNOCENT YOUNG MEN.



PIRATE.

They were sitting side by side—  
And—he sighed—and she sighed :

—o—

Said she, " You are my darling Luke."  
And—he—look-ed—and—she—looked :

—o—

Said he, " My darling wilt thou ?"  
And—she wilted—and—he wilted.

# UNCLE HANK.

## ANCIENT HENRY.

SARATOGA, July 28.

Right here, now that I have written the social news to-day, I must tell you some reminiscences of "Old Uncle Hank."

"Old Hank" was one of the century posts of Central New York. He lived in Eaton (Log City), Madison Co., when the



UNCLE HANK IN THE GROCERY

writer left home to go away to college a good many years ago, but not before the fame of "Ancient Henry," as the boys used to politely call him, had traveled over a large portion of the State.

They say he is dead now, but his wit, his frolicsome humor and keen satire live fresh and green in the memory of all.

If we take Lord Kane's definition of wit—"a constant surprise," then Uncle Hank would rank with Swift, Juvenal and

Cervantes..... He had a good heart and was withal generous, and his wicked anecdotes only resulted from a desire to cheer with wit the funereal lives of his friends.



His stories were generally of the Baron-Munchausen-General Nye order, only a good deal more wicked. He was a great hunter, kept a pack of hounds at the grocery in the village, and a farm on the hills just to hunt on, and he knew every fox-hole and coon-trail in the county.



He used to tell the school boys about shooting a fox so large that eight boys could stand around him, and before they had

ceased wondering, he would tell of seeing innumerable flocks of wild geese flying so low *that you could shake a stick at them!* Once he was telling about a fast horse which he owned:—

"Why, sir," said he, "I started from West Eaton yesterday with that air mar of mine square in front of a terrible thunder shower. The wind blew a hurricane right down on our backs. The big drops fell into the hind end of my wagon box—

"'Clk—clk!' says I to the old mar. On she flew, and the hurricane after us—all the time raining and hailing in the back end of the wagon. I reached the grocery after a three mile race. The rain had poured into the hind end of the box until it was level full of water, and I had to hold up my feet to keep them dry, while my coat and the wagon seat were as dry as powder!"

One day his hounds were baying after a fox on the hills. Old Hank sat on the grocery steps and listened as to a symphony from the heavenly choir.

"Do you hear that heavenly music?" he asked, as Charley Miles went by to the postoffice.

"No," replied Charley, "those d——d hounds make such an infernal noise I can't hear anything;" and then he went on chuckling to himself at the good joke he had played on "Old Hank."

"Uncle Henry bought a farm *on the hill*," he said, "because he always raised such fearful crops of corn and hay that the ground frequently sank in with the weight!" Once he negotiated for some land adjoining his meadow. And when John Hall

asked him what he wanted it for, he said "he raised so much hay on his land that he had no place to spread it to dry."

During the last part of his life they had a good many Methodist and Baptist revivals in town. During one of these his son became a devout Christian, but "Old Hank" held out to the last.



GOOD-BYE, ELDER SMITH!

was being carried on by Elder Brown and Elder Smitzer. Elder Brown used to go round and tell what the good Lord had done for his Christian children, and how much he would do for the worst sinner if he would only repent and come into the fold. Meeting "Old Hank" one day on the grocery steps, where he had just arrived with a string of gray squirrels, Elder B—commenced as usual—

"Now, Uncle Henry," he said, "you see what the Lord has done for *me*, you see what *he* has done for brother Hunt and brother Joslyn; now what has he done for you?"

"Old Hank" looked down first on his tattered breeches, and then at the pile of squirrels, and then, in the utmost seriousness, replied: "Well, Elder Brown, while I think it over,—up to this time I don't think he has done the first dam thing!"

The Methodist minister had been reading the story of the betrayal of our Savior. Uncle Henry looked very serious, and after service the Elder asked him what serious subject his mind was dwelling upon.

Speaking of special Providences one day, he said, "Why the Lord takes care of every good Methodist. There's my Henry—when he signed one hundred dollars the other day towards building the new meeting-house, we did not know where in the world the money was coming from; but that very night Elder Smith came along on a visit, and he and Henry got to trading horses, and before morning Henry had traded him out of a hundred dollars as slick as a whistle!"

Once every one in town got very much interested over a Baptist revival which

"I'm thinking what a dam scoundrel that Judas was," exclaimed "Old Hank" religiously.

"Old Hank," Chancey Root, and Cheen Bellous were the four "cracked" hunters and fishers of Central New York. Nobody thought of questioning their success or of doubting their prowess. One day "Old Hank" was amusing a group of villagers on the grocery steps with Munchausen stories of hunting, &c., when Dr. Purdy, a light, frail physician who had never been known to hunt in his life, came along. After listening for a moment, he startled everybody by saying, "Uncle Hank, I'll bet you twenty-five dollars that I can kill more game in a day than you can."

"More game than I can!" exclaimed Uncle Hank in amazement.

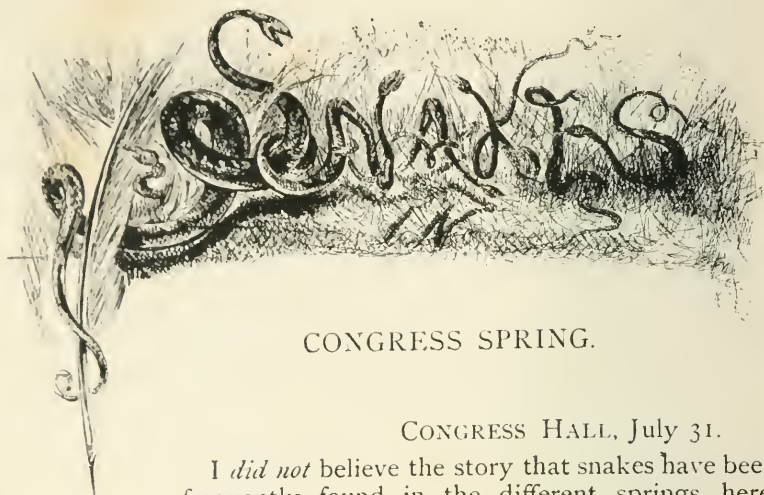
"Yes, more than *you* can," repeated the Doctor.

"It's a bet," replied Old Hank—"next Tuesday is the day; we'll count the game as they do in the shooting matches, 100 for a fox, 50 for a coon, 25 for a woodchuck, 10 for a squirrel, 5 for a pigeon, 2 for a chipmunk and 1 for a bird," and then he hurried back into the grocery for fear the Doctor would back out.

Tuesday came. Everybody had heard of the great match and the town was tremendously excited. Uncle Hank knew George Andross and the Leeville fellows were to run a fox that day, so he took his dogs and went off slily to strike his trail on the hill. The Doctor loaded himself down with pigeon shot and went out shooting everything he could see from a ground bird up to a squirrel. Chancey Root said he shot even large sized crickets and grasshoppers. At any rate he rushed about like a walking arsenal firing minute guns all day. Night came. Uncle Hank missed his fox and disappointed, but confident, came in with two woodchucks and about a dozen gray squirrels, counting in all 110. The Doctor came in with two bags full of chipmunks, ground birds, meadow larks and red squirrels, counting 232! That killed Uncle Henry. He never appeared happy after that. He stopped talking about hunting, attended to his farm and became one of the most circumspect citizens of the town, but he always kept out of the Doctor's way.

When he died there was mourning in the village. His place has never been filled. No more such grand old stalks can grow from the same hill, for Nature exhausted the soil.

Had Uncle Henry been schooled like Edward Everett or Spooner, his stories would have been like the "Tale of the Tub," "Gulliver's Travels," and his adventures would not have afforded food for this letter.



## CONGRESS SPRING.

CONGRESS HALL, July 31.

I *did not* believe the story that snakes have been frequently found in the different springs here, though I thought it might sometimes be the case.

To-day, as an honest journalist, I must tell you when I changed and what caused me to change my opinion.

Yesterday, to test this long-mooted question, Professor Chandler applied electricity from a powerful battery on Congress spring. The powerful *charge* ran down the tubing and was drawn off by the excess of bi-carbonate of iron in the water, causing the liquid to boil and seethe like a cauldron. The shock was so powerful that it shook the ground to such a degree that Colonel Johnson ran out of his office to ascertain the cause. Notwithstanding Prof. Chandler's extra electro-magnetic charge, but two *very small* striped snakes were thrown to the surface, and they glided away in great fright into the grass *near the lovers' walk*.

Mr. Marvin, who, with Judge Hilton and A. T. Stewart, saw the snakes, says they were of a species—*noctua-zylina* or American *copperhead*, not common to Saratoga, but frequently found on Manhattan Island. Fernando Wood recognized the species at once. This evening the Professor applied Professor John Foster's electro-magnetic apparatus from Union College, and revelations too horrible to publish were disclosed on the surface of the spring. Bushels of *débris* were thrown to the top, and the poor Indians, who have had a very quiet time of it lately, were engaged all night carrying away the refuse from which Congress

water has been manufactured since 1805. I see their haggard forms now moving back and forth through the moonlight between their encampment and the spring.

I write these facts seriously and honestly, but, like the author of the "Battle of Dorking," I shuddered at my own narration.

At the first charge of the battery, bushels of oxydized eggshells, among other light things, came to the surface—some were empty, some with the yolks petrified, and others containing petrified chickens. Meerschau pipes, faded to a pure white, saturated caddys of plug tobacco, old Indian blankets, undissolved Schweitzer kase, and bones of known and unknown animals, were now thrown to the top. Old salt sacks, marked "Dennis McCarty, Syracuse;" old white hats, marked "H. Greeley;" calves' feet and glue in undissolved packages, marked "P. Cooper;" and old bundles of Brick Pomeroy's *Democrat*, bubbled to the top.

#### DREADFUL DEVELOPMENTS.

Everybody was startled.

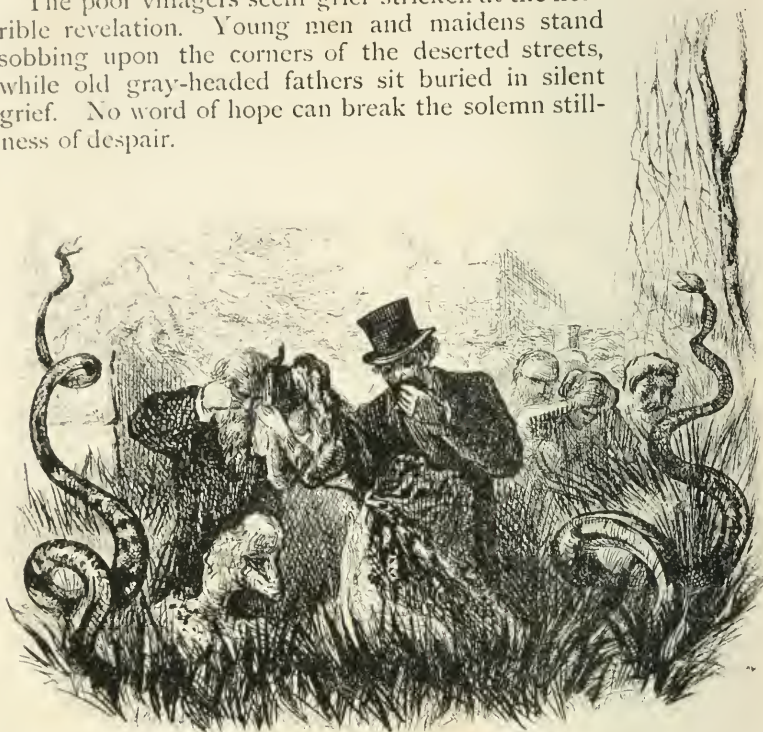
"Turn the crank again?" said Professor Chandler to Senator Robertson, who, with Professor Agassiz, had charge of the battery.

The crank turned. Lightning streaked from the turning wheel, and flashed luridly around the tubing. Losing their specific gravity, and floating on the surface were old hammers, horseshoes, tin pans, kerosene lamps, coal scuttles, basins of soap grease, brass kettles, case knives, German-silver spoons, lizards' teeth, fish hooks, photograph materials, gimlets, and petrified human skeletons, which sailed on the water like Banquo's ghost. All day these dreadful revelations have been developing themselves. Night has put an end to the Professor's labors, and the town reposes only to resort to the spring again at daylight. Colonel Johnson has fled, a voluntary exile, to Moon Lake; the Chesterfieldian Hathorn kicks his faithful dog Brave, looks mournfully into his new Hathorn spring, and trembles at the revelations which may ruin him in the morning.

William Leland is a raving maniac, and Warren's giant intellect "totters to its fall," as he sings and whistles a listless air, unmindful of the coaches loaded with new guests for Congress Hall. Charles Leland and the giddy guests of the Clarendon have gone into mourning, closed the blinds of the aristocratic boarding-house on the hill, and the balcony where the young gentlemen were wont to *hold the hands* of sweethearts, and whisper in gentle ears the lover's siren tale of love and hope, is a deserted waste. A funeral pall has fallen over this once happy village. Beautiful is the sublime resignation of the people.

“ I knew it *must* come ! ” said the heroic Marvin, the hot-scalding tears rolling down his manly cheek : “ I knew this devilish modern science would find us out some time ; ” and then he went and sat down among the crumbling butments of the old United States—a *ruined man* !

The poor villagers seem grief stricken at the horrible revelation. Young men and maidens stand sobbing upon the corners of the deserted streets, while old gray-headed fathers sit buried in silent grief. No word of hope can break the solemn stillness of despair.



• NO WORD OF HOPE.

J. Morrissey walks like a deserted sentinel up and down by his *once* happy club-house, with its festive board deserted, and its laughter and its songs turned to grief. His eagle eye is dimmed with tears, and turns not upon his once happy guests, but down upon the floors of deserted halls. We know not what another day may bring forth.

I will hasten to telegraph the result to the *Commercial* in the morning. Other newspapers are evidently bribed, and Captain Ritchie as yet makes no allusion to the astounding facts in the *Daily Saratogian*. The rest to-morrow.

## TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH !

OUR CORRESPONDENT EXPELLED.

CONGRESS HALL, Aug. 1st (morning).

Morning dawns. I look from my window and see a deserted village, with now and then a wandering haggard resident. The women and children are gone, but a set of desperate men are left. They have seized the battery. Professor Chandler is missing. The Indians have cleared away the last vestige of yesterday's developments and Congress spring is placid, but deserted. What mean these groups of determined men? Why do they come under my window and then go away shaking their fists? I do not like this place.

I think I shall go away—go over to Ballston. Ballston is a healthy place—healthier for me than Saratoga. No one urges me to stay here.

EVENING, BALLSTON SPA.

I left Saratoga this afternoon. My exposure of the snakes in Congress spring caused even more dreadful results than I, in imagination, pictured. The *Commercial* was published in New York at two P. M. I was flooded with telegrams from the City. My friend S. W. Coe, telegraphed :

"They have the same snakes at Richfield and Sharon,—but they are in their boots. Leave the place."

So I left.

After the guests of all the hotels had fled, some of the oldest inhabitants met and drafted resolutions inviting me to *go away*.

I said : "Gentlemen, in this case of Congress water *versus* the snakes, I am *retained by the snakes*."

One venerable gray-headed resident said I had destroyed the confidence of a confiding village—that I had destroyed commerce—the foundation stone onto which the village's greatness had rested for a hundred years. "Go!" he said, "before you make this once happy village a howling wilderness."

I said "Let her howl ; but truth—everlasting truth—"



LAN ——— INVITED TO GO !

And then a great crowd interrupted me, everybody pressing his warm invitation upon me *to leave*—to go away—to “slope.” They even packed my trunks and assisted me to depart.

I went.

I am here in Ballston—Ballston with its mammoth hotels, its blacksmith’s shop, and its immense printing office. I am a wanderer and an outcast—from Saratoga. I am a victim of misplaced confidence—confidence in men. My exposure of the snakes in Congress spring did not result as I expected it would. It struck hard, but it bounded back, and *I had to leave the place*. The women believed the truth at first, but the men demoralized them.

That night—that same night, after the expulsion of Professor Chandler—Mr. Marvin and Colonel Johnson deposited in the spring a *fresh* barrel of salt. I saw them do it from my window. At 12, Wm. Leland appeared at the spring. He raised a glass and drank like one athirst.

"By gum! it's the same old thing," he exclaimed, and then he drank sixteen tumblers full and fell fainting on the ground. Others followed—Mr. King and Mr. Clements.

Then they all drank again. They telegraphed for Major Selover, Henry D. Polhemus and Colonel Boody. They came and drank. They said they were not afraid now the snakes were gone.

Far from it.

I miss Saratoga. I miss the morning Germans. I miss those pretty girls on Congress Hall balcony at night. I miss the genial face of Mr. Saxe, the handsome Judge Hilton, the venerable Vanderbilt, my woodcock with Colonel Bridgeland at Moon's. I miss Mr. Southgate's 2:41  $\frac{3}{4}$  horses. I miss the instructive sermons of Dr. Strong's, and the lovely *base* singing of Dr. Hamilton's. I miss the midnight festive whirl at the Clarendon, its aristocratic gray-headed matrons, and ceaseless talk of love and its flirtations on the balcony.

I may return.

I can return if I *change my name* and deny what I have said.

This may be my last from Saratoga. *Adieu!*



## THE EXILE'S RETURN.

CONGRESS HALL, Aug. 3.

I arrived *from* Ballston this morning.

Yesterday the Saratoga Common Council met, and resolved that I should remain a fugitive until I changed my name and renounced my snake statement.

I did not exactly like Ballston. It was too quiet.

The *Sans Souci* Hotel there is remarkable for not resembling Congress Hall, or the *Sans Souci* at Potsdam.

I spent the entire day visiting the blacksmith and carpenter shops. They are mammoth structures. They have a spring there called the Washington. G. Washington was named after it. George didn't run often, but this spring runs all the time. The water resembles Saratoga water, though it is not so bad. Snakes are seldom seen in the springs there. If you go to Ballston to spend the summer, I should advise you to board in Saratoga. Ballston is too healthy. Chickens and tender young lambs never die there—though some of the young ladies do. One young lady sang in the parlor of the *Sans Souci* last night :

“Tis sweet for one's country to dye ;”

and the next morning she had auburn eye-lashes and golden hair !

An old resident said Saratoga was once located at Ballston, but that they had *too much conscience to keep it there*, so they removed the big spring here. Ballston received its name from the immense balls which they used to have at the City Hotel there. This village was named after the *Daily Saratogian*. They removed the springs over from Ballston, so that the guests could be here to read the paper.

The Saratoga Common Council, with Colonel Johnson and Mr. Marvin at the head, met me on the town-line this morning with a conditional pardon and a promise of official protection if I would sign it. I was sick of Ballston, and sighed to return to Saratoga, where the people lead a religious life and smoke good cigars. This is the article of capitulation which I signed :

I hereby certify that my name is not Lan—— but Eli Perkins,—that I did not see the snakes which came out of Congress Spring, and that I was not acquainted with the man *who did see them when they came out* !

ELI PERKINS né LAN——.

That certificate is a li—bel, but I had to sign it or go without my woodcock and soft-shell crabs—so here I am at Congress Hall.

I am happy to get back. The young men who smoke good cigars in the office of Congress Hall whistled "*Der Kaiser ist Da!*" as I came up the steps. Friends gathered around, shedding tears of regret, and whispering words of condolence to Mr. Hathorn. I went directly to my room, and feeling in a sad mood, I wrote this sermon:—

## ELI PERKINS' SERMON.

MY DEAR DANCING SISTERS:



THE PLEBEIAN "STUN."

There are two ways of "stunning" people by an exhibition of taste, and we see them both illustrated daily at Saratoga. The plebeian "stuns" with positive colors, yellow, black, blue, and green; with powdered hair, and a very steeple of hair, *à la* Pompadour, projecting from the apex of the head. They walk or hitch along with shoulders bent forward, the upper portion of the arm as dead and useless as if made of gutta percha, while the backs of their wrists become dangling right angles, swinging in the air like Fourth of July pin-wheels. They have transformed their beautifully curved shoulders into humped backs, until deformed Richard III. takes the place of the proud Apollo.



PATRICIAN "STUN,"  
ful and the true.

Why do not these dear, silly creatures hold their heads proudly erect, and throw back their beautiful shoulders, as if proud to carry the face of Diana, and not walk as if borne down, like Atlas, with a ponderous globe? Why do they not hold their hands and arms gracefully, as if *posed* by Canova, and not as if tied by a policeman? Look at the shoulders of St. Catharine, in the *Sistine Madonna*, see how proudly she stands? The fickle goddess of fashion—of *plebeian fashion*—has never dared to enter the sanctuary of the artists who worship at the shrine of the beauti-

## THE CONTRAST.

There is another type of womanhood in Congress Hall—a patrician type which comes from cultivation and generations of good blood. She wears no bright colors. Her eyes delight in subtle symphonies—symphonies in music and color, too. She does not wear yellow, and blue, and scarlet—but she mingles them together as the painter mingles his paints on his *palette*, and produces a warm symphony in brown or drab—perhaps the lovely pongee. If she wears blue, she puts white in it, making it look like the sky, or darkens it to the blue of the ocean. If she wears scarlet, she tones it down with blue till it becomes maroon. If she wears chrome yellow, she tones it down with white till it becomes straw color—always a symphony.

Her shoulders are proudly erect, like the Venus de Medici, and her arms rest in nature's attitude, like the arms of Thorwaldsen's Graces—palms to the front. Her hair is gracefully dressed, high up on the head, to show the beautiful curves of the neck; and not stuffed or swelled into a clumsy globe, to hang like a dead weight down upon the back. In the end she "stuns" people in a civilized way—with grace, style and purity; while the plebeian stuns with picturesque colors, deformed shoulders and flopping hands.

There is a young lady at Congress Hall so graceful, so very stylish, and yet so plain in her attire, that when she walks across the room she is the centre of attraction. I venture to say that she knows more of art, of sculpture, and of the true beauty of form and style and color than all the plebeian girls in the house.

## AMONG GENTLEMEN

we see the same idea illustrated. Yesterday when the carriages came up I saw a gilded four-in-hand, with white reins and coachmen in yellow liveries. Everybody looked as they would look at a row of peacocks on dress-parade, for the turnout was a "stunner!" By-and-by up came an English drag, jet black, with one seventeen-hand horse. There was a harness for utility, with steel buckles, and the coachman was garbed in modest black. It was a "swell" turnout, but the owner has taste and he "stuns" with a rig of plain and simple elegance.

## THE NEWEST SENSATION

in watering-place costumes (and I give you the first transatlantic wave) is the Elizabethan costume in Cretonne. Some call it the Dolly Varden. It consists of light or dark material covered with immense bouquets, variegated figures, and flowers. The

material looks like Major De Boot's wall-paper. It is looped up over a dark skirt with black velvet bows and garlands of variegated wild-wood flowers (artificial). The hat is a Charles II. *chapeau*, made of fine leghorn, the brim lined with black velvet, and cocked up on one side. It has a nobby and jaunty air, carrying you back to the time of Elizabeth and the seventeen days' tournaments at Kenilworth.

#### THESE CRETONNE SUITS

were first made by Worth for the Empress to wear to the Longchamp races in June last year, before King William thundered down over the Bavarian border. Last August Mrs. Belmont appeared with a suit at Newport and created a sensation.

This summer I notice several suits here among the leading fashionables. They have a place—a legitimate place at the races, where gentlemen wear veils and feathers, and scarlet neckties.

#### GENTLEMEN'S TOILETS

at Saratoga are about thus: In the morning, straw hats or Tyrolese with feather, white or checked suits with fancy cravats.

The dinner dress or afternoon promenade dress of our swell fellows is light-drab trousers, double-breasted English frock coat (black), with necktie and gloves of light material and matching in color. Vest white.

Evening Dress—Black dress coat, vest, and trousers, white necktie and gloves, and crush hat. The crush hat comes very handy here, as the evening hops are more like an afternoon reception in the city.

#### DRESSING AT SARATOGA.

There is not so much dressing among the nicer people here this season as usual. Of course ladies have their regular full-dress toilets for the Friday evening dress-balls, but during the week, in the morning and evening and at dinners, quiet, subdued colors predominate. Many of our best-dressed ladies lounge in London drab pongee suits during the forenoon and go into muslins, grenadines and tarletans in the evening. Silk skirts, with French embroidered overskirts, always beautiful, are indulged in by those who have been abroad, and who have revelled among the beautiful things and cheap prices at the Paris *Bon Marché*.

## BENCHES IN CONGRESS SPRING PARK.

One of the saddest discomforts to young lovers, newly-married people, and young gentlemen who desire to get certain young ladies "*on the string*," is the absence of benches in the park. There is only one bench where two people can sit and talk in the whole inclosure. This bench is in a conspicuous location on the hill, *commanding all the approaches*, to be sure, and so situated as to incur no very quick surprises on the part of the dog-in-the-manger pirates who spend their time watching hand-holding *beaux*, or susceptible bachelors, always on the point of proposing. *Every* lover in Saratoga *knows* where the double bench is situated. You will always see it occupied morning, noon, and night ; while hovering around, within accessible distance, will be a half dozen couples *waiting for the next chance to sit there*.

Yesterday I visited the bench with my old "statician"—a crusty old bachelor, who unseen has watched this bench for twenty years. He has the name and address of every young lady and every lover who have held hands on this bench, the number of kisses stolen *or given away*, and the names of the stealer and the stealee. He showed me his record book. Great Heavens ! What secrets were there. What a flutter it would cause in Congress Hall, I thought, to publish them.

### STATISTICS.

"How many young ladies have allowed their hands to be held *willingly* ?" I asked of the "statician."

"1152," he answered.

"How many *unwillingly* ?"

"None.—Yes, twenty *by their husbands*."

"How many unmarried ladies have been kissed there ?"

"1391—*all willingly* ?"

"How many *married* ladies have been kissed there *willingly* ?"

"976—mostly by young lovers."

"How many wives have been kissed *willingly* by husbands ?"



BROWN'S BOY.

"482—but they were other ladies' husbands."

"Where do these kissers and kissees mostly come from?"

"New York and the Clarendon."

"What gentlemen have occupied this bench the most for the last ten years?"

My statician now opened his book mysteriously, and I read the names: W. H. C——, J. F——, Mr. G——ves, F. L——d, O——r, L——stone, ——F—— Z——ga, C—— S——th, E. A. H——d, J. C——on, P. G——nat, F. J——son, G. L——aw, F. M——an, J. S——in, O. Ark——urg and 2200 others.—What a record!!

"How is the proper way to occupy this bench with a sweetheart?" I asked.

"Never tell?"

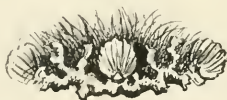
"N-e-v-e-r!"

"Well, saunter along with a large daily newspaper, spread it over *your* laps, holding it with one hand, while your sweetheart holds it with the other. This leaves to each a hand free under the paper. These hands will naturally seek each other, and there you can sit and defy detection from the most observing. Such cases I never watch. They defy detection."

Now, for the good of humanity, for the benefit of scolding husbands, loving brides, spooney lovers, and the great army of flirts at Saratoga, I plead for more benches in the park—more seats for two persons—more seats *close together*. Then love will not have to struggle so hard for a manifestation—then Cupid will be invited to the shady park and wedding rings will make the chief commerce of Saratoga. *Amen.*



## SARATOGA AMUSEMENTS.



CONGRESS HALL, Aug. 4th.

"And every house was an inn, where each guest was welcomed and feasted," is the author of *Evangeline's* description of the hospitable Acadian village of Grand-Pré. The Saratogians say that Longfellow had just returned from a trip to Saratoga when he wrote this, and that he got his inspiration from the long lines of hotels which make up this American Wiesbaden.



"AND EVERY HOUSE WAS AN INN——."

illustration?

A sketch of Crestline with two trains arriving with *every house an inn* and every body whanging a dreadful gong and shouting D-I-N-N-E-R!

DIN-NER!!

DINNER!!!

This text of Longfellow's was once given to T. Buchanan. Read by the members of the Cincinnati Artists' Sketch Club to illustrate, and then all the artists looked at the author of Sheridan's ride as much as to say "Now we've given you a puzzler!"

What do you think the artist brought in as an

*En passant*, let me tell another story about the artist-poet which has never been seen in print, and which that awful gossip, Don Piatt, never got hold of. It shows the readiness of this most acute punster, who never yet lost an opportunity of saying a good thing.

That dear, good man, James Murdoch, had read up Read's reputation as the author of "Drifting" and "Sheridan's Ride," until the dashing General invited the poet-artist to come and see him in New Orleans.

Phil. was "running the town," then, and at the dinner which he gave to Read, were the wit, and blood, and beauty of the Crescent City. Puns, *reparties*, and saucy anecdotes held carnival. It was Wallack and Miss Jennings in the "Morning Call," each struggling to say the very best thing. It was after the third course, and the gallant Phil. had toasted the historian of "the ride." "Now," says Read (holding up an empty bottle of sherry), "this is *sherry done* (handing it to the waiter), I propose to *jill sherry done*" (Phil. Sheridan).

When Kirby Smith captured General Banks' trains of ammunition and paper collars at Shrieveport, Albert Pike said the Rebels were like Pharaoh's daughter—"they found a little *profit* in the *rushes* on the Banks!"

Pike's triangular pun was almost as good as some of Read's.

Once somebody in Cincinnati asked Read's, advice about buying Frankenstein's Niagara—a doubtful picture.

"Yes" said Read, "I'd go by (go buy) it, if I were in your place!"

#### ONE MORE JOKE.

and I'll get to my Saratoga amusement part :—

Read was once dining at the writer's sister's, in Cincinnati. The handsome General Hooker was there, and Sherman and Colonel Loomis, fresh from the Nashville fight, with uniforms all begrimed with smoke from ninety-one successful cannons, and Mrs. General Lander, whose husband had given up his life at Rich Mountain. Mrs. Lander had never heard the poet read "Sheridan's Ride." So the book was gotten, laid down by Read's plate, and the poet was importuned to read "the ride."

"Do read it, Mr. Read—do favor Mrs. Lander," said my sister, and General Sherman pushed the book into his hands.

"I wish I did *favor* Mrs. Lander," said the poet with *suaviter in modo*, which came near killing General Sherman.

## AMUSEMENTS.

In the different hotels here they have different amusements.

At Dr. Strong's, the temperance water-cure boarding-house, they have blessings, prayers, and sermons, daily. Sometimes Dr. Cuyler narrates how the Israelites became carpet-baggers with Moses down in Egypt—then the Hutchinsons sing a psalm.

At Dr. Hamilton's—the Crescent—they keep a sort of High Church hotel. They sing more psalms and worse psalms there every day than they do on Sunday on a negro plantation in Louisiana. But they have some good sermons, to make up. Last Saturday, Dr. Hamilton discoursed on "How to live a long life." He says the way to do it is to drink Hathorn water and *board at his hotel*. Dr. Wright examined heads during the evening. I have not heard the result. Dr. Leyburne, of Baltimore, preaches a good deal, and sings bass beautifully.

At the American Hotel they have sixteen Catholic priests who only eat meat four times a day at the hotel and once down at Moon's. They are great lovers of woodcock and spring chicken on the sly. After dinner you can count sixteen jolly red faces on the back balcony, all smoking clay pipes and telling amusing anecdotes.

At the Grand Union the guests all arise at 8 A. M., go down to Congress Spring and imbibe, then come back and look at A. T. Stewart, the handsome Judge Hilton, and Judge Barnard's hat; then they all shake hands with William Leland. Then comes a promenade up to the Indian encampment, dinner, music on the balcony, a ride over to Moon's, and then they all go into the ball-room.

At the Clarendon they all sit on the balcony, look prim, form cliques and cut every body. Sometimes they discuss pedigrees and incomes, then listen to the Clarendon band—the hand organ, or watch the shooting gallery and the revolving horses.

### ELI PERKINS PREACHES ON PRICES.

A good deal is said and written about watering-place prices, but every one will admit, on sober reflection, that prices here are *less than they are in New York*.

Take the question of carriages:—In New York you pay \$5 for a two-horse barouche ride around the park. Here you get a very neat span of horses for an afternoon ride around the Lake for the same amount, and a horse and buggy for \$3. The Saratoga liveries are certainly very neat and comfortable affairs too. Your barber charges five cents more for a shave here, and you

pay five cents more for a New York paper than at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. You ride to the Lake and back for 25c. in an omnibus, and over to the Geyser for 20c. When we think that the barber has only six weeks to work in, after the great expense of coming from New York, and see the newsman's trouble and frequent losses on newspapers—these little extra charges are explained and justified.

#### FEEING WAITERS.

In regard to feeing waiters, I do not see much of it. I deem it entirely unnecessary to the procurement of a quick and satisfactory meal at Congress Hall; and the payment of a *bonus* to the colored boy is a mere matter of fancy on the part of the guest. Mark, I say it is simply a *fancy* and not a *sine quâ non*. It may be, and I think it is a fancy, both gratifying to the waiter and to the guest to now and then gladden his eyes with a substantial reward. "Gratitude is a *lively sense of favors to come*," says Dr. Holmes, and this is the feeling which makes us all work, love our neighbors, and pray the big prayers of our faith.

The extravaganza of "Saratoga," as played at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and everybody here will have it that I am the identical Mr. Lewis—I say this extravaganza, with the feeing of waiters and all, *was* accepted, *not* because it was true, but because it was cleverly told.

A cleverly-told thing is as good as a true one. How many times we have called the Germans transcendentalists, when they are in reality the most matter-of-fact people in the world. Their religion is based on absolute reason. They *will have no humbug* in music, painting, or war. Then, too, we have listened to the clever stage Yankee and the blustering Southerner, with bowie knife and a bandit hat—both characters which do not exist at present. Again, we have noticed the common error of calling the women of extreme Southern climes more hot-headed and passionate than those of more Northern latitudes. This is a mistake, for I have seen five times as much passion among the ladies of St. Petersburg and Moscow as I have seen in the hot climates of Leghorn, Rome, Marseilles and Madrid. The Northmen consume more oxygen, more oil, more fat, while the Southmen live on cool fruits and vegetables. In the North the people drink brandy, Burgundy, whiskey, rum and gin—fearful engenderers of passion, while in the South they imbibe light sour wines, clarets, the *Rhein-heimers*, or champagne, which in itself is the greatest passion-slayer among liquids. So when they talk of high prices here, they speak from force of habit and because

the high price stories have been so often and so cleverly told that they get to believe them.

#### HATS.

As the guests came out from dinner to-day, there was a good deal of mixing up of hats on the rack.

"I've lost my new hat," said Juge B—— complaining to the hat-boy.

"What kind of a hat was it?" asked the boy.

"It was a white felt Dunlap."

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy, "this is too late in the day for Dunlaps. Dunlaps were out an hour ago. We're now on the Amadons and Youmans. Have one? Better take it, for we'll be down to the Knoxes in a few moments and then will come those mean Cincinnati and Chicago hats."

The boy has been arrested.



DOWN ON THE KNOXES.

ELI IS LAN——

The *Daily Saratogian* says to-day,—“IT'S OUT! His *alias* is “Lan.” His *real* name is Eli Perkins, of Litchfield, Connecticut. The old sexton smoked him out and came in and told us, and now he signs his letters to the *Commercial* with his genuine sig. “Lan” is a little more liquid (no reference to the Moon-Congress-Spring-Ballston affair), more euphonious-like. We believe the Perkinses claim to have come over in the Sunflower.”

KISSES ARE LIP-TICKLES.





CONGRESS HALL, Aug. 5.

et me paint you some pictures to-day.

I see them all around me. The fickle Goddess of Fashion reigns, but she cannot change the goodness of the human heart. In the mazes of the dance, I see brave men with hearts to love and pray, Christian mothers all aglow with the smiles of Heaven, children with beautiful, angel faces, and babes in arms, sweet roses born from the bosom of Divinity.

#### A BEAUTIFUL CHRISTIAN.

One of the sweetest, prettiest incidents of our watering-place life is enacted daily at the Clarendon. While the thoughtless watering-place throng sways in and out of the great dining-room, and the endless clatter of tongues and cutlery seems to drown every holy thought, a venerable silver-haired old gentleman walks slowly in at the head of his Christian family, and takes his seat at the head of the table. Instantly the laughing faces of a table full of diners assume a reverential look. The knives and forks rest

silently on the table, and the beautiful, silver-frosted Christian, with clasped hands, modestly murmurs a prayer of thanks—a sweet benediction to God! The scene lasts but a moment, but all day long that hallowed prayer of the Christ-child seems to float in the air, guiding, protecting, and consecrating the thoughtless army of wayward souls.

I could not find out who this brave old Christian was: but last night his name came all at once. A lovely woman, with her beautiful children, arose early from her seat at the Congress Hall hop, to return to the Clarendon.

"Why do you go so early, Mrs. Clark?" asked a fashionable lady friend.

"Oh, you will laugh at me if I tell you—now *really*, my dear, won't you?"

"No, unless you make me," replied her friend. And then she leaned forward and whispered:

"Well, my dear, you know I stop at the Clarendon. My room is *next* to that dear, good old man's, and he does pray so beautifully every night that I kneel down by *his door* with the children to hear him, and then I go to bed so happy, for I know nothing can *happen* to us when we are *so near* him!"

Wiping a tear from her eye, the friend said, "Let me go with you!" and right in the middle of the lancers, these warm-souled women, with their children, walked to the Clarendon to sit in the next room and hear the evening family prayer of good old Richard Suydam, of West Twenty-ninth street.

I have since learned that Mr. Suydam has educated three ministers, and started a great many poor but worthy young men in business. He is very wealthy, but spends only one-third of his income, devoting the *rest to charity*.

## FULL-DRESS BALL AT CONGRESS HALL.

The first large full-dress ball *is now going on* at Congress Hall. The bridge is beautifully ornamented with colored lights, and Bernstein is not piping the times of peace, but piping the pieces a good many times.

Among the representative matrons present are Mrs. James Brooks, Mrs. Gen. Greene, Mrs. Larz Anderson of Cincinnati; Mrs. Shoenberger of Pittsburg, Mrs. A. T. Stewart, Mrs. Wm. Wall of Fifth Avenue, Mrs. Crouse of Syracuse, Mrs. Dr. Ball of Boston, and Mrs. De Witt who built the memorial church in Albany.

## MARRIED LADIES WITH BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN.

In this list—and what is more beautiful than a beautiful mother?—come Mrs. S. W. Coe, of East Forty-second street, with three little heavenly smiles; Mrs. Yates of Newark, with rosy-cheeked daughters; Mrs. Colonel Bridgeland, with her daughter, a liquid-eyed brunette; Mrs. Eby, with two daughters and a baby as pretty as Raphael's angel—*up stairs*. I also see those two beautiful blonde mothers, Mrs. C. H. Buckley of Park Avenue, the mother of that sweet little cherub, Gracie E.; and Mrs. Davis of the Everett House, the mother of that little angel, Flora, whom all the ladies say is "just too sweet for anything!" Present also are, Mrs. Tenny, with pretty Miss Florence Bissell, of Fifth Avenue, and the handsome Pelham; Mrs. Baker, Mrs. McPhail, Mrs. Quintard, Mrs. R. H. Arkenburg, of East Twenty-second street, with Miss Bowers of Wilmington and Miss Belle Hendrickson of Albany; Mrs. Joseph Harker and Mrs. George Opdyke; also Miss Lewis, now Mrs. Frank Moran; Mrs. Charles Wall of Park Avenue, with the bright little boys, the general pets of everybody; Mrs. Allen of Milwaukee, with her accomplished adopted daughter; Mrs. N. H. Decker of Fifth avenue, who loves other people's children; Mrs. De Forest, Mrs. W. H. Hurlburt of Cincinnati, with her daughter, one of the golden-haired graces; Mrs. Colonel Rush Hawkins; Mrs. Harvey Kennedy, wife of the Wall street banker; Mrs. Harriot of West Twenty-third street, with her daughter, Miss Norma; Mrs. Sheriff O'Brien, Mrs. Bates of Riverdale, with three rosy-cheeked daughters and a beautiful little angel of a boy, *up stairs*; Mrs. Thomas of Rhittenhouse Square, Pa., with daughters, Miss Lillie and Miss Virginia; Mrs. John G. Saxe, with Miss Sallie Saxe; the gifted Mrs. Samuel G. Courtney, Mrs. Williams of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and Mrs. J. S. T. Stranahan, who ranked with Mrs. Hoffman, Emma Willard, and Madame Mears, as a teacher of women.

Among beautiful babies are little Julia Watson Southgate, Gracey Buckley, Madge Heyward Breslin, Baby Eby and Baby Bates.

Among married ladies are : Mrs. Commodore Vanderbilt, Mrs. R. H. Southgate, Mrs. Joseph C. Mills, and Mrs. B. F. Beckman, of East Forty-fourth street, with Miss Emma L. Croxson.

Among the most accomplished widow ladies are Mrs. Mary Whitney of Irving Place, sister of Mrs. Gulager, the charming singer ; and Mrs. T. L. Henry and Mrs. Brinkerhoff, so well known and beloved at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Among charming young ladies are Miss Julia Groesbeck, daughter of Hon. W. S. Groesbeck, of Cincinnati ; Miss Julia Gould of Buffalo, Miss Celia Wall of Fifth avenue, Miss Brown of Providence, Miss Freelinghuysen of New Jersey, the Misses Hilton, daughters of Judge Hilton ; Miss Morgan, daughter of Homer Morgan ; Miss Ada Burr, Miss Marvin, daughter of the Hon. James M. Marvin ; Miss May Tewkesberry of New York, and Miss Fannie Hicks of Troy.

That beautiful quartette of girls, beautiful with girlish naivety and beginning womanhood, are : Miss Florence Bissell, Miss Carrie Baker, Miss Laura Williams, and Miss Irene Stewart.

Among the *beaux* this year are Mr. James Brady, Mr. Edward S. Sanford, Mr. John Henry Keene, Mr. Oliver Arkenburg, Mr. Cunningham, son of Paymaster Cunningham of the navy ; Mr. Fred Zeriga, Mr. Eugene Sanger, Charles Smith, Mr. Millan Palmer, Mr. Durant, Mr. Baker Mr. Andrews, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Vernon, Mr. Hatch (leader of the German), Mr. Baylis, Mr. Rockenbaugh, Mr. Bates of Riverdale, Mr. Parks, Mr. Thorn, Mr. Fanning, Mr. John Sniffin, Mr. Gimbernath, Mr. Burras, Dr. Verona, Mr. James Prendergast of Jamestown, Mr. Frank Moran the great American traveller ; Mr. Frank Lord, with his dashing tandem team ; Mr. J. A. Hinckley, and Mr. Alfred Claggett.

ELI PERKINS *né* LAN—.



## LOVE IN A GRAVEYARD.

Aug. 6.



THE OLD SEXTON.

To-day I left the whirling German of Congress Hall and walked dreamily out to the edge of Saratoga — to the village graveyard, where rest the bones of a generation of Saratogians gone.

The graveyard is a beautiful spot, filled with winding walks and shady trees overhanging, now and then, an inviting seat.

A few yards from the gate I met the cheerful face of Frederick Palmerston, the village Sexton. As I approached him he sang and whistled like the grave-digger in Hamlet.

"This is rather a serious place," I said, as the old Sexton looked up from his grave.

"Serious! wal not so very serious either," he repeated, leaning forward on his spade and knocking his pipe against the handle. "Yōu are too early in the day for the fashionable fun."

"What fashionable fun—out here among the graves, my good man—what do you mean?"

"I mean you are too early in the day to see the fashionable people who come out here. The fashionable hour is at five in the afternoon—then you will see the fun."

"What fun?" I asked, becoming interested.

"Why, the flirting and the love scenes. You know there are no-double seats in the park, and the hotel balconies are too conspicuous, so the handsome city girls and fellows come out here to make love on my benches. I suppose a great many engagements take place here every year—more than at the big hotels."

"What do you do about it?"

"Oh, nothing, only I have to look out and see that the young people don't occupy the seats too long while some old persons may be standing up. I'm the last man to disturb a loving couple. It goes against the grain, it does, for I was once young myself, and I used to like the girls as well as anybody."

"I did a thing yesterday, which fairly made my heart ache," continued the old Sexton, wiping his forehead with his handkerchief.

"What was it?" I asked.



IF GOD DID NOT WANT US TO KISS WHAT DID HE MAKE OUR  
LIPS FOR?

"Well," continued the old Sexton, as he put one foot up on his spade and leaned his elbow on the handle, "there came up as handsome a fellow and as purty a girl as you ever see. She was dressed beautiful, and he was very attentive. I 'spect they came from the Clarendon."

"What did they do?" I asked, becoming impatient.

"They walked arm-in-arm, both talking in a low tone; then they went and sat on the bench under that tree, near the tomb with the clam shell. I saw them, but I let on that I didn't. He

was very sweet on her, and I knew there was some love business going on. By-and-by some old ladies came along and asked me if I couldn't give them a seat. I hated to disturb the loving couple, but I had to; so I walked along up behind them and sort-a-grunted—

“‘*Ahem ! Ah-hem !*’

Lord ! you ought to have seen him start and take his arm from around the pretty girl. Her cheek was close to his, and their lips were—well, I couldn't see them at all. And then how they blushed—crimson and scarlet !

“‘I beg pardon,’ he stammered, but he needn't a-done so, and she needn't a-blushed so either; 'taint no more than twenty fashionable couples do here every day. It's all right, too. If God didn't want us to love, and didn't want an honest, whole-souled fellow to kiss a girl, what did He make their lips for ?



“I hate this darned new-fangled French nonsense that people musn't love till they become engaged or married. How in the world is a fellow to fall in love till he has kissed his sweetheart ?” And the old Sexton went on, at length, moralizing about the change in society since the time of our forefathers—when true love showed itself, not in \$25 bouquets—in heartless flirtations, and distant handkerchief wavings, but when the lover put a red rose in the hair of his loved one, and placed the crimson seal of honest love upon her rosy lips, murmuring, “My

chosen, God willing, we will never part !”

"Why," said the old Sexton, as we strolled off among the tombstones, "these fashionable people rest squarely in each other's arms in their new-fangled dances—he holds his arm around her—her swelling bosom to his, and her hand in his! In my time we would have been ashamed to do these things before a room full: but it makes no difference," said the old Sexton, mournfully: "young people *with hearts to love* will get together somehow or other, and it don't make any difference whether they come together in these Congress Hall round dances or here *on my benches in the graveyard!*"

#### EPITAPHS.

The tombstone epitaphs of the ancient Saratogians are too amusing to escape a history.

"Come with me," said the old Sexton, "and I'll show you some fun here among the tombstones. This," said he, pointing to a small stone on which was cut a picture of a portable engine, "this was erected by Mr.—, whose son was killed by the explosion of his engine."

The funny verse below reads:

"My engine now lies cold and still,  
No water does her boiler fill;  
Wood affords it flame no more,  
My days of usefulness are o'er."

We next came to a stone on the top of which was an immense clam or oyster shell, with the clam or oyster gone, as I thought, to designate the flight of the soul.

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"Well, Ransom Cook," said the old Sexton, "was a good sea captain, and some say he is quite a philosopher. He says the clam matures, opens and is then eaten up by some larger fish,—and that would be the end of us all; and he sticks to his faith to the end. He had this clam-shell cut in marble for his tombstone. Some people say this means that '*he is happy as a clam!*' but I don't know. He ought to be happy, for he's a good

citizen, and everybody in Saratoga loves him. You know Ransom isn't dead yet."

The next epitaph was erected to Emma A., daughter of Abram Cox, and wife of Theodore Schallehn, who married against her father's will. On her death, Abram Cox inscribed upon her tombstone—

"She died leaving five children,  
She married too young against her father's will :  
Single women, take warning !"

This epitaph caused a good deal of family difficulty, when one day her late husband, who thought the epitaph reflected upon him, took away the stone, and had inscribed upon it :

"She died leaving 5 *lovely* children  
To mourn her untimely loss."

This one is very pretty and tells a tale of love and grief :

"We miss our smiling little one.  
But, O God ! 'Thy will be done.'"

The next was an old crumbling tombstone, perhaps a century old, and reads :

"70 years a maiden,  
1 year a wife,  
2 months a mother,  
And that took her life."

Here comes a sturdy Puritan epitaph :

"Here lies  
A. DEDRICK,  
*A sinner saved by God !*"

Here is the epitaph to two babies :

"Here lie two babies, side by side :  
Of *the* small-pox both *of* them died.  
Their ages were *seven* and *nine*—  
Prepare to meet your God in time."

What a sweet epitaph has old Cruger Walton placed upon the tombstone of his wife ! It is like Claudes description of his Alpine Home :

"There's not an hour  
Of day or dreaming night, but I am with thee ;  
There's not a wind but whispers of thy-name,  
And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon.  
But in its hues or fragrance tells a tale  
Of thee—"

On an old Dutch stone, under the name of Jacob Veder, is written :

" Here lies my father Dan,  
Who left three children to do the best they can."

Alice Harvey puts up this quaint inscription to her sister :

" Farewell, my dear father,  
The Lord bids me come ;  
Likewise my dear mother,  
'Tis now I'm gone home.  
May her soul rest in peace—amen ! "

A lady friend, at Congress Hall, says this epitaph is in the graveyard, but I failed to find it :

" Here lies the wife of Robert Ricular,  
He walked the way of God perpendicular."

This epitaph will be seen near the front entrance :

" Libbie grew tired and cried for rest—  
Such rest on earth is never known ;  
One night she sank on Jesus' breast,  
And passed away without a groan."

In the old churchyard up by the railroad, somebody says, is this inscription :

" We can't have every thing to please us,  
Little Johnny's gone to Jesus."

Some wag from the Clarendon wrote in pencil underneath :

" You sometimes always cannot tell,  
Maybe Johnny's gone to H——alifax."

Here is the epitaph of a patriot, who died in Hooker's charge, at Fredericksburg :

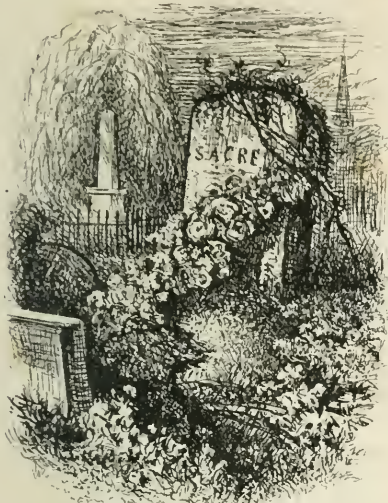
CAPTAIN LUTHER M. WHEELER.

Co. C. 77th Regiment, N. Y. S. M.

Killed storming Fredericksburg Heights.  
Ah! many graves are filled with men  
Who lived full three-score years and ten ;  
Yet were their deeds so few and small,  
In fact, they never lived at all.  
But Wheeler sprang to take the blows  
Aimed at his country by her foes—  
He fought and fell for truth :  
O let the thought our grief assuage—  
In noble deeds he lived an age,  
Then nobly died in youth.  
Aged 22 years.

Here is an epitaph put up by the wife of a hosier :

"He left his hose, his Hannah, and his love,  
To go and sing Hose—annah, in the realms above."



I saw many beautiful  
thoughts chiselled on the  
cold and crumbling marble  
"sermons on stones"  
they were indeed :

"Gone home,  
Gone to sleep,  
May we meet in Heaven!  
My husband.

We fade away suddenly like the  
[grass.  
If ye love me, ye would rejoice  
[because I go unto my Father."

How sweet is this :

"Little Nettie slumbers sweetly,  
In her lovely narrow bed,  
Pelting storm and howling tempest  
Cannot reach her little head."

On one stone was written this injunction :

"Go home, my friend, and wipe off your tears,  
Here I must lie till Christ appears."

Here is one which, with a change of the word to children,  
father, mother, Charley, Sara, &c., appears a good many times  
in the graveyard :

' Children,  
Dearest Robert, thou hast left us,  
Susan,  
Johnnie,  
Here thy loss we deeply feel,  
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,  
He shall all our sorrows heal."

Here is another very common one which can be utilized in the  
same way :

"Carrie,  
Peace to thy'ne ashes, May, green be the sod above thee,  
John,  
Mell,  
Flowers shall wave above thy grave,  
To prove that we still love thee."

A fearful shower now threatened from the south, and bidding  
adieu to my rough, but kind-hearted old Sexton, I returned to  
the festivities of Congress Hall.

ELI PERKINS.

## THE EFFECT OF THE SNAKE STORY:—A JOKE.

CONGRESS HALL, Aug. 7.

The snake story has had a wonderful effect upon the local and national Press. To-day Captain Ritchie comes out as follows in the *Saratogian*:

POOR "LA--N"!

"It will be remembered that a day or two since the N. Y. *Commercial Advertiser* published a very singular letter from its Saratoga correspondent, "Lan——," in which a shocking story was related about *snakes* and rubbish of all kinds being thrown to the surface of Congress Spring by the action of electricity. It struck us at the time that this letter was queer, but we were disposed to



CAPT. RITCHIE.

make light of it and treat it as a mere joke—a sort of epistolary extravaganza. But it is a more serious matter than we supposed—not for the spring, but for poor "Lan——." The letter was simply the ebullition of a disordered imagination, crowded with vague and distorted images. The fact is—shall we write the word?—we must—the *truth shall be told*—

*Delirium Tremens!*

"The story is out now. Everybody at the hotels knows all about it, and we may as well present the circumstances just as they are.

"It appears that Lan——, John G. Saxe, John T. Hoffman, Judge Bernard and Col. Johnson, together with our reporter (Captain R.?), went out to Moon's one day last week, where they found Mayor Carroll, of Troy, and all together sat down to one of the most effulgent *symposia*, we presume, that ever transpired within the walls of that classic retreat.

"Well, to make a long story short, "Lan——," whose fine organization was perhaps more susceptible than those of the stout bacchanals who were with him, succumbed.

"His fancy became heated, and that night his friends, on their return to the Congress, noticed a peculiar wild light in his eyes,

and several times he was seen to cast furtive and fearful glances in the direction of the Congress spring, and to give a quick, convulsive start at intervals.

"His reason was *at that moment tottering!*

"He soon retired to his room, and his foot-fall was heard till after three o'clock, A.M. It was then he wrote that notable letter about the "Strange Developments at Congress Spring." In the morning his friends noticed him—saw something was wrong.

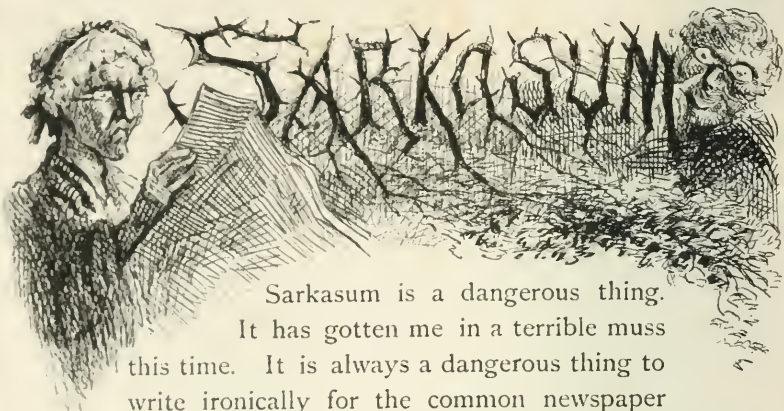
"An immediate consultation was had, and the result was that Lan—— was asked to take a ride, was put into a close carriage, and with four friends accompanying, was hurried to Ballston and placed in a secure room in the upper part of the *Sans-Souci* Hotel, where he is at this moment, under the care of an excellent physician. Sheriff Noxon pays him every attention, and he is under the impression that he is in an hospital, having suffered a mysterious injury of some sort, which requires his utter isolation.

"One of the saddest as well as most singular features of his case, is his uncontrollable desire to write letters to the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, in which he labors still under the most curious hallucinations. The horrid phantasmagorical fancy about the Congress spring, and the *snakes* and things that came out of it, still clings in his mind, and he thinks, insane man, that he has been exiled."

VALE!

This editorial, with my letters dated from Ballston, completely deceived the residents of Saratoga and vicinity. When I came down to breakfast this morning every one looked at me with astonishment. They thought I was in Ballston. Before me was the *Ballston Journal*. In it was my obituary thus:—

"It seems that the Saratoga correspondent of the *New York Commercial Advertiser* is in trouble. Saturday morning, the *Saratogian* gave a lengthy description of his doings and failings, and it appears that the most exciting articles he has contributed this season—those about snakes in Congress spring, etc.,—were written under the influence of *delirium tremens*. When this fact became known to his friends, they brought him to this village and placed him under the care of Sheriff Noxon, who has done everything in his power for the unfortunate victim of Saratoga drinks. We think the term "watering-place" misapplied, for precious little water do the gentlemen at the Springs indulge in. This will undoubtedly be a good lesson for 'poor Lan——.'"



Sarkasum is a dangerous thing. It has gotten me in a terrible muss this time. It is always a dangerous thing to write ironically for the common newspaper reader. Only the highly educated can appreciate a satire, or understand that while a writer is saying one thing he *means* to convey another *and exactly an opposite idea*. Irony and satire, I am satisfied (and Mr. Saxe said the same thing to me to-day), should be left for the *Galaxy* and *Atlantic*, magazines whose readers are cultivated enough to understand them. "Ginx's Baby;" the "Battle of Dorking," and "Dame Europa's School," are too much for the ordinary run of readers—too much for the superficially educated, who sometimes frequent watering-places, and who have descended from fathers and mothers who were matter-of-fact green-grocers, instead of from institutions of learning.

This incapacity of the masses to understand satire was appreciated by my old friend Artemus Ward, (whose biography I have written to be published by Carleton). Half of the people did



IS IT A JOKE ?

not understand him—he was too subtil for them. Even John Bright listened all one evening to his lecture in Egyptian Hall, while everybody was splitting with laughter, *without a smile*. London *Punch* found him out first; then the educated clubs got hold of him, and a furor went over England only equalled in the days of “Yellowplush.” Dr. Holmes has experienced just this same difficulty. His “Autocrat at the Breakfast Table” was a mystery to the many. Juvenal and Swift only wrote their satires for the most cultivated.

*To illustrate.*—The other day, when I wrote about “Snakes in Congress Spring,” there were any quantity of “poky,” hum-drum people who believed it. The next day I expatriated myself over to Ballston. *They* believed every word of it.

To-day when Capt. Ritchie, whom I knew as a gallant soldier in the war, comes out with his funny editorial—*what do you think?*

Why, he had a snake story on *me!* and lots of fashionable people read his irony as a fact. One old lady said, as I got into the carriage with Mr. Coe and Mr. Tuft, to ride over to the Geyser: “Well, I should think he would go away after such an assault as that in the newspaper.” Poor ignorant soul, she little thought that the article was written for another atmosphere from hers.



## THAT HORRIBLE BUCK !

CONGRESS HALL, Aug. 8.

DON'T !

The native Saratogians here are a funny people. Their principal care and occupation is to *keep people from doing anything*. Stroll into Congress Spring Park, and "DON'T *go on the grass !*" appears at every turn. Being of a sentimental turn, you pick a hanging twig for your sweetheart, when "DON'T pick the shrubs !" stares you in the face, and you find you have, after all, broken the great Saratoga commandment—" *don't.*" The *pet* buck now comes fondly toward you. You hold out temptingly a piece of cracker for gentle gazelle to nibble. He nibbles—nabs it—and then goes straight for the stomach of a harmless clergyman. The good man leaves a wife and twelve small children !

" *Don't* you see the notice ?" shouts an angry policeman.

" No—where ?"

" Here—' *Don't feed or annoy the buck' as it makes him vicious !*' Don't you see it ?"

Great Heavens ! another commandment done for ! That buck is one of the dreadful things of Saratoga. For three days the park has been closed—(this is a fact)—to all visitors. The lovers' seat has been vacant, and all transient Saratoga has been penned up on hotel balconies or compelled to resort to the more cheerful location—the village graveyard.

But to the buck again—that miserable, dreadful dog-in-the-manger buck ! Yesterday a policeman stood all day with a wire stretched across the park entrance. He “ gave a new commandment unto us.” The man in blue pointed ominously to the twenty-sixth *don't !* “ *Don't go near the buck. He is shedding the velvet from his horns and is positively dangerous !* ”

As I write, the villagers are securing the buck. They have built a pen in the middle of the park—a big pen, a sort of board Castle of Chillon for him. Is he secure ? Will he break out ? I dread for the fate of this happy town if that buck ever gets loose. How he would come sailing up Broadway with his antlers proudly erect, cleaning vehicles from the street, and the masses from the hotel balconies ! I cannot think of to-morrow without a shudder.

*“ Quousque tandem abutere patientiâ nostrâ, O Buck ! ”*

The young ladies—the *dears* of Congress Hall—object seriously to the exclusiveness of the *stag party*—in the park !





## REV. ELI PERKINS.

CONGRESS HALL, August 9.

The ladies at Congress Hall requested me to deliver one of my real old sound, hard-shell Baptist sermons, this afternoon. Hundreds gathered around to listen to my words of wisdom as they fell from the orchestra of the bath-room which I used as my pulpit. Some fashionable young ladies who were dressing for the morning German leaned out of their room-doors just to catch now and then a word.

I took for my text the following three verses, to wit :

### LISTENING TO ELI.

"A lady refused to be introduced to a gentleman last evening at Congress Hall, and no amount of urging could induce her to change her mind.

" 'What are your reasons for not wanting an introduction?' urged a friend.

" 'Because he wears a paper collar and dyes his mustache,' replied the lady ; 'and I never knew a thorough gentleman to do either.' "

I commenced my sermon thus :

" My beloved sisters, the woman spoken of in my text, uttered a solemn truth. A dyed mustache is a foul thing—as foul as a cigar in the mouth of a Venus ; and a paper collar is an evasion of the laundry as culpable as the lady who chose colored crockery because it would not show dirt.

" About dyeing gray hair black, my beloved sisters, I will also say a word.

" Light hair makes the eyes look brilliant by contrast. So, by-and-by, when the eye becomes dimmed by age, God paints the hair white, and the dimness of the eye is unperceived. Look at a man or woman with dyed hair ! The eye is as dead as that of a sleeping ox. And still these silly people think they are deceiving somebody—think that they are making themselves look younger, when everybody with a particle of sense discounts their foolish attempt at deception.

"Powdering the hair gives the eyes an unnatural brilliancy, hence it is frequently resorted to in Court circles in Europe. But, as a general thing, young gentlemen and old ! don't try to improve on Divinity. God knows best what to do, and when he silvers your hair with white, or paints your mustache with auburn, He has a purpose as grand as Himself.

"SECONDLY, *Cleanliness is next to Godliness.*—Here is something I heard Mr. Seward say once (you know the ex-Premier is the homeliest man, except General Sherman, in America)—well, old homely-handsome Secretary Seward said : 'The cleanest man is the most comely to look upon ; so bathe well, eat well, and love well, and, somehow or other, the homeliest will be beautiful.' Now, it has struck me a thousand times that Mr. Seward, who looks always so neat and sweet, is really a handsome man ! The cleanest man is the best man—I mean morally and physically too !

#### TYPES.

"How many young ladies—and now I beg their pardons for saying it—look beautiful at a distance, but when you come close to them they have a soiled look. The hair will look greasy. Now there is no more excuse for putting grease on your hair than there is for putting it on your hands. You people, I say, who grease your hair are just as barbarous as the Comanche Indian who greases his face !

"A gentleman will never fall in love with a soiled woman. She must be sweet. Have you never, in so-called polite society, met a young



BEAUTIFUL CLEAN HAIR.

lady whose face would be improved by a good square washing? Now, this is plain homely talk. European Court circles do more bathing, ten to one, than the *bourgeoisie*. Indeed, in Russia—in Moscow, where you see the sweetest blonde women in the world—they have four bath-houses, each as large as the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Once daily, every man and woman of patrician blood plunges all over, head and all, under pure sparkling, rejuvenating water. This makes the hair light colored—gives it a fleecy, airy appearance—and gives to the homeliest something of the angelic.

“THIRDLY, *When you get married, take a proud, well-dressed man.*

“I say a proud, well-dressed man, because a well-dressed man generally does everything well. It takes a man of wit and pride to wear a well-fitting suit of clothes. Wellington said his dandy officers were his best officers. There was a dash of dandyism about all the great heroes of Greece and Rome. There were *swells* in those days as well as now. Alcibiade, the “curled son of Clinias,” was the nobbiest boy in Greece. Aristotle, the great philosopher, was the “swellest” fellow on the 5th Avenue of Athens. Marcus Antonius was a dandy, so were Sir Humphrey Davy and Lord Palmerston.

“Brummel, D’Orsay, and Byron—what officers they would have made! Too proud to run, their swords would have frightened a dozen plebeians, whose pride is in money and dusty tenant-houses. Sherman is as proud as Lucifer at heart; so are Meade, and Hancock, and Sheridan. They would never run while there was a man left *to see them fight*. Such men are too proud to run.

“Pride makes politeness, makes a man treat his wife well, dress her in rich *pongee* and camel’s hair, and makes him hate paper collars and deception generally. Pride always has (in New York) a backbone, while vanity is a coward. A vain gambler will stand in front of the Hoffman House all day to show his fine clothes. If he had pride he would sneak away and hide himself. The proud man who wears a nice coat himself, I say, will be sure to give his wife point lace and six-button gloves; and, says Dr. Holmes, if any one insults her his proud blood will be up, his amber kids will become gauntlets, and his white vest will take on all the splendors of a glittering breast plate.

“He will fight for you and love you too!”

“Amen!” responded Dr. Tying, Dr. Corey and Dr. Swope.



FLIRTING FRED.

a fine compliment ; hence, about the first remark a *swell* young fellow makes now-a-days to a young lady is some such homily as this :—

“Oh, I hear, Miss Brown, that you are an awful flirt !”

He simply means that Miss Brown has attractive ways.

The second meaning to the word *flirt* is freighted with something more serious. It means that a young gentleman or young lady will, knowingly, trifle with the most sacred feelings and passions of the human heart, that by practicing a sort of disgraceful confidence game they will win the honest love of another, and then

# FLIRTING

“FOURTHLY,—*I added this paragraph by special request of the young ladies.*

Flirting is a word which seems to have two meanings. One meaning is that a young gentleman or young lady makes himself or herself agreeable to the opposite sex, that they try so to do, and that they succeed. When we call a young lady a *flirt*, in that sense it is the first remark a *swell* young



KATE IS A FLIRT

commit a double crime of betraying it. Such flirting is a criminal act, and should be punished like any other confidence game, or swindling in ordinary business transactions. No real gentleman or lady would knowingly commit such a crime. Many young ladies and gentlemen have the reputation of flirting, when in fact they are only trying to please everybody.

This is a virtue. "Do to others as ye would that they should do to you," is the golden rule of politeness as well as morality.

Lord Chesterfield, with all his wit, never laid down

so good a rule for politeness as this.

So when any one calls you a flirt, before you smile

or make answer, ask them which kind of flirt they mean—the polite or the wicked?



FRED IS FLIRTING NOW.

#### WHEN FRED'S A FLIRT.

O Kate! am I late for the ride?  
Pshaw! that horrid—that dreadful Fred Day,  
Up the street he walked by my side,  
Till I thought that he'd never go 'way.

I knew that our ride was at four,  
Just the time when the beaux are all out;  
But he chattered—the horrible bore!—  
Dear knows what he did talk about.

"Why didn't I tell him to go?"  
Well, somehow or other I couldn't ;  
He's one of the swell beaux, you know,  
If I'd said go, I know now he wouldn't

Yes, "handsome!" and sweet as a doll,  
And he dances and flirts so divine  
That you feel as if clasped by Apol—  
O dear Kate, *don't* I wish he were mine!

Yes, first I meet Fred up at Rye ;  
'Twas a dance, a bouquet and a walk .  
The wretch took my hand with a sigh,  
But mamma came and broke up the talk.

O Kate, what a sweet laundalet !  
(There is Fred walking over the street :  
You dear scamp—you love of a pet !)  
Seats easy—lined with drab, and so neat.

James in drab, too—dressed *a propos* :  
What a love of a hat you do wear!  
Strings negative drab, and just too  
Lovely as we wear our back hair.

Take a peep at my braids, do you see  
How classic? on the top of my head,  
Just like the Venus of Milo—  
Who can that be walking with Fred?

"Nellie M——, of West Thirty-third?"  
O the wretch—the flirt! how he can!  
For last night he gave me his word  
Not to speak to the guy—O the man!

Why, at Richfield, last summer, they walked,  
She on his arm; ate lunch on the grass;  
And Fred took her hand as they talked—  
Yes, I saw through my opera glass.

He's never said love to me, Kate,  
How I'd frown him down quick at the word.  
He's a flirt *when he walks with N——*, Kate—  
With Nellie M——, of West Thirty-third!





## MEYERS AND THE CEDAR BLUFF

CONGRESS HALL, August 10th.

This morning at seven, in company with Joseph Mills, Banker Davis of Memphis, and Colonel Bridgland, I made the circuit of

Saratoga lake. Passing Moon's, the sulphur spring at the head of the Lake, and Snake Island, we reached the objective point, Meyer's Cedar Bluff Hotel, where the President dined last summer, and where many *distinguished* dinner parties are celebrated.

The big, honest, sun-burned face of Mr. Meyers welcomed us on the porch. His busy wife was in a great "stew" about a projected dinner for a party, consisting of Commodore Vanderbilt and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Boody, Mr. and Mrs. Harker, and Mr. and Mrs. Marvin.

The "tavern" occupies the sloping east side of Saratoga Lake, overlooking it, like the Gregory House at Lake Maho-

pac. The view is as enchanting as at Geneva To the left is Snake Island, covered with God's tapestry, the waving trees,



MEYERS

while at our feet the white-crested waves broke unceasing against the rocks. The trees—the towering hemlocks, the shell-bark hickories, and the weeping ashes—stand in all their native grandeur. One old hemlock, with its great dead top, stood like a silent sentinel over the lake, the west wind moaning a sad, sad requiem through its leafless boughs.

“Why don't you trim off the dead limbs?” asked a spruce bystander.

“Trim off the dead limbs!” exclaimed old Meyers. “Why, you might as well ask me to drown old Ponto. Seventeen years ago that dog and I hunted together when those dry limbs were green and growing twigs. There ain't a knot there that I hav'nt shot a squirrel from,” said Meyers proudly as he stooped down to pet old Ponto, a veteran Scotch pointer. “He's deaf and dumb,” continued Meyers, as he pulled up the dog's ears, “but just let old Ponto get a scent of anything, from a quail to a coon, even now, and he'll cover it if it takes a week.”

George Crum, one of Meyers' half-Indian, half-negro hunters, now came up the bank with a basket of birds.

“How do these look?” asked the old fellow, counting out a handful of cock, until he came down to a large bird, which he instantly covered up.

“Splendid!” said Colonel B——; “but what is that big bird you just covered up?”

“O, that's like all the rest,” said Meyers, somewhat puzzled. But the Colonel thrust his hand to the bottom of the basket and held the new bird up by the leg.

“Say, what *is* it?” he asked.

“SH——! that's—T-H-A-T'S a KILMAROO.”

“A what—maroo?” asked the Colonel.

“A KIL—MA—ROO,” said Meyers, in a whisper.

“What's that?” asked the Colonel, who thought he knew every bird in the catalogue.

“Well,” said Meyers—and he leaned forward to whisper it—“that will be a partridge after the first of September!” You

see, those Albany fellows trouble us a little with their game laws, and I give my boys orders to kill nothing but woodcock and kilmaroo till the first of September."

"Are your own boys here with you?" I asked.

"Yes. Do you see those two cottages?" said Meyers pointing to the right. "There's where my boys live with their wives. You see they help me tend bar, and, with my wife, we tend to everything ourselves. Then if there is any stealing we know it is all in the family."

"How long do you expect to stay here?"

"Well, fifty years more at least," said Meyers. But if he does he'll be one hundred and ten years old, for the good old man must be sixty now.

The breakfast was a wonderful triumph of cookery—black bass, brook trout, and woodcock. The Saratoga Lake black bass are the best fish in the civilized world—they even surpass in flavor brook-trout from the New Hampshire mountains, or the Red snapper from New Orleans.

Mr. Meyers, who was formerly Deputy Sheriff here, as well as his wife, was born around the lake. He has recently stocked the following ponds and lakes with black bass from Saratoga Lake: Joseph Godwin's pond, Yonkers; Lake Mahopac, for Samuel T. Tisdell; Sand Lake, Poughkeepsie; and the ponds at Flushing. Black bass are to be found in Lake George and Niagara River in a wild state, but nowhere are they so delightful as in Saratoga Lake.



## GRAND HOP AT THE CLARENDON.

CONGRESS HALL, Aug. 11.

All Saratoga was thrown into a *furor* of excitement yesterday, by the announcement of a "Grand ball," to be given by the inmates of the aristocratic boarding-house on the hill.

The tickets read :

Benefit Ball for  
Y. M. A.  
At the Clarendon Hotel.

Everybody was in a quandary about the meaning of the ominous "Y. M. A." Mr. Gilsey said it was an ambiguous expression. The High Church Quaker ladies read it, "Young Men's Association" and *Requiescat in pace*, while the giddy damsels read it "for the Young Maiden's Amusement."

### THE BALL

was a great success—only it should not have been called a ball. It was a religious meeting. The frivolous villagers turned out and danced before the Clarendon boarders, who sat around the sides of the room in proper attitudes.

And why not ?

Did not David dance before Saul ?

The Clarendonites listened to the music and observed the solemn entertainment with religious awe. They did not dance. Clarendonites never dance—that is, at the Clarendon. They are exclusive. They dance only at Congress Hall—though, *entre nous*, several giddy maiden ladies, occupying rooms in proximity to Parlati's music, were seen last evening dancing the "Dip" in their private rooms in presence of their aged grandmothers. My remarks on the round dances have revolutionized matters at the Clarendon. One of our "swell" New York fellows, with hat deferentially in hand, thus saluted an ancient swell maiden lady at the ball last night :



AIN'T THEY JOLLY NICE.

Good evening, Miss W—; charming evening!

*Young Lady.*—Yes, awful charming—dance to-night?

*Young Gentleman.*—O, yes—that is, the round dances. Ain't they jolly nice?

*Young Lady.*—O, Mr. G—, we kon't you kneuw,—they'r beastly—perfectly beastly—haw-a-ble!

*Young Gentleman.*—But, the divine Boston! It's dreadful sweet—but those fearful square dances, they are horrid—they are awful poky. Everything is

poky but the *deux temps*, galop, and dip.

*Young Lady.*—Poky! Ha! Ha! such a lovely pun—everything poky but the galop—awful good—perfectly atrocious!

*Young Gentleman.*—Don't see any pun—but never mind, I'm not clever, you kneuw. I never see a pun.

*Young Lady.*—But, Mr. G—, they say you are an awful flirt—perfectly howid.

*Young Gentleman.*—O! no, I never flirt—kon't, you kneuw—Do you like flirts?

*Young Lady.*—O! I think they're jolly nice. Who wouldn't flirt. It's too lovely! But it's awful—perfectly dreadful to get spooney—ain't it?

*Young Gentleman.*—Never got so. Love is poky—dref'ul stupid. Couldn't spoon on a girl with less than a \$30,000 revenue and a rich Governor no way—couldn't think of it, you kneuw!

*Young Lady.*—No, I shouldn't think any one could. Pa's got four brown stone fronts, and I've got four camel's hair shawls, and a set of diamonds—and—

*Young Gentleman*—(with eye on brown-stone fronts).—And such lovely hands to put them on—and such an arm ! O, let's go out on the balcony and have a nice—

But I lost the sentence as they waddled out, she with her deformed shoulders and dangling hands, and he with empty head and metropolitan morals. Wendell Phillips says " marriage makes a man and his wife one," but if this trash ever mate, the world will have to understand decimals to compute them

But to the Clarendon ball !

\* \* \* \* \*

The ancient maiden ladies act with propriety, I say, when at the Clarendon ! but their mothers ought to see them when they get loose, and come down to Congress Hall.

Bernstein seems to inspire them, for they dance, laugh, promenade on the bridge, and occupy secluded nooks on rear balconies with scampy Congress Hall fellows. Rumor has it that young ladies from the Clarendon have lost their hearts, and become engaged while dancing at Congress Hall.





#### KISSES.

Mr. Saxe wrote these verses off for Mrs. S. W. C. to-day. He said they were the best he ever wrote. All the ladies are reading them and they all pronounce them "too sweet for anything!" What do you think?

##### I.

Give me kisses!—do not stay  
Counting in that careful way ;  
All the coins your lips can print  
Never will exhaust the mint ;  
Kiss me, then,  
Every moment—and again !

##### II.

Give me kisses!—do not stop  
Measuring nectar by the drop ;  
Though to millions they amount,  
They will never drain the fount ;  
Kiss me, then,  
Every moment—and again !

### III

Give me kisses!—all is waste  
 Save the luxury we taste ;  
 And for kissing—kisses live  
 Only when we take or give .  
     Kiss me, then,  
 Every moment—and again !

### IV

Give me kisses!—though their worth  
 Far exceed the gems of earth,  
 Never pearls so rich and pure  
 Cost so little, I am sure :  
     Kiss me, then,  
 Every moment—and again !

### V

Give me kisses!—nay, 'tis true  
 I am just as rich as you :  
 And for every kiss I owe,  
 I can pay you back, you know  
     Kiss me, then,  
 Every moment—and again !



## GRAND SOCIAL CONGRESS.

CONGRESS HALL, Aug. 12.

Yesterday was the quiet Sabbath, and your correspondent kept it religiously. He went up to Father Ryan's church on the hill by the Clarendon.

The balconies of the Union and Congress Hall were crowded with the usual thoughtless throng. Our Fifth avenue Jewish friends—those pretty girls who flirt with Christians but marry Jews, and who go to the beautiful Synagogue on Avenue V—were singing, and talking, and promenading in a most jubilant manner. With them it was not Sunday, but Monday. The Christians caught the spirit of abandon from them, and also sang

*"Sic transit gloria mundi"*

with the rest. The thousands of people stood in endless post-office rows at Congress Spring. The same week day jokes were cracked on the water, and doubt and confirmations made as to the validity of the snake story.

"How does the water affect you?" asked a quiet old unsuspecting Quaker lady, of her lady friend, who stood in a group of Clarendonites.

"Sh——! Sh——!" exclaimed the old lady, "they will hear you!"

"Well, verily, it does affect everybody the same then, I am sure," moralized the old Quaker lady, as she drank off the fifth glass and walked on to church.

The thoughtless caravan of belles and beaux left the Spring to promenade around the park, where—

The murmuring pines and the hemlock, in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of Eld, with voices sad and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar with beards that rest on their bosoms.

"I'm a Pilgrim" a beautiful song of praise, sounded out of the windows from Dr. Strong's, making a symphony with a counter religious current from Dr. Hamilton's. Dr. Hamilton gave me the very leaf he was singing from.

Words from BEAUTIFUL SONGS. **I'm a Little Pilgrim.** A. J. ABREY, by permission 142



1. I'm a lit - tle pil - grim And a stranger here; Tho' this world is pleasant, Sin is al - ways near.  
2. But a lit - tle pil - grim Must have garments clean, If I see the white robes And with Christ be seen

There's a bet - ter coun - try. Where there is no sin, Where the tones of sac - row Nev - er en - ter  
Jesus, cleanse and save me, Teach me to o - bey; Ho - ly Spir - it, guide me On my heavenly way.

#### AT THE CLARENDON.

Many good people sat on the Clarendon steps in pious attitudes, with prayer-books in their hands, or in anxious groups listening to the reports of hotel committees.

I stopped a moment before a group of pious Philadelphia ladies, to listen to the proceedings. They were proceedings of terrible interest.

"We will now listen to the report of the Committee on Incomes," said Mrs. W—.

"What does all this mean?" I inquired of my old friend, Richard Suydam.

"Mean," said he—"why, don't you know that our hotel is a grand social Congress—that they have a committee appointed to investigate the social, commercial, and intellectual qualifications of new arrivals?"

"I am a plain, unpretending inmate of Congress Hall," I replied: "how should I know these things?"

Mr. Suydam then presented me to Mr. B—op, Mr. V—n N—t, Mr. T—n, and Mr. M—all, who took me into a secluded room

near the balcony, where I listened to the exercises. I listened with avidity, and determined to write down what I heard and saw for the benefit of thirty thousand COMMERCIAL readers at Newport, Long Branch, and at Congress Hall.

All the managing old ladies and young ladies of the Clarendon who have reached the age of discretion (29) were present.

#### COMMITTEE ON INCOMES.

First came the report from the Committee on Incomes.

Mrs W—— rose and said—"Mr. K——, Mr. B——, Mr. G——, Mr. H—— and Mr. F——, seemingly very proper persons, arrived yesterday from New-York. Their incomes have been ascertained to be respectively, \$5,000, \$7,000, \$2,500, \$15,000, and \$1,500. I move that the \$5,000, \$7,000, and \$15,000 gentlemen be accepted, and that the others be *cut dead*." Motion carried

#### COMMITTEE ON PEDIGREES

The Committee on Pedigrees, Lord M——, Chairman, now reported that the \$1,500 man was a Latin tutor at Harvard, son of a clergyman; that the \$2,500 man was a journalist, formerly a college professor and son of the President of a College; that the \$7,000 man was a broker, with only desk room in Cedar street, born in Ireland, *near Lord Munson's estate*; that the \$5,000 man sold theatre tickets in front of Niblo's; and that the \$15,000 man kept a livery-stable near the Bull's Head, but that his father was with General Jackson as a Government contractor in the war of 1812. The \$7,000 man was accepted because he was born near Lord Munson's, and the \$15,000 man because his father fought with General Jackson.

#### COMMITTEE ON FLIRTATION.

A report was now offered as to the flirtations each candidate had carried on on former occasions—at Newport, Long Branch, or Cape May. In cases where the candidate had flirted, and it had been proven, he was instantly rejected, on the ground that the Clarendon young ladies are well along in years—that they

wish only men to join their set who mean business, and that all chronic flirts should be instantly sent to Congress Hall and the Grand Union, where there are plenty of idle young ladies who are willing and pleased to waste their time on young men who always talk, but never propose.

#### COMMITTEE ON DRESS.

The Committee on Dress, Mr. J. Henry K——, Chairman, now reported as to the toilets of the newcomers. He pronounced the \$7,000 man correct. He wore a Gersh Lockwood coat made after Pool's pattern. He had seventeen canes, four umbrellas, and nine eye-glasses. The journalist wore his hair too long, dressed in the morning in black trousers, and had a wild look about the eye. He was rejected. The \$15,000 man wore paper collars, a dress coat in the morning, a velvet coat at the full dress Newport hops, and black kids at the races. Mr. K——, asked that he be sent to the American Hotel to associate with the Catholic priests. Not carried. Mr. K—— only appears at the Clarendon at short intervals. He is exclusive and spends most of his time at Congress Hall.

#### OTHER COMMITTEES.

The meeting now listened to reports from other committees on different things about the Clarendon and other Saratoga hotels.



COMMITTEE ON CROSS HUSBANDS.

One committee had investigated the case of a cross husband at the Clarendon, whose wife has a fondness for grave-yard walks with a handsome young man. The meeting resolved that any woman who has a scolding husband, has a right to walk, talk, and flirt with anybody.

The committee on Congress Hall reported as to the exact number of rich young fellows, their precise incomes, and the probable chance of getting them to dance at the Clarendon Ger-

mans. A report was also read as to Congress Hall engagements pending, and explaining the reason why Clarendon gentlemen spend all their time at Congress Hall. One old lady said it was because the ladies there were younger and prettier.

She was expelled.

Now came reports of committees on defunct husbands, old lovers, on devoted lovers and on cross husbands, on general scandal, on washing white dresses, on getting beaux away from Congress Hall, on watching the balcony nights, on grave-yard flirtations, on cost of ladies' dresses, on married men who come in late, on religious tenets, on dyed-hair, on letters received at the post-office, &c., &c.

#### THE INTRIGUING COMMITTEE.



OLD HUSBAND.

The Intriguing Committee is one of the most important committees at the Clarendon. The duties of the Chairman are to assist in getting off old husbands and in assisting their wives in new flirtations with unsuspecting young men, also to entertain clever old bachelors who have dog-carts and big incomes, and keep them from taking up the valuable time of young ladies over twenty-eight, who have or ought to have

genuine lovers.

Wealthy old bachelors who always talk but never propose are only wanted at five P. M. with coachmen and dog-carts. They are also permitted to buy *bon-bons* and bouquets, but must withdraw after they are presented.

#### THESE TERRIBLE DEVELOPMENTS

kept me from church—and, filled with statistics and facts, I flew back to my room to write them out. Since writing them I have read them over to Messrs. B——op, Van N——t, T——rn, and M——shall, and they pronounce them correctly rendered, and offer to subscribe liberally to have them published in book form.



### A CHRISTIAN ACT.—

CONGRESS HALL, Aug. 13.

The great subject of discussion for the last week, has been the projected purchase of Morrissey's club-house by a number of Christian gentlemen, who desire to convert it into a Free Library and Reading Room for the Young Men's Christian Association. The chief movers in this philanthropy have been Dr. Ting, Mr. B. F. Beekman, Mr. John R. Cecil, Mr. Abiel Heywood, Mr. Charles Wall, and Mr. Peter Gilsey. (They were in correspondence with Mr. Hugh J. Hastings, I have since learned).

Mr. Beekman and Major Selover had an interview with Mr. Morrissey on Saturday, relative to the sale of his club-house. Mr. M—— admitted that his grounds and buildings had cost him about \$190,000, but he said he would not sell them for less than \$500,000. This demand rather dampened the ardor of Mr. Beekman, who reported the result of his interview to Colonel Boody, Henry Polhemus, and N. H. Decker. The latter said he was in favor of purchasing the club-house at any price, and that he would sign as much as Mr. Bissel. Mr. Bissell said he would sign as much as Mr. Hastings, and Mr. Hastings said he would sign as much as Mr. Beekman. Mr. Groves said he would sign more than any other gentleman. Mr. Weeks, Mr. John Cecil, and many other gentlemen also said they would sign as

much as Mr. Beekman. So much depended upon Mr. Beekman that he immediately signed his name for \$5,500.

The following paper was signed very generally yesterday. It explains itself.

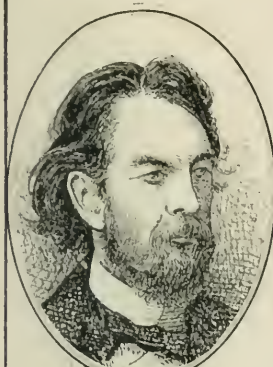
#### SUBSCRIPTIONS.

SARATOGA, August 12.—In pursuance to a resolution adopted at a meeting held at Congress Hall, August 5th, for the purpose of raising a fund for the purchase of the building known as "Morrissey's Club House," and to convert such building into a "Free Library and Literary Club," B. F. Beekman in the chair, the following subscription list is circulated.

HENRY D. POLHEMUS, Secretary

We, the undersigned subscribers, do hereby agree to pay the sums set opposite our names for the purpose of purchasing said club-house, and to turn it into a Free Library and Literary Club, to be used by the guests and residents of Saratoga, without distinction as to religious or political belief, believing that we thereby contribute to raise the moral tone of the community at large, and place in Saratoga a Christian monument whose influence will extend throughout the country.

GEORGE M. GROVES.....	\$11,000	EDWIN BROOKS.....	5,500
A. BOODY.....	8,000	CHARLES WALL.....	5,500
B. F. BEEKMAN.....	5,500	FISHER JOHNSON.....	4 500
E. A. HAMMOND.....	9,000	GEORGE H. BISSELL.....	6,000
J. A. BRIDGELAND.....	5,500	SHERIFF O'BRIEN.....	5,000
HENRY D. POLHEMUS.....	4,500	JOHN R. CECIL.....	6 000
WM. HUNTER.....	5,000	GEORGE CECIL.....	4,500
MAJOR SELOVER.....	5 000	GEORGE QUINTARD.....	5,000
WM. H. CHAPMAN.....	4,500	C. V. CALDWELL.....	5,500
COL. RUSH HAWKINS.....	5,000	C. H. RICE.....	4,000
PETER GILSEY.....	6,000	R. W. KING.....	5,000
JAS H. BRESLIN.....	4,500	H. S. CLEMENTS.....	5,000
J. CODDINGTON.....	4,000	F. S. DAVIS.....	6 000
THOMAS KERR.....	4,500	G. D. PITZIPIO.....	4 500
S. G. COURTNEY.....	5,000	A. T. STEWART.....	2,500
H. B. CLAPLIN.....	2,500	D. L. PETTE.....	5,000
N. H. DECKER.....	6,000	GEO. W. LONDON.....	5,500
C. C. HASTINGS.....	4,000	THOS. S. DAKIN.....	5,000
JAS. DATER.....	4 500	RICHARD SUYDAN.....	2,000
C. H. RICE.....	5,000		
C. H. BARNARD.....	4,500		
W. J. SCHENCK.....	4,500		
		Total.....	\$176,000



GEO. M. BISSELL.



B. F. BEEKMAN.



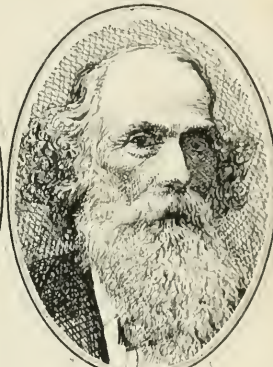
CHARLES WALL.



JOHN R. CECIL.



HUGH J. HASTINGS.



COL. A. BOODY.



JAS. H. BRESLIN.



PETER GILSEY.



COL. ABELL HEYWOOD.

Yesterday they let the water from the new water-works into the water mains. It was a great day for Saratoga. Water-spouts were in every direction. An angry Geyser seemed to spout from every corner.

To the casual observer, there seemed to be a sort of water revolution in the under-*strata* of this quiet village. No earthquake or extraordinary convulsion of nature had been noticed, but all over town—in the highways, on street corners, and everywhere, the ground would become moist, quake a little, and then would burst forth a full-fledged "spouting spring." The bowels of the earth became suddenly loosened, and many superstitious persons, who believe Saratoga to be only separated by a thin crust from the infernal regions, began to pack up for the White Mountains.

#### AWFUL PROFANITY.

"What's the matter down below?" I asked of Mr. Marvin. Not that Mr. Marvin has anything *in particular* to do with these *down-below* affairs, but because he is a sort of High Sheriff or Burgomaster of Saratoga.

Mr. Marvin assured me the infernal regions were all right; that Congress Spring had not sprung a subterranean leak; but that the town authorities had just let the water into the mains from the new reservoir.

"We're testing their strength," said Mr. M——.

"Where do you get the water for the reservoir?"

"Why, we *dam* Greenfield Creek, and this is the very water which they *dammed*——"

"Sh—!" exclaimed Dr. Swope of Trinity Chapel, "please don't be so profane, my friend! for," continued the Dr., "while I am glad Saratoga has a creek worth a *dam*—I mean,....." Here M. Beckman came along with his subscription paper, and the crowd dispersed.

JR



Fisk and the Ninth Regiment Band came in full feather to-day, taking possession of the Grand Union and Wm. Leland. William Leland has been busy showing the Colonel the grounds about the hotel this afternoon. He has left Fisk in a state of utter astonishment.

After showing the elevator, ball room, and Stewart's cottage, he took the Colonel up to the cupola of the Grand Union

to survey the surrounding scene.

"What is that?" asked Fisk, pointing to the Clarendon.

"Why, that's the cook-house of the Grand Union," replied William. "All those buildings belong to me, you know."

"And that park?" pointing toward Congress Spring.

"Well, that's mine, too—that's where we keep our venison, and shoot our woodcock for the hotel."

"You don't tell me so!" said Fisk, eyeing him in astonishment,—"you surprise me! And whose piece of property is that surrounded by the high board fence over beyond the park?" asked

the Colonel in a state of growing bewilderment, pointing toward the race track.

"Well, that's my private farm and race track, it all goes with the hotel, you know."

"You amaze me," said Fisk, "but you don't say that you own that large brick building opposite too?" pointing down toward Congress Hall.

"Well, to be frank with you, Colonel, I don't own that building—that belongs to brother Warren—his private residence—by gum! War lives well, don't he? Ha! ha!!"

Trembling with astonishment, Fisk came down the elevator. As he alighted he leaned forward toward William Leland, and whispered, "By thunder, Bill, why don't you buy my opera-house for your New York office?"

Fisk personated Achilles with the I RUN HEEL at the masquerade this evening.



## FASHIONABLE SOCIETY AT THE CIRCUS.

(A Satire.)

CONGRESS HALL, Aug. 15.

Yesterday all of the "best society" in Saratoga went to Barnum's Circus. I was invited to go with a very aristocratic party from the Clarendon. It was quite a relief to get away from the crowded hotel balconies. They said, "Mr. Perkins is a very respectable and confidential old fellow, who always looks after the camel's-hair shawls and opera-glasses while we frolic with the round-dance fellows, and we must have him."

I was glad to go.

We had been amusing ourselves on the Clarendon steps betting with the ladies. Just opposite is a Catholic church. They have a

good many funerals there. It is the only relief the Clarendonites have from their monotony. On account of the snakes in the Springs, a good many Saratoga people die—others drink themselves to death; but Charles Leland manages to have all the



GOOD UNCLE ELI.

processions go by the Clarendon. Some days it is quite lively to sit there and hear the witty repartees, the funny anecdotes, and watch the processions.

#### AFFECTING INCIDENT.

When the bell tolls there is a general rush to the balcony, and when the age begins to be struck the betting commences.

The sexton strikes 1—2—3—4—5—6—7—8—9—10: then comes a long pause.

"I'll bet the age is over thirty," says Mr. Hunter

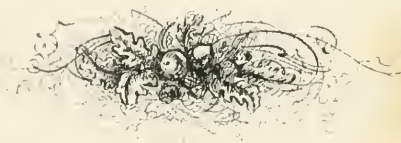
"I'll t-t-take it!" shout Mr. Traverse and a dozen others.

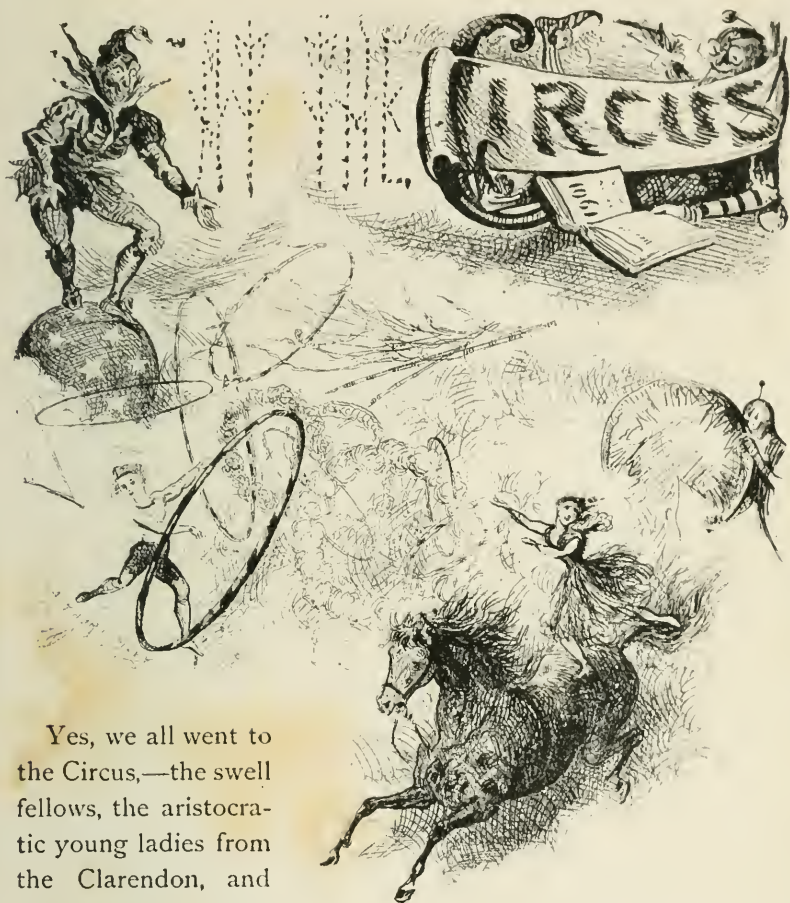
Everybody gets excited, and, for the time being, the balcony becomes like the Fifth Avenue bar-room, after a Wall street smash up

The bell tolls out the second 1—2—3—4—5—6—7—8—9—10;—11—12—13—14—15—16—17—18—19—20;—then five more.

"T-T-tw-twenty-f-five," shouts Mr. Traverse, who pays his money and goes on to tell his "parrot story" for the nine hundred and fifty-sixth time.

The hotel again relaxes into its accustomed mournfulness—the old bachelors fall asleep over the slow dolies, cross husbands rush upstairs to scold their wives, and the old maids convene to hear committee reports on incomes and pedigrees and read Mr. Perkins' faithful account of the previous day's festivities.





Yes, we all went to the Circus,—the swell fellows, the aristocratic young ladies from the Clarendon, and the jolly old Catholic priests from the American.

HOP-LA!

The sixteen Catholic priests were the light of the entertainment. Between scenes, they spent their time talking about the infallibility of the Pope, and looking at our group of aristocratic young ladies from the Clarendon.

Two of them attempted a flirtation, but Wm. Traverse got in between them and the ladies, and became a wall of protection.

The Protestant clergymen generally behaved well. They occupied front seats, with benches full of Sabbath-school children, and good-looking young ladies. Their behavior, as I remarked before, was generally good, and reflected credit on the theological institutions from which they were graduated.

When D. Castello entered the arena the eye of every clergyman was upon him. They were looking for religious jokes to enliven their sermons.

"I have been in every profession of life," said D. Castello. "I have been a carpenter, a mason, a shipbuilder and a whaler."

"You a seafaring man?" exclaimed the man with the eagle eye in the centre; "where were you ever a whaler?"

"Why, I used to cruise around nights and come home and whale the children in the morning," remarked D. C.

Seventeen Catholic priests leaned forward on their seats and laughed. They were soon joined by eleven of the Protestant clergymen, and there was one united laugh, as if there was no religious barrier between them. Some laughed tenor, some in bass, but it sounded well, and I thought I should like to introduce them all to our Clarendon young ladies, and give them one nice square religious hour of enjoyment. Dr. Corey said he would be responsible for the Protestants. But I did not introduce them.

#### "SOCIETY PEOPLE."

One of the most interesting features of the gathering was viewed from a society stand-point.

Some of the most *dilettante* beaux and belles of Saratoga County were present. The toilets were generally remarked by the Clarendon ladies to be superb.

As, writing from the great American watering-place, I am expected to give fashionable news, toilets and dresses, I write the following from notes taken on the spot.



SOCIETY MIRROR.

clown holds up the hoop mirror full of fashionables who went to the circus.

#### PERSONAL.

There were present, I learn from the Pedigree Committee, some of the most aristocratic families of Saratoga and Albany Counties. There were the Perkinses, distant relatives to our Perkinses, whose ancestors distinguished themselves on the old battle-field of Saratoga—*they carried water to the British*; there were the Kershaws, an old family related to the Burgoynes. Sir John Kershaw refused a ducal coronet in 1436. When Frederick the Great urged it upon him he said, "No, no, your honor; I am not guilty. Give it to General McClellan."

There were the Fitches, who for seventeen generations have pursued patriotic husbandry near Saratoga Lake—they raised cucumbers and spring chickens on the battle ground of Saratoga for William Leland. John Fitch, the oldest son, went to the

I write of this grand "society" event for the benefit of "society" people in New York—people who read "society" newspapers and dote on having their charity ball-dresses done up by the fashion writers. Personality is my aim, for it is just "the cheese" now-a-days to call a young lady's name and hold her up to the gaze of the public as my "society"

metropolis where he afterward distinguished himself at the bar (Gilsey House). It was there that he made his great speech, which drew the attention of General Dent and Mr. Grant of Washington, Mr. Grant expressed unqualified approbation of the speech. He said, "Nothing has pleased me better for years unless it was a span of horses from Collector Murphy." Mr. Fitch, immediately sent the President a tandem team.

That speech of Mr. Fitch at the bar was a short one and did not create much *furor* at first, but it has been repeated many times since. It went into history. Said Mr. Fitch, turning his eagle eye upon the New York bar—"I'll take sugar in mine!"\*



#### AN EPISODE OF WAR.

The descendants of the Greens were also present. The elder Green, now a white-haired old man, was a leading Loyalist during the Revolution. He was always to be found where the balls were the thickest—under the ammunition wagon. He was called upon to hold General Burgoyne's horse, when General Sherman ordered him to surrender. Burgoyne and Sherman both dismounted near where the Saratoga Monument now is, and walked over to Moon's, where they drank milk punches and ate fried potatoes. Moon was then a mere lad. He now totters under the weight of one hundred and ten years. He says that the season is so short at the-Lake that in reality he has lived only forty-six years. Sherman and Burgoyne were afterward joined by General Butler and General Beaugard.



\* The writer thought of leaving this speech of Judge Fitch out, fearing that people would think it referred to the genial Judge John Fitch of New York. The author refers to another Fitch, but even if this speech is attributed to Judge John Fitch, he is so well known and loved by everybody as a representative man and good citizen, that he is just the man to stand a joke.—THE AUTHOR.

They adjourned over to Myers' Cedar Bluff Hotel and drank more punches, when, in an unguarded moment, Burgoyne surrendered his entire army. Moon, Mrs. Myers, Marvin, and William Leland all signed the articles of capitulation, and the affair ended up with a grand ball at the Clarendon. Many of the Clarendon maiden ladies were young then, and it was no uncommon thing to see them engage in dancing and other innocent amusements.

The British troops were paroled the same day, and before the season was over most of the officers had married rich wives from among the guests of Congress Hall. Burgoyne himself became Collector of the Port of New York, and succeeded, on a salary of \$3,000 per year, in amassing an immense fortune at the expiration of eight months. I get this from the Clarendon Income Committee. Burgoyne's grand-daughters, beautiful blondes, occupied front seats at the circus to-day.

#### MORE PERSONAL.

There was another old family present at the circus to-day—the Leicesters, from Ballston Spa. They descended from either Lord Leicester, Earl of Dudley, or from C. Edwards Leicester of New York, who afterward became the “glory and shame of England.” They made a good thing supplying the English army with eggs and milk during their march through Saratoga County. They live on a princely estate, and furnish squash and spinach daily to Congress Hall.



CLARENDONITES AT THE CIRCUS.

#### TOILETS.

The toilets at the circus were simply elegant. The Clarendonites appeared in full dress, low necks, and short sleeves. The gentlemen

stood in dress-coats and white kids, and fanned the ladies during the interesting exercises. The chief dressing was done by the descendants of the old aristocratic families of Saratoga County.

GUESTS PRESENT—VERY PERSONAL.

Miss Mable Tucker, a charming *brunette*, wore a beautiful variegated *robe de coton*, trimmed with gas-light green alpaca, *demi-train* cut *Pompadour*. Her *chapeau de paille* was surmounted by a waving ostrich *plume*, her shoes fine *cuir de bœuf*, strings same material.

"She was much admired."

Miss Nancy Perkins was accompanied by her *fiancé*, Mr. Orrin Kershaw. Mr. K. wore *un vieil habit*, with *boutons de cuivre*. His head was surmounted by a *chapeau de brigand*, and on his neck he wore *un col de papier*. His face was decorated with *une moustache colorée*. He had an aristocratic air, and sneezed like one of the old families at the Clarendon.

"She was much admired."

Miss Abigail Kittle, a lovely *blonde*, and daughter of the aristocratic blacksmith, whose grandfather shoed General Burgoyne's horses, wore two strips of cotton velvet around her neck, and black linen shoe strings. Her hair, *cheveux roux*, was dressed *à la Pompadour*, and her jewelry was of the richest *bijoux de cuivre*. She wore *petits* short-fingered flynets on her hands. Her shoulders humped gracefully over, and her arms dangled like some of the fashionable young ladies at Congress Hall.

"She was much admired."

Mrs. Ephraim Shaw *née* Smuggles, wife of the eminent carpenter of Glen Mitchell, wore green figured alpaca, with yellow bombazine overskirt, trimmed with Westchester County lace, and looped up with wreathes of myrtle, black stockings cut *décolletés*, and farmer's satin shoes, cut *Pompadour*, and court train. Shoe strings of *cuir de bœuf*. Her dress resembled the new *Crétonne* suits worn at Congress Hall.

She was much admired.

Mrs. Scrubson *née* Perkins, and the daughter of the aristocratic Perkinses, who own a baronial estate and supply cucumbers to William and Warren Leland, wore yellow nainsook, trimmed with Scotch plaid poplin and real Saratoga County lace. Her dress front was ornamented with a white apron, cut *Pompadour*, and with court train. She carried a beautiful colored baby in her arms. "She was much admired." Her smile was one of sad melancholy, like the old maids at the Clarendon while the Congress hop is going on.

Miss Abigail Snicknor "was much admired."

Miss Sarah Calkings "was a great favorite."

Miss Nancy Scrum *née* Calkings, is a beautiful sneezer. She does it in a sweet, natural manner. Her friends gather in crowds to hear her sneeze. She wore red morocco shoes with blue strings, cut *Pompadour décolletée*, and court train.

John Perkins, *fiancé* of Miss Snicknor, wore a paper collar (*un col de papier*) and waxed his mustache, like William Leland. He was very much interested in the monkeys and kangaroos. He excused himself from the ladies to look at them. He said he liked to see the little kusses jump up and squeal. The Perkinses are a great family in Saratoga County. John Perkins is one of a family of eleven—but not the only one.

He follows the glorious pursuit of agriculture—he raises string beans for the Clarendon. At the old Perkins manor house "he is monarch of all he surveys." He says he is, but alas! his eyes are "cut on a bias" and he don't survey much.

There is a legend here that the Perkinses came here eleven



EYES CUT ON A BIAS.

years before Columbus sailed from Palos. William Leland tells it—that they discovered Congress Spring and the old United States Hotel, and then returned for old Chris., and followed him up with the *Mayflower*. Benjamin Butler did not discover Saratoga, though he did discover Great Bethel, in Virginia. Facts and statistics are my forte, and I know what I write. I saw the man who told me. Broadway, Saratoga, was then a "howling wilderness." Perkins heard it howl. It is generally quiet here now. Howling has pretty much ceased.

"He was much admired."

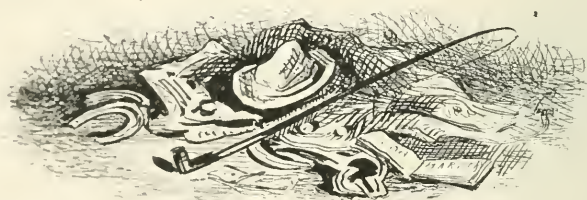
Miss Perkins is one of the most charming young ladies of Saratoga.

Miss Kershaw is a beautiful dancer and "is much admired."

#### ELI PERKINS OF CONNECTICUT.

Of course, you get the races by telegraph; if you don't you should. I'm too busy with my hotel statistics to see horse races.

There was a terrible scramble, my Statician says, to get to the track to-day. Every vehicle was engaged. Many ladies walked out. The grand stand was full, the boulevard was watered, the horses ran like the devil, and married gentlemen generally escorted their wives. Eight hundred and thirty-six pair of four-button gloves changed hands. Old John Harper wore the same old grey coat, Belmont his silver plume, and Traverse a white suit with red necktie.





EVERYBODY SOLD.

CONGRESS HALL, Aug. 16th.

The joke of purchasing the Club House only came out to-day. When the *Commercial* came with the list of signers and their donations, it struck the camp of Congress Hall like a bomb-shell.

"What is the matter?" I asked Mr. Decker as he sat reading the list while drops of cold perspiration stood on his forehead.

"Great Heavens! my dear Sir," said he, "I would give *as much* as Mr. Beekman, but I had no idea that he was going to give over a hundred or two, and here he has gone and signed \$5,500 and I'm down for the same amount!"

"And we are in the same boat too," exclaimed Mr. Stewart, Mr. Claflin and Major Selover. "Good Gracious! \$5,500 for a free reading-room!" And then with Mr. Brooks, Mr. Cecil and Mr. Boody they went off to look for Mr. Beekman.

"Great Heavens, Beekman! what do you mean by signing \$5,500 for this d——d reading-room?" exclaimed Mr. Decker, while the rest all stood by to hear Mr. B.'s explanation.

"Why, gentlemen, I mean simply that I am in earnest—that I believe seriously that this is a good cause—that the Club House, as Mr. Decker said, 'ought to be bought at any price,' and I signed my \$5,500 in good faith, and, gentlemen, *I expect to pay it!*"

"And me too?"

"Of course, you all said you would give as much as I would," said Mr. B. with a benevolent smile.

\* \* \* \* \*

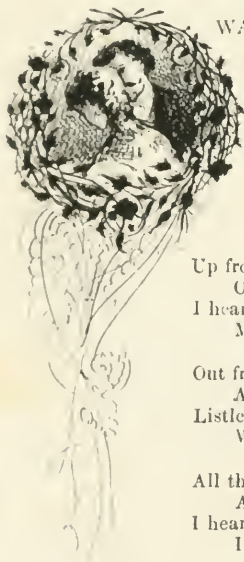
"Look, here Beekman," said Mr. Decker confidentially an hour afterwards, "I acknowledge we are caught, but I am different from the rest, I've got a large family to support. You know I can't afford any such subscription. Now can't you let me off if I'll do the fair thing over at Meyer's?"

To-day Mr. Decker gave one of the most delightful dinners of the season at Meyer's. Thirty plates—wood-cock—black bass—buck trout and barrels of champagne. His name was taken off the list, but every other signer is expected to pay whenever called upon. Mr. Polhemus already has Mr. Beakman's check for his subscription.



SMOKE THE JOKE.

#### WATERING-PLACE POETRY.



One of the most gifted of poets handed me this watering-place parody to-day:

From dawn till nightfall, at my window sitting,  
I wait while drift the heavy hours away;  
And like the swallows, all my thoughts go fitting,  
To darling Kate, with whom they fain would stay.

Up from the spring there comes the thoughtless laughter  
Of those who linger by the fountain's side;  
I hear them not—my gaze still follows after  
My dear lost friend—God grant no ill betide.

Out from the dance I come where loves are mating,  
And music sweetly swells the eventide,  
Listless I wander, while my love is waiting—  
Where'er she be there would my heart abide.

All the day long I listen to her coming,  
All the day long I dream of one dear face;  
I hear her whispers in the trees' low humming,  
I feel her kisses in the wind's embrace.

Lonely I dream while the warm sunshine lingers,  
While happy voices fill the mellow air ;  
Alone sit dreaming, while my trembling fingers  
Pass o'er my eyes half closed by doubt and care.

Ah ! heavy heart, so passionate its yearning,  
It cannot be that all my peace is o'er ;  
That all the love that in my heart is burning  
On her is lost—that she can love no more !

But once to feel, unchecked, her fond caressing,  
One wild, sweet hour, close to her heart to press !  
There my thought stops—what else of bliss or blessing  
The great world holds—I do not care to guess.

Still at my window, dreaming while their laughter  
Sounds o'er the spring and up the hill above,  
I lean, and wish that I might follow after  
Till I could clasp my arms around my love !

#### FUN AT DINNER.



SENATOR R.'S FRIEND.

It is too amusing to watch the different manners of taking dinner at our hotels. Some people tuck the napkins in their neck and use them as bibs ; some eat the chicken with their fingers, totally ignoring knives and forks, and some occupy the interval between dishes by picking their teeth. It is very common to see people leave the table hurriedly and chew their dinner from the table to the door. Senator Robertson, of South Carolina, has been so exercised about these plebeian actions that he has been compelled to change his table three times. He is going to make a speech in the Senate about it when he gets to Washington.





Talk about crowds! Talk about the jam at a Roman carnival, the crush at a Leipsic fair, the seething crowds at the London Derby, the tumult of a Nejni Novgorod fair! Why, they are a quiet Sunday morning to this grand August huddle at Saratoga. Old ladies, with seventeen band-boxes, are sent into the sixth story, to occupy rooms with broken bell-ropes; and young men in immaculate standing collars and tight boots are "colonized" thirteen blocks away from the big hotels.

When they arrive from their quarters for breakfast they are exhausted with fatigue—their haggard forms wilt down with their shirt collars, and their boots are frosted with the sacred soil of Saratoga.

Think of nice young men—Fifth Avenue beaux—spending almost all their time in dreary pilgrimages to and from their rooms. Think of wearing a dress suit for two miles, through crowds of curious villagers, and then appearing at a morning Congress Hall German, with a dress-coat frosted with the floating simoom kicked up by Barnum's Circus.

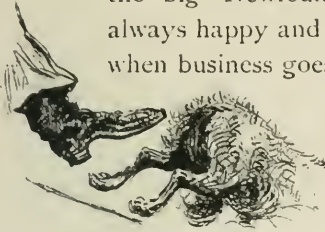
One interesting youth, who boasts a \$75,000 income, is colonized almost over to the race track. He proposes to watch the race from the third-story window of his secluded dwelling. He communicates with Mr. Hathorn entirely by means of the telegraph. He says he thinks he should like Sara-



SWELL N. Y. BOY.

toga, for he is much pleased when he comes in on an occasional visit. The happiest being in Saratoga is

OLD DOG BRAVE,



POOR BRAVE.

the big Newfoundland at Congress Hall. Brave is always happy and well fed when the hotel is full and when business goes on well, but let the coaches come empty and go full, and the faithful old animal gets many a kick. He has got the thing learned by heart now, for let the coaches drive up full and you will see him standing with his tail wagging, and his great honest bow! wow!! wow!!! will sound along the corridors. But let them come empty, and you will see him with his tail between his legs, trying to get away from the threatening proximity of the Chesterfieldian Hathorn's boot.



HOT!

## MR. PERKINS GOES TO THE CLARENDON.

SARATOGA, August 17th.

My exposition of the gossip, committees, and funeral processions at the Clarendon, has caused much excitement among the aristocratic inmates of that hotel. They waited on Mr. Charles Leland yesterday and requested that he should invite me to visit the Clarendon officially and ascertain the truth or falsity of the reports. Mr. L. sent me the following letter:



COME AND SEE

"My dear Mr. Perkins, Congress Hall—Many of my aristocratic guests are grieved at the reports which have gained credence relative to the young gentlemen holding the young ladies' hands, evenings, on the hotel balconies. They also say that it is a very common thing for them to be seen smiling, and that dancing is not an unknown amusement among them. I now invite you to come and investigate for yourself. I assign

for the use of yourself and wife a *suite* of cheerful front rooms overlooking the Catholic church and the graveyard, from the windows of which you will be able to see everything going on in our hotel.

"The chairmen of the different committees—on incomes, pedigrees, dyed hair, and scolding husbands—will report directly to you every mornin and every facility will be given you to ascertain the truth. Yours, affectionately,

"Clarendon Hotel, Aug. 16.

C. LELAND."

It is unnecessary to say to my readers that I have accepted Mr. Leland's invitation, and that I shall leave Congress Hall for the retired shades of the Clarendon. I go in the interest of truth—I go to see for myself. I go for thirty-five thousand COMMERCIAL readers, who desire to know the unvarnished facts

## A POOR MAN.

Last night, between the sets, I strayed out into the hotel corridors and ran upon an old silver-haired friend from Washington Heights. He was in great distress. He would puff his cigar a moment with great energy—then he would settle himself back in his chair and soliloquise. He seemed like one on the verge of committing some heinous crime. I looked him square in the face, but he was so busy with his mutterings that he did not notice



HORACE.

me. I jogged against him, but he only pulled his hat lower over his eyes and clenched his teeth more securely upon his stump of a cigar. Not knowing but what his seeming remorse of conscience was about to betray him into a confession of some terrible crime, I listened to his mutterings. This is just what he said :

" Horace, you are a fool. You don't know when you are well off. You ought to be kicked. There you were in the nicest, cosiest house on Washington Heights—away from dust and cinders—a big yard, splendid flower garden, and a cool breeze blowing all day long around you. You were the happiest man in New York. You sat on your own cool porch—you enjoyed your fragrant partaga—your friends dropped in—the servants made the nicest ices and cobblers, and Oh!" he moaned, "how happy we all were!" Then he leaned forward on his hands, groaned—and was silent. A moment, and his mutterings commenced again. " Horace, you



"LOOK AT YOURSELF!"

are a d——d fool ! Look at yourself. Jostled, crowded, bored. High hat, black coat, kid gloves ! Ugh ! Wife dancing up-stairs, and Horace here melting with the heat.

" O dear," he moaned, " my dear wife will kill me. I didn't want to come ; we haven't any girls to bring out. She said, ' O, dear Horace, it will be so nice : ' and I turned my back on the happiest home, the loveliest garden, to come and sit on these infernal, dusty, scorching, crowded balconies ! O Horace, you are a darned old idiot ! " and then he started up with a wild stare in his eye, and strided toward the ball-room—a miserable, unhappy victim of too much love and confidence—in his wife !



# CLARENDON

CLARENDON HOTEL, Saratoga, August 18.

I am here ! I came yesterday. I am happy. I was glad to get away from vulgar people who live down in the village, and glad to come up here among the nobility. My suite of rooms overlooks everything nice—the balconies, the graveyard, the Catholic church, the aristocratic shooting gallery, and the revolving caravansary of wooden horses where our aristocratic children ride with the sons of the other nobility.

The hand-organ which accompanies the children in their aristocratic amusement was imported by one of the old Roman families—one of the *Borghese* whose ancestors own the Borghese gallery and the villa outside of the *Pizza del Popolo*.



LEVY.

The musician hasn't a tooth in his head, and yet he plays the most aristocratic airs with one hand.

Mr. Levy, who bugles down at the Grand Union, has to wear eye-glasses.

It is the mode to be exclusive here, and not to know any one. My name has been before the committees on incomes, pedigrees and flirtation. I understand that I have passed all but the last. My name, as recorded in the Secretary's book, reads thus : " Mr. E. Perkins, author and *littérateur* ; income, \$5,000 ; *pedigree*, son of Judge Perkins ; grandfather on Governor Trumbull's staff in the Revolution. *Flirtation*—Has been seen holding young lady's hand at Congress Hall—unsatisfactory.

## WATCHING THE BALCONY.

Last night I watched the hotel balcony with the old Quaker lady all night. Morning found my haggard form still hanging

out of the window. I saw no flirting, or anything which looked like it. The only disturbing noise was the Catholic priests coming to early mass this morning: I heard them grumbling under my window because they had to get up so early. I did not blame them. I swear myself whenever awakened before eight A. M. So did Thomson, who wrote the "Seasons." This book sold well, and he made a good deal of money advising other people to get up early, but he was careful himself to sleep till ten A. M.

I think I was deceived when I wrote about the young gentlemen holding the hands of the Clarendon young ladies. Such reports cannot be true.

Far different.

But I do believe that they do this hand-holding business at Congress Hall. Here the principal recreation is to sit up prim. I have been introduced to but one gentleman and his wife. We have formed a clique. No one can get into our clique. We sit by ourselves all day and stun people with aristocratic looks. We occupy twelve chairs with India-shawls, umbrellas, and such aristocratic books as Disraeli's novel, the *Galaxy*, and the *Atlantic*. Sometimes we look haughty, and talk loud enough to be heard by the common people around us. When I came down, this morning, Mrs. De Livingstone remarked, "My dear, your eyes look all bunged-up."

"I dined late with a jolly party of larkers," I remarked.

"One has to do something to kill time in the absence of the opera and our accustomed society," said Mrs. De L.

"Yes, it is devilish pokey," said Mr. De L., "to sit here all day without saying anything; but, you know, it is very common to be talking to people who may not belong to our set."

Then we all yawned, fumbled the magazines, wished for another funeral procession, and sighed for the arrival of the evening paper.

I don't know how long I can stand it here. Mrs. De L. says "she does wish it was time to go back to New York." So does everybody at the Clarendon. If the COMMERCIAL could only come three times a day, life here would be delightful.

Do send it oftener.



JOSHUA AND ELI.

### JOSH BILLINGS INTERVIEWED.

My old friend Josh Billings arrived yesterday, and it did me good to get away from the Clarendon to have a good square old religious talk with him. To be frank, I'm sick of being aristocratic.

Josh Billings is a kuss, and I like to be with him. He has just finished another book, but Carleton won't publish it. He's afraid his old customers will get it and laugh themselves to death. Josh and I adjourned over to my old room at Congress Hall, and we had a long talk about the infallibility of the Church, our old friends, Artemus Ward, John Phœnix, Mark Twain and Mr. Shillaber. Josh is as young and fresh as he was twenty years ago. His hair hangs in a court train over his shirt-collar. It is sprinkled with gray, but the old fire is up in his eye. I asked him a good many questions and I give you his answers. Like General Sherman, he answers as short and quick as a streak of

chain lightning He handed me a Partaga III when I commenced :

" Mr. Billings, where were you educated ? "

" Pordunk, Pennsylvania.

" How old are you ? "

" I was born 150 years old—and have been growing young ever since."

" Are you married ? "

" Once."

" How many children have you ? "

" Doublets."

" What did you come to Saratoga for ? "

" I kan't tel. Kin you ? "

" What other vices have you ? "

" None."

" Have you any virtues ? "

" Several."

" What are they ? "

" I left them in New York."

" Do you gamble ? "

" When I feel good."

" What is your profession ? "

" Agriculture and alminaxing."

" What do you think of an interviewer ? "

" He's a leetle worse than an organ-grinder."

" How do you account for your deficient knowledge in spelling ? "

" Bad spells during infancy, and poor memory."

" What things are you the most liable to forget ? "

" Sermons and debts."

" What professions do you like best ? "

" Auctioneering, base-ball, and theology."

" Do you smoke ? "

" Thank you, I'll take a Partaga first."

"What is your worst habit?"  
 "The coat I got last in Poughkeepsie."  
 "What do you think of Grant?"  
 "I am in favor of the PRESENT administration."  
 "Who is the best man in the Ring?"  
 "Dan Rice."  
 "Worst man?"  
 "Tweed—as far as heard from."  
 "What are your favorite books?"  
 "My alminack and Commodore Vanderbilt's pocketbook."  
 "What is your favorite piece of sculpture?"  
 "The mile stone nearest home."  
 "What is your favorite animal?"  
 "The mule."  
 "Why?"  
 "Because he never blunders with his heels."  
 "What was the best thing said by our old friend Artemus Ward?"  
 "All the pretty girls in Utah marry *young*."  
 "What do you think of the San Domingo question?"  
 "If it don't interfere with the Santa Cruz (rum) question I'm in favor of it."  
 "What do you think of the Indian question?"  
 "I think all good Injuns like good brokers *die young*."  
 "Do you believe in the final salvation of all men?"  
 "I do—let me pick the men!"

The dinner hour now arrived, and we adjourned to a special course of woodcock and black bass, furnished in a private room at Congress Hall. After dinner Josh reviewed my interview, and pronounced it faithfully rendered. He wished to add only that Mr. Carleton who publishes his alminack, and Mr. Sheldon who publishes this book, are the most *immense* intellect of this or any other country.



## MR. PERKINS MOURNS BECAUSE HE DOES NOT DANCE THE ROUND DANCES.

CONGRESS HALL, Aug. 18.

I arrived here from the Clarendon this morning. I brought my things with me. When it leaked out that I absented myself from the hotel to spend an afternoon with Mr. Billings, they said I must go. The pedigree committee said, "There is no use trying to make Mr. Perkins aristocratic. He is wedded to his idols. He is so fond of fun—so fond of people of wit and intellect, that he will find them, even if he has to go among the vulgar. He will go and talk to people who write for magazines, who write books, and among young ladies who talk satire, sing opera, and tell anecdotes. He prefers enjoying himself to being aristocratic."

These ladies got pretty near the truth.

While I like the idea of being aristocratic I find it very stupid business to keep it up for any length of time.

I do not enjoy dreary people. I don't enjoy dreary newspapers, like the *National Intelligencer* and the *Post*. So I sighed secretly for the wit, the sentiment, and the sparkling eyes of Congress Hall.

### TERRIBLE DEVELOPMENT.

In my Clarendon investigations I was ably assisted by the ladies. They told me everything about everybody in the hotel—how long Mr. Green had been divorced, about Mrs. Smith's dyed hair, and how Mrs. Brown enamelled. They said one old husband did scold his wife horribly, but that the wife got even by flirting with a young Englishman when the governor went to New York. They told me how Mrs. Thompson wore a dress on which was \$3,000 worth of real lace; and how somebody had been seen coming out of somebody else's room at twelve o'clock at night.



YOUNG ENGLISHMAN.

This is the way the old aristocratic ladies went on.

THE YOUNG LADIES were full of small statistics, but they did not gossip on so large a scale. They told me where to buy six-button gloves, who made the best caramels, and who wore the first CRETONNE suits in New York.

"Do you read the papers?" I asked.



WE READ "EVERY SATURDAY."

"O, yes; we read all about the weddings, and the parties, the engagements, and the fashionable news."

"Do you like 'Dame Europa's School'?"

"No, we don't like any school except dancing school."

"How do you like 'Ginx's Baby'?"

"Oh we think all babies are dreadful. Does Mrs. Ginx bring her baby to the table? Mother keeps Johnny with the nurse all the time. We never see him."

"Did you read *All the Year Round*?"

"All the year round! Good gracious! Do you think we are blue stockings?"

"Do you read *Once a Week*?"

"Well, sometimes not half as often as that, especially in winter, when there are so many parties. Oh, parties are so lovely—perfectly divine!"

"I suppose you used to read *Every Saturday*?"

"O yes, we read the society papers every Saturday. They say awful nice things—how a certain young lady was 'much admired,' and how 'Miss Snow is a great favorite in society.' Dear me, some of us had our names in twenty-seven times last winter! Oh, they are jolly nice."

"What do you think of the *Nation*?"

"O dear! we don't think of anything outside of our set. We

don't know anything about the nation. Politics are horrid—perfectly dreadful!”

“ Do you like the *Atlantic* ?”

“ O my! we never went out any further than the Branch and down to the Fort Hamilton hops. Those officers do dance too lovely! And such nice flirts—perfectly atrocious!”

*And so the aristocratic young ladies went on.*

ELI IN TEARS.

I was very much amused and instructed. I wanted to stay with them forever. It did me good to sit at the fountain of wisdom, to drink in a perpetual flow of soul, and to feast on reason. I felt that my early education had been neglected—that I had read Homer and Virgil in vain—that when I was standing in Moscow and in the dazzling court of St. Petersburg, it were better had I been in the whirl of the Fort Hamilton round-dances—at the Branch—on Avenue V, reading society newspapers. O! I sigh, in the anguish of my heart,—would that I had directed my education in other channels—would that every book was in the middle of the sea—would that art and architecture had not drawn me aside from the festive dance—would that the palaces of the Cæsars, the Milan cathedrals, the ruins of Keckler, and the great dome of St. Paul's were in chaos! Would that Dickens and Ruskin and Humboldt, and old Hugh Miller had never lived—and that the coloring of Rembrandt and Raphael and Rubens had gone out like the colors of a rainbow! How will it profit a man if he gains the whole world—and fails to dance the German? After death, comes the judgment. How can I die without learning to dance the round-dances? I am a hopeless, ruined man. I have cultivated my brain, while my heels have rested idly in my boots. I can write—I have made a book—I can demonstrate the XXXVI of Euclid, but I cannot dance the “dip!” May the Lord have mercy on me, and not utterly cast me off because I have not learned these things. Amen!

So I went on

## ECLIPSE OF THE GAS WORKS.

CONGRESS HALL, Saratoga, August 19.

Yes, I have returned !

The Clarendonites invited me very warmly to go away, but this was not the only cause of my coming back. Deeds were done generally and liberties were committed, particularly against my person, at that aristocratic hotel, which outraged my sense of propriety and justice.

On Friday night, while the committees on pedigree, income, and old maids were sitting in the parlor, the gas suddenly went out.



The gas-works had used its last barrel of oil and the supply of material was exhausted. It was Egyptian darkness. The face of a black waiter made a light spot in the room. All Saratoga was in darkness. "The *Sun*" office had only one candle. The *Saratogian* lighted up two old "Wide-awake" lamps. The Chesterfieldian Hathorn, with one candle in a bottle, went around, like Diogenes with his lantern, looking for an honest man. "Alas ! I found *one*," he said, "but he was sitting on the stairs with a young lady from 5th Avenue." During the darkness, Dr. Hamilton's chief bass singer gave out, and Dr. Strong adjourned his prayer meeting.

It was just in this darkness that light came to me all at once at the Clarendon.

It was ten o'clock.

The stage drove up from the depot. Almost every lady expected her husband on the train. Many young ladies expected their sweethearts. Neither the stage, the driver, nor the horses were visible. From force of habit the passengers felt their way the reception-room. I got mixed up with the crowd.

Twenty-five married ladies, seven old maids, and four young ladies commenced greeting the passengers in the darkness.

"My dear William! why did you stay so long?" exclaimed a sweet young wife, and then she threw her arms around my neck—our lips met, I wasn't going to be a "darned" fool.

Far different.

Now, a dear, sweet, liquid-eyed brunette threw her arms wildly around me. "O, Eugene, why did you not write oftener?" she sobbed, and then she sank sweetly on my bosom. I said, "Weep not, Julia," and then I kissed her sweetly twenty-two times. It was delicious. It made me think of my first wife and my college days at Yale.

A ponderous matron now approached—dress *décolletée*, hair *à la Pompadour*. She took me in her arms and whispered, "O, Charles, did you bring my beautiful dog—did you?"

"Madame, my name is not Charles, and I hate dogs. I'd kill every d-d-d-," but she fell fainting at my feet.

A sweet, golden-haired blonde now took my hand. She pressed it gently, saying: "Dear Albert, I know it is you, and I am so glad to see you!"

"You won't dance with Lizzie Smith, now, will you? Now, do promise me!" I said I wouldn't. Then she held her cheek close to mine. It was hot with love's young hope and sweet affection. We were very happy. None but a wicked man would have brought sad-



MY DEAR WILLIAM.



ness to this pure young heart—full of confidence, warm with virgin affection, and beautiful with splendid girlishness.

“Do you still love me, Albert?” she whispered.

“Undoubtedly,” I remarked.

“How much, darling?”

“A heap.”

“O, I am too happy!” she murmured, as she twisted her fingers in my auburn hair and held me in a sweet embrace.

This sort of thing went on for seventeen minutes, when C. Leland appeared in the distance with a tallow candle. I quietly withdrew and mingled unobserved in the crowd. As the candle appeared, twenty-seven young gentlemen were seen shaking hands with as many young ladies in the different corners. I have seldom seen such a display of affection. One married gentleman was holding the hands of two ladies.

The hair of the ladies was generally crimpless, while the hair of the young gentlemen did not display a parting place.

I reflected, “How kin such things be, and overcome us like a summer shower?” I consulted with J. Billings. He says they can’t. So I resolved to leave the place. I came back to Congress Hall and found the young ladies and young gentlemen having a grand ball by candle light. Each young lady held in her hand a penny dip. They flew through the lancers like ghosts in “Macbeth.” Eight streaks of light made a terrible criss-cross, as the dance went on. When the grand chain came, the lights revolved like a gigantic fourth-of-July pin-wheel.

It was a great night for Saratoga.

Seventeen young people of the Clarendon and fifteen of Congress Hall became engaged that night. The young lovers liked it—the darkness. Some flirting old bachelors took advantage of the darkness too. Mothers in many instances tied veils over the faces of their daughters. Why, alas! I am ashamed to tell.

Some prefer darkness rather than light, because their ways are evil. I do.

## TO SLEEP.

When people came to go to bed there was a great demand for candles. There were twelve hundred people at Congress Hall—two hundred candlesticks and three hundred bottles—five hundred lights in all.

Young gentlemen stood outside of doors while sweethearts undressed and handed the candle over the transcient. Old men slept with their boots on, because they could not find the bootjack. Married men got into the wrong rooms, and only found out their mistake the next morning.

An old lady bathed her face with Harrison's Columbian ink to cure the toothache. She thought it was a bottle of Pain-Killer. She discovered her mistake just before coming to breakfast.

Mr. Saxe borrowed a candle of a beautiful young lady. The next morning she found under her door these beautiful lines :

"You gave me a candle ; I give you my thanks,  
And add as a compliment justly your due—  
There is not a girl in these feminine ranks  
Who could, if she would, hold a candle to you."





The following was picked up on  
Congress Hall balcony the next  
morning after the eclipse of the gas  
works :

Go, fragrant breath of summer flowers—  
Go sigh it East and West ;  
Say, "I've been kissed—so sweetly kissed  
By one that I love best."

Upon my own his glowing lips  
In fervor fondly pressed ;  
And though we never spoke a word,  
We each our love confessed.

## THE GREAT SCANDAL CASES. BARONS AND JUDGES IMPLICATED.

SARATOGA, Aug. 21.

The other day, at the suggestion of several wags at Congress Hall, who couldn't live without their daily joke, I put the following in my correspondence from here :

### SCANDAL.



READING THE SCANDAL.

The two great scandals at the Clarendon are finally out. The married ladies are mixed up, and several aristocratic families are compromised. . I cannot promise full particulars till to-morrow.

Heavens! what a commotion those four little lines caused in Saratoga. Every gossip was on the *qui-vive*.

The great hotels resolved themselves into investigating committees, everybody became suspicious, and society was generally upset.

At the Clarendon it fell like a moral earthquake among the unhappy guests. Everybody was looked upon with suspicions, and that great social Congress resolved itself into two parties—the watchers and the watched. Each lady looked upon the other with distrust. People communicated in subdued whispers. Wives kept close to their husbands, and sweethearts never for once left the conspicuous glare of the front balcony seats. Old bachelors, who heretofore had been tolerated as objects of pity by young and pretty married ladies, were cut dead. Even

their bouquets were refused, and everybody behaved with a propriety as stiff and prim as a Queen's drawing-room. Mrs. Jones read the paragraph and whispered something about Mrs. Green. Mrs. Green had her suspicions of Mrs. Jones, but she told Jones to watch Mrs. Smith. The cliques drew closer together, and everybody waited breathlessly for the developments.

#### THE JOKE A SUCCESS.

Hardly had I finished my breakfast and the *Saratogian* the next morning, before I received a note from the Clarendon. It was written on heavy tinted cream paper, surmounted by a beautiful monogram, the letters A. J. C.



(American Jockey Club) being beautifully interwoven. It read thus:

"*Mr. E. Perkins, Congress Hall:*

"I notice the paragraph in the COMMERCIAL. It is to be hoped you will not use names. I am an old, gray-haired man. I have lived a life of usefulness, and have been long honored as a member of the open Board of

Brokers in New York. If I have been indiscreet in a thoughtless moment, I beg of you not to ruin everything by using my name in connection with any developments which you propose to make. Come and see me. I will remain in my room all day.

"Yours,

H. Z. D—R."

"Clarendon; August 19.



ELI READING HIS MAIL.

I went to my room to read this letter, but I had hardly finished it when rat! ta!! ta!!! came at my door, and a servant handed me the following :

" *Mr. Perkins: Respected Sir:*

" As God is my witness, you have been wrongly informed if you have heard anything detrimental to my character. I have been a vestryman of Grace Church for fifteen years. I am incapable of any such actions ; besides, I have a devoted wife, and we are very fond of each other. I gave \$25,000 to the Dudley Observatory and \$50,000 to Cornell University, and have been a subscriber to the COMMERCIAL for seventeen years. I am incapable of such indiscretion. Whatever other church-members do, I am as pure as a new-born babe. Come and see me or give us your company at dinner. I am almost always at church or on the balcony with my wife.

" Very respectfully,

G. Y. S.—N"

" Clarendon, August 19.

I had hardly finished reading the above when Judge K——, of the Supreme Court, entered my room unannounced. He looked confused. His eyes wandered around the room while he twisted his whiskers and bit off the ends.

" Have you granted the injunction in the case of the twenty-seven ladies of Congress Hall *versus* John R. Cecil for loud snoring ?" I asked.

" No, but I will do it instantly if you will do one thing for me," said the Judge trembling from head to foot.

" What ?"

" Well, in this scandal case don't use my name. You know I live at the Clarendon. I've been on the bench sixteen years. I may have been indiscreet this time. Every man is liable to be indiscreet some time. Even Jefferson Davis was not infallible. Besides, everybody knows me in New York. What would Judges Barnard and Bixby and Ingraham think of me after such an exposure ?"

"Never mind, Judge, 'mum's the word.'"

"One thing more," said the Judge, lingering.

"What?"

"Well, I've always been the confidential attorney for Mrs. Z. She's an estimable widow lady. She may have been carried away for a moment by this man's villainy; but, sir, she is a good woman—highly connected. She explained all how it happened to me. She is very sorry, and she wished me to come and see you about it."

"Why, Judge, you surprise me. I didn't know anything about any scandal case. I put that paragraph in as a joke—that was a Congress Hall joke, and I thought you were so very pure up there that you could stand it. I wouldn't have dared to have said it about the Grand Union or Congress Hall. We don't pretend to be so very good here. But I thought you Clarendonites were like Cæsar's wife—above suspicion."

"Good God!" exclaimed the Judge, throwing both hands wildly in the air; and then he went back to the Clarendon a happy man.

My mail now came up. There were eleven more letters from the Clarendon—some were sealed with aristocratic coats of arms, some with illuminated monograms."

The first one opened had a baronial crown stamped in red and blue. It read as follows:

Mon cher M. Perkins, Esquire,      Hotel de Congr  :—

I saw one paragraphe en ze journal, ze COMMOURSHAL, about ze grande scandale of which you have accuse me.

Ze customs of ze countree I will not understand, but I am *un grand officier* in ze *l gion d'honneur* and I shall not be scare when you have accuse *ma ch re*, ze Madame, with one grand flir-ta-ti-on (what you dam American call him.)

I shall be of ze Madame *un grand protecteur avec ze pistools*. You shall meet me *ce soir   six heures*, in ze *grande parcke*, when I shall shoot you—dam, what you call him—dead!

M. FLOURINS,

de la l gation fran aise   Washington.

Hotel de Clarendon, 20 Auguste.

My next letter was written in the trembling hand of a lady.  
She said :—

Mr. Perkins, Congress Hall.

My Dear Sir :—

I write this as a friend of yours. You have been deceived. Some of our people came down to Congress Hall, and told these scandalous things out of spite. Baron Flourins has been a little exclusive. We have kept him entirely in our clique. The rest are mad because we have not introduced him. He is a dear duck of a man, as harmless as he is handsome.

We take him out to drive, and even to our private parlors to play chess, with perfect impunity. Some envious common people mistook my parlor for my private sleeping-room. The mistake was ludicrous, wasn't it? Mrs. Q—— sends regards, and hopes you will be at our ball to-night. I have a sweet, pretty young lady to present to you. The villagers will not be allowed to come in. Don't fail to come.

Yours in friendship,

CATHARINE C. V——N.

So the letters went on. I'm sorry I put in the paragraph. It has caused me a great deal of annoyance. I have spent most of the day reading letters and listening to explanations. If I should put in such a paragraph about Congress Hall, I know I should never be able to read the correspondence which would result from it ; and if I should do the same to the Grand Union, letters would be brought to my room in wagon loads. I have not said anything ; I don't know anything ; only I do give you the letters as received.

*" Honi soit qui mal y pense !"*



## SARATOGA INDIAN STORY.

LENA AND ORONTA DISAPPEAR IN CONGRESS SPRING.

CONGRESS HALL, SARATOGA, Aug. 22.

### CHAPTER I.

"Hast thou suffered?"

"No."

"Then this letter is not for thee."

### CHAPTER II.

*C'est un programme de la Renaissance.*

Yesterday was a dreary day. Mr. Wheatley postponed the races that the rain might go on undisturbed. Saratoga gathered her 10,000 guests within doors. The merry laugh went on in the hotel parlors despite the howling tempest without. Those who patronized the shooting galleries and rode on the revolving wooden horses in front of the Clarendon were careful to carry umbrellas. Giddy misses and thoughtless young gentlemen, who do not believe in punishment after death, played euchre for caramels in the great hotel halls, while the more sober clergymen, smoked their cigars in solemnity, read my religious sermon of yesterday, and talked about the races. Senator Bayard, Senator Robertson, and Simeon Cameron played draw-poker, with nothing to mar their pleasure but the storm and the absence of General Nye and General Schenck. Bernstein played dance music in the parlors, remorseless young women amused us by dancing the round dances, while the old ladies "killed time" on embroidery, or talked about the years gone by when they were the belles of Saratoga. Some of them showed photographs of themselves in point lace capes, twelve button gloves and diamond necklaces, and then lectured the young ladies on the extravagance of the times.

Mrs. General Greene, who was married forty years ago in a

\$2,000 point lace veil, absolutely burst into tears as she narrated about the economy of Sallie Ward and Madame Le Vert.

Time moves on.

This is a common thing with Time. Twelve o'clock came.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE LONE INDIAN.

But Captain Brown was wide awake.

He loaded up his gun.

And then pursued the loving pair—and overtook them about half-way to the parson's, when Reuben and Phœbe

Started upon a run.

I said the clock struck twelve. Hastily quitting the abode of mirth, I buttoned up my coat, took the veil off of my hat, and started past Congress Spring toward the Indian encampment—the haunts of the wild savages in the hill. A fearful storm brooded over the forest, and the wind howled among the trees. I read that sentence in a book. A lone Indian woman met me at the door of her tent. She welcomed me with a cold, haughty look, and then she asked me if I would buy a basket. I handed her five cents. Her manner softened, and she burst into tears—then, turning her clear eye upon mine, she asked me if I would tell her the story of my life. I said I would.



My mother was a Livingstone—a cold, proud woman, entirely devoted to the world and its fashions. She was poor. My father was a Perkins, a haughty, overbearing man. He was poor also.

Thirty-six summers ago they met—at Saratoga—at the Union Hotel. Wm. Leland introduced them. He told Miss Livingstone that Mr. Perkins was worth untold millions. Then he told Mr. Perkins that Miss Livingstone owned twelve blocks on Bleeker street. This was a li—bel. My father's

cold heart melted. Wm. Leland has introduced eight hundred unhappy people in the same manner since. The Lelands do not believe in punishment after death. I was the only fruit of their ill-assorted union. I inherited my father's and mother's estates. I am as proud as they, and I boast of my poverty.

"What do you think of my story, child of the forest?" I asked.

The warm-hearted Indian remained a moment sitting—then she started up and asked for ten cents more. As soon as she saw the money a tear dropped from her eye, and she commenced telling me the story of her tribe and Congress Spring. It was thus :

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### LOVE AND SUICIDE.

Two lives so nearly joined in one,  
So rudely rent in twain.

"In years gone by, when the forest waved over the crystal fountain which now unveils itself to the inquisitive white man in the sparkling liquid of Congress Spring, my ancestors dwelt around this hallowed spot. Then none save the Indian worshipper ventured to gaze upon that fountain where their simple, yet beautifully imaginative faith taught them to feel the presence of the Great Being whose sighs were the storm and whose tears were the drippings of the fountain. Our tribe worshipped the Great Spirit, revered and protected the briny fountain of his remorse, and drank the tearful waters in token of our awe.

"Then, in days gone by, it was customary to offer a living sacrifice once a year to this boiling fountain, which the pale face calls Congress Spring, and which trickles from the eyes of the Great Spirit.

"In the bright autumn month of August, when all earth's flowers were at their richest, and the fruits had attained their mellowest tints, ere time could bring his sickle round them, our watchful Sachem gave the word, and our fairest maiden, who had just arrived at womanhood, was bedecked with fruits and flowers

and conveyed as an offering to the Great Spirit of the fountain—there to sink, in the presence of the assembled tribes, forever beneath the surface of the spring !

#### CHAPTER V.

“Lena was the only child and the darling of Oronta, the proudest chief of our warlike tribe, the Saratogas. Full many a bloody fight had seen his single feather pass in triumph, like the pestilential blast, scathing when he came, and leaving, when he left, the red track of his hatchet and tomahawk.

“Perhaps Oronta was the Sachem who founded Tammany Hall,” I remarked, with my eyes full of tears.

“Alas !” she sighed, “it is too true—but you anticipate.”

“Spring followed Spring, Summer breathed on Autumn, and Autumn prepared her glories for withering Winter’s ‘cold embrace.’”

“Withering Winter ? Ah, I’ve seen him at Congress Hall frequently,” I remarked, “and he’s still on the embrace.”

“Sh—— ! pale-face, and listen !

“Each annual round had sent an offering to the water spirit of the weeping fountain.”

#### CHAPTER VI.

“Oronta danced in pride and triumph at many a holy feast which followed the sacrificial gift that our rejoicing tribe had in their turn given. But Oronta felt not for the fathers whose precious jewels were thus taken from their wigwams and committed to the grave of the boiling fountain. Oronta thought not that they had earthly feelings which the ardor of religion could not always quite subdue. Oronta had lost his fair wife Calma ; but it was by a foeman’s arrow, and terribly had he avenged his bereavement.

“Since that event his motherless child had felt the glow of fifteen summers—’till like a rose she opened all her beauties to the maturing breath of Nature.

"The day of sacrifice came. It belonged to the Saratogas, and Lena is the only offering fitting the occasion !

"Can the proud Oronta show his weakness ? Can he let the father's bursting bosom be seen to tremble ? Can he give ear to Nature lest she blend his love and pity in a tear, that may fall down a blot upon his name ?

#### CHAPTER VII.

"The moon-lit hour is come. The Oneidas and Senecas have joined the Saratogas, and the rejoicing war dance goes on, Oronta has parted from his Lena to meet where the Great Spirit reigns. His wigwam in the pine grove is lonely now.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The yell of frantic triumph goes up from a thousand Saratogas. The beautiful Lena stands above the spring, her robes festooned with flowers and playing in the breeze. She looks smilingly upon her watery grave, while the mad Sachems shout to heaven their joyous benedictions.

"Lena casts one wandering look upon her brave companions, and then—behold another form, arrayed in white, streaks through the misty twilight and both look down upon the boiling spring. It is Oronta. He brings his full grown glories of battle and of chase a willing offering for a reunion with his wife and child.

"The Oneidas send up a terrible shout, and rush, like a whirlwind, to rescue their proud foe, Oronta. Alas ! the Great Spirit has called too soon, for Lena and Oronta clasp in a last embrace. One look—one mutual look of love, of hope, of happiness, is exchanged—when they both disappear beneath the surface of the waters.

"The forest rings again with the yell of the Saratogas, as father and child disappear in their watery grave—the tear-fountain of the Great Spirit."

"Child of the forest," murmured my venerable statician, overcome with emotion, "thy story accounts for the many Indian

skeletons which the pale faces, through the aid of subtile science, have thrown to the surface of the spring, and also for the Indian taste to the water."

She made no reply.



## THE DEFEAT OF LONGFELLOW.

THE BREAKING OF OLD JOHN HARPER'S HEART.

SARATOGA, Aug. 23.

What a crowd ! The great race—the grand central *tableau* of the August meeting, came off to-day. Helmbold against Longfellow, four miles, for a purse of \$1,200, and the championship. Helmbold is five years old, chestnut—(Australian *dam* Lavender).

### A FUNERAL AND A WEDDING.

I sat with John Harper at the left of the grand stand, and watched every motion of the old man's face. Longfellow had run around the track twice immediately preceding the race, a proceeding unaccountable to many here to-day.

"Why did you do it?" I asked Mr. Harper.

"Because I thought old Long was a little tight, and I wanted to see if he would sweat well."

As the horses started, I asked John Harper how Longfellow was prepared for the race.

"Very well," he replied, "only a leetle too high."

I now give you a faithful photograph of the scene :

The horses are now on the second mile, I sit by John Harper. "How is he going?" I ask old John, who sits with his cold gray eyes sternly fixed on the race.

"He is doing very well—only the boy is riding him a leetle too fast—faster than I ordered him—but he's a good boy, and I reckon he knows what he is about.

The horses now passed the grand stand the second time.

"How is he going now?" I asked.

"The boy is making him go a little fuder out than I ordered him, but I reckon Longfellow has got the race." The old man

looks on coolly, but with a dreadful interest which seems to take away his breath.

The horses now enter upon the third mile. Longfellow begins to throw out his tail.

"I guess the boy is too weak for him," says old John, quietly, his eyes still fixed on the race in dreadful silence.

The horses now pass the grand stand a third time almost neck and neck.

John Harper looked happy and secure.

"You are very quiet for one who has \$40,000 depending on the race," I remark.

The old man makes no reply. He never spoke after this.

Longfellow seemed to let down his head as if exhausted, caught the bit, and it was all up in a moment.

"What is the matter, Uncle John?"

Not a word in reply; but the old man's eyes seemed to be wandering, and his mind had gone away from the grand stand—to his horse.

Helmhold now made a sudden spurt, took the lead, and held it like grim death. John Harper looked like one at the death-bed of a friend—hope, sickly hope, beamed in his countenance, and that was all. Not a word escaped his lips. He saw his love his pride, his idol, break down before his eyes, while ten thousand demoniac voices shouted and made bedlam of the grand stand.

"Longfellow has been drugged," growled Col. Bridgeland to old John. John Harper made no reply. His heart seemed broken, and "he's gone" were the only words he uttered after the third mile.

As he muttered these words I felt a feeling—a psychologic feeling of pity for the good old man. Demoniac shouts went up from ten thousand hoarse throats, but old John heard them not.

He saw nothing but his panting horse, heard nothing but his hard breathing. I got up and walked down to the track with him. He walked up by Longfellow, his defeated pride, his dead

hope, but was silent as the grave. The grand old horse stood trembling, with his head down, exhausted. The last mile was too much for him. Enquirer Joe ran into the weigh house, doffed his suit, and went mournfully back to the stable with his horse and his gray-haired owner.

To me the race was like a funeral and a wedding. While the old man's heart was breaking, ten thousand people were wild with joy. I could not rejoice. I only saw, and hoped, and suffered with the white-haired old man by my side.

#### AFTER THE RACE.

After the races I went round to the stable. Longfellow was lame—his legs were swollen.

"How is he, Uncle John?" I asked.

"The tendons in his fore legs are shattered and broken. He's ruined; will never run again," he replied. "Poor Long! he tried to win it!" sobbed the old man. He murmured to himself:

\* \* \* \* \*

To-night an old man wended his way to the depot. He wore a heavy frock coat of linsey-woolsey, and a pair of ill-fitting pantaloons with ragged bottoms. He carried a heavy walking-stick, and bore on it heavily as he tottered along. He was followed by a little negro boy carrying a huge valise. On arriving at the depot he purchased a ticket for Cincinnati. This man was old John Harper. When the train came along he got into a car. Turning to the little negro he said:

"Tell Marshall to be careful with the horse, and to look out for Express as well. I'm a little afraid of the leg, and, Tom, I reckon you'd better tell him to give Longfellow a car by himself. But never mind; I reckon Frank 'll 'tend to that."

So old white-haired John Harper went back with his idol to his Kentucky home, but he will return again in 1902 with Longfellow, to contest for the prowess of Kentucky.

## ELI CRAZY ON STATISTICS.

MULTIPLICATION, ADDITION, AND SUBTRACTION.

CONGRESS HALL, Saratoga, Aug. 23.

Statistics are my delight. There is something very ludicrous in a row of figures to me. I am not a commercial man, yet I never see a tailor's bill or a washing list without feeling funny. The pages of a Patent Office Report, when they begin to reach up toward 1,486, make me laugh too numerous to mention.

One day a man told me there were just exactly 79,472 hairs on a cat's back. I was completely upset at the man's statistics. I laughed for weeks. I suppose commercial people laugh at my literary work too. I have seen these votaries of commerce laugh at my most serious statements. When I stated the other day that Saratoga was exactly 126 years old, but on account of the short season here the town had existed but 37 years, commercial people laughed at my exactness.

You have no idea how hard it is to get your statistics right in Saratoga. The sexton was inclined to exaggerate the number of graves in the cemetery. When I asked him how many people he buried a day, he asked,

"How many do they bury in Ballston?"

He has an exalted pride in surpassing the Ballston cemetery. If more people should die in Ballston than here, he would be a ruined man. Hence his desire to make his grave-yard show to the best advantage. When I asked him precisely how many young people came from Congress Hall during the fashionable season to sit on the benches, he answered quickly, 536. I found out afterward that there were in reality but 492.

So with Wm. Leland. Yesterday I asked him how many guests he had. He answered readily, 4,689.

"How can that be?" I asked, "when you have only 824 rooms?"

"Well, most of them stay at Congress Hall and the Clarendon."

I have some trouble in getting at the ages of the young ladies here. Yesterday I remarked to a mother—

"Ah, I had the pleasure of meeting your daughter here five years ago."

"Yes," she said, "Mary was fourteen years old then."

I took Mary to the ball that summer, and she wore a court-train dress. I thought she was a young lady, but I must have been a victim of misplaced confidence if she was only fourteen, I must have had queer taste then. I don't look at a young lady now under nineteen.

There is one young lady here reported to be worth \$14,000,000. She has sixty-nine *beaux*. Yesterday one dropped off. He said he'd been fooled by the statistics. The young lady's father is a well-to-do grocer, and he showed me a letter from New Orleans to prove it. It is wrong thus to deceive unsuspecting young men. Up at the Clarendon they never talk about wealth. Their forte is pedigree. One lady said her family had fought in the Revolution for twenty-one generations—one uncle was still fighting. These are the kind of people I like. They don't gloat over the multiplication table.

Commerce is vulgar.

#### MORE STATISTICS.

To-day I have been in silent communion with my old statician. Together we have revelled in statistics. We got hold of the steward of Congress Hall. He has a good memory and seventeen books full of figures to refer to. His name is J. D. Crawford. He stays down in the rear of Congress Hall, where all the provisions for the Hall are received. He has two boys, who do nothing but count, multiply, and divide. (They count on living an easy time, multiply Crawford's cares, and divide the profits.) I want you to understand that my statistics are exact. I take them from the books. I "went for" Crawford thus ("went for" is quoted from Bret Harte):

"How many chickens do you use per day, where are they gotten, who gets them, and what do they cost apiece?"

*Crawford*—"We use 900 chickens daily. We have 10 chicken men in Washington and Saratoga counties. They travel all the time. The chickens cost 31 cents apiece."

"Where do you get your meats, why do you get them there, and who gets them?"

*Crawford*—"Our beef comes from New York. We use 1,000 pounds daily. C. L. Williams is our beef man. We only use the rib and loin of a beef. It costs 25 cents per pound. Our mutton costs 18 cents, barring it's lamb, then it costs 15 cents. It comes from our butchers here. The reason we get our beef in New York is because if butchers here were to furnish it they would be overstocked with an excess of coarse meat. We only use the best cuts. We pay \$2 per hundred freight on beef from New York."

"Eggs?"

*Crawford*—"We use 800 eggs per day. They cost 25 cents per dozen. B. Brigs furnishes them from Washington and Saratoga counties."

"Butter?"

*Crawford*—"We use 300 pounds daily. It costs 25 cents per pound. It comes from our farmers. If I run short I raise the price a cent or two, and a tun of butter will come in in a day. The farmers hear of these little advances very quick."

"Peaches, apples, melons, nuts, fish, and soft-shell crabs?"

*Crawford*—"Mr. Williams, who furnishes the beef, sends these from New York."

"Berries?"

*Crawford*—"Mrs. Morris furnishes the berries from North Greenfield Centre. She keeps 20 women picking all the time. She furnishes 200 quarts of blackberries and red raspberries per day—price 18 cents per quart."

"Woodcock and game?"

*Crawford*—"Our woodcock and game comes from the fields

and the north woods (Adirondacks), and is brought in by our own hunters. Woodcock cost \$1.20 per pair, trout 60 cents, and black bass 50 cents per pound. We get our Spanish mackerel and salmon from the sea and from Pennoyer and Van Antwerp's, in Saratoga. We have had as many as 800 woodcock and 1,500 chickens on ice at one time.

"Our game makes a good deal of trouble. It is from this the waiters make their perquisites. If we put woodcock on the bills, 125 waiters are sure to want them whether the guests ordered them or not. Just imagine 125 crazy waiters shouting, fighting, and scuffling for woodcock.

"The cook-room becomes a pandemonium, and it frequently resolves itself into a question of physical strength as to who shall have the best dishes. The waiters only stay two months, so they don't care much about discipline. Each one fights for his 'own table.'"

"Then, if you were a guest, you would pick a table with the strongest waiter?"

"Just so. A big fellow is sure to knock all the little fellows out of joint, and secure two plates of woodcock. But don't tell the hotel people this—they'd all want the big waiters."

Congress Hall cost \$750,000.

Length of exterior frontage, 1,200 feet.

Number of rooms, 600.

Number of doors, 900.

Number of windows, 1,200.

Accommodations for 1,200 guests.

Carpeting, 7 acres.

Length of halls, 1½ miles.

Ball room cost \$6,500.

Proprietors, H. H. Hathorn, R. H. Southgate, and C. F. Southgate.

Room clerk, Frank H. Hathorn; Cashier, E. H. Rodgers; Counter clerks, F. H. Hathorn, Union Springs, N. Y., and D. B. Young, Saratoga.

## THE OTHER HOTEL STATISTICS.

GRAND UNION ; cost \$800,000 ; five stories high ; 824 rooms ; 1,474 doors ; 1,890 windows ; accommodates 1,700 guests ; carpeting, 9 acres ; length of halls,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  miles ; length of exterior frontage 1,280 feet. Owned by A. T. Stewart, and kept by the well known Jos. H. Breslen and Peter Gardner—Wm. Leland and Warren Leland having gone to keep a fashionable hotel in Alaska.

The CLARENDON is a large frame structure. No house in Saratoga excels it in good repute. It accommodates 450 people. Worth \$250,000. Kept by Chas. E. Leland.

The AMERICAN is the old city hotel—50 years old. Accommodates 300 guests. Charmingly situated on Broadway. Value \$150,000, kept by W. H. McCaffrey.

The COLUMBIAN, kept by Jerome Leland. Value \$100,000. Accommodates 150 guests (burnt Sept. 14th, 1871).

The other hotels are the MARVIN House, by A. and D. Snyder (150 guests) ; CONTINENTAL, Harry De Mars (150 guests) ; CRESCENT, by Dr. Hamilton (100 guests) ; Pitney's (40 guests) ; DR. STRONG'S. Now rising like a Phoenix, comes Jos. H. Breslin's new Hotel, extending from Dr. Hamilton's, away over towards the Clarendon, and capable of accommodating 600 guests. TEMPLE GROVE HOUSE, Mr. Dowd (150 guests) ; MONT EAGLE PARK PLACE (burnt Sept. 14) ; MANSION HOUSE, COMMERCIAL, WASHINGTON HALL, BROADWAY HOUSE, WHITE'S and the PAVILLION.

"How is that for statistics?" I asked of my old statician.

He made no reply but bent his head low and cried for joy ! "O!" he murmured, "such a day with figures and the multiplication table, is worth a life time of flirting and round dancing?"

His mind was so exercised, that as I left him he went on repeating to himself, "6 times 1 are 6; 6 times 2 are 12; 6 times 3 are 18——."

## THE BATTLE OF SARATOGA,

SARATOGA, Aug. 25.



To-day, in company with a party of marriageable Clarendon ladies, I visited the old battle ground of Saratoga. Some went in a sportive way, and others, alas! went to see the last resting place of patriot sires.

Almost every lady had an ancestor or two killed in this memorable battle. One lost a grandfather, but she found him afterward—hid away in the cellar; others lost grandmothers and aunts, and one venerable old lady said she lost a beautiful daughter; she eloped with a British officer. I asked her when the battle occurred. She said, alas! her memory tottered, but she thought it was previous to McDowell's capture of Washington after the first Bull Run.

We spent some time between Moon's and Meyers' looking for the battle field, but we could not find it. It seems the place has been moved over toward Stillwater and Mechanicsville. I don't see how Burgoyne ever found the place at all. They must have hunted for that memorable battle ground for months. After searching for a long time we found a venerable guide. He said he knew just where to look for it. He assisted Burgoyne in finding the place. He was full of statistics and knew all about the battle. He stood close by General McClellan when he and General Gates made that heavy charge with the colored troops. "Alas!" he sighed, "the colored troops are still charging down at Congress Hall. It runs in their blood."

## THE BATTLE.

General Burgoyne was a British officer. He was a foreigner—a “blarsted” Englishman. He was sent over here to subjugate America and to find this battle field. No one knew of the place but Burgoyne. He had spent the summer of 1755 with Charles Leland at the Clarendon. All the time he was not drinking Congress water he spent looking for this place. At last he found it, and went back and told Oliver Goldsmith. Oliver told Lord Palmerston, and he told George III. Mr. Seward was our St. James Minister then. He found out the secret, telegraphed it to Mr. Fish, and it was stolen from the State Department that same night, by some remorseless correspondent.

General Burgoyne sailed down from Plattsburg on the Champlain Canal. He brought 8,000 men. They were picked men—picked off by Federal sharpshooters. General Gates and General McClellan came up by way of the Hudson River steamboats—People's line. Burgoyne put up at Meyers' Cedar Bluff Hotel, and Gates and McClellan occupied rooms at Moon's. Moon was then a mere lad. He cherished the Republic, supported the Continental Congress, and went on selling his fried potatoes. Just before the battle, and while Burgoyne's cannon were booming in the distance, Mrs. Moon consecrated herself to her great patriotic work—frying potatoes. Generals Gates and McClellan were burning with patriotic ardor—Mrs. Moon with her patriotic larder. The booming cannon inspired them to deeds of lofty heroism.

The battle was about to commence. Burgoyne moved up with the Turcos and Landwehr from Stillwater. The Uhlans were in front. Then came a delay. He had lost the battle field—taken the wrong road. General Beauregard and General Sheridan now galloped up. They were accompanied by Mr. Bergh and Josh Billings.

"Hast thou found the memorable spot on which this sanguinary action is to occur?" asked Burgoyne in a tone of agitation.

F. Sheridan said he had. M. Beauregard also nodded assent. Sheridan said they searched for a long time, but their researches were finally rewarded. They found the place—they knew it was the place by the monument. The monument said on it thus :

.....  
1775.  
Sacred to the Memory  
of  
HORACE BURGOYNE, F. SHERIDAN,  
And Others who Surrendered  
to  
U. S. GATES, GENERAL McCLELLAN,  
MRS. MOON AND MRS. MEYERS,  
NEAR  
Saratoga, where the Clarendon, Union,  
and Congress Hall Hotels are always  
happy to accommodate guests at \$5 per  
day. Liberal discount made on weekly  
bills.  
J. MORRISSEY,  
Secretary.  
.....

The eagle eye of General Burgoyne caught the superscription, and he said, "Let the gods rejoice—it is found."

McClellan's men now moved up from Moon's.

#### THE COLORED TROOPS,

as usual, were in front, then came the Franc-Tireurs, lastly, the patriots.

My uncle, Consider Perkins, occupied posts of danger—hitching posts—with the patriots. They boldly sang, "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," and then returned to Moon's several times to rally around it. My uncle said he loved to "shout the battle cry of freedom," but he was of actual service in the battle only as far as the moral influence of his name went. He always defended the flanks of the army.

#### THE GUN-BOATS

now anchored opposite Bemus Heights on the Stillwater, right in

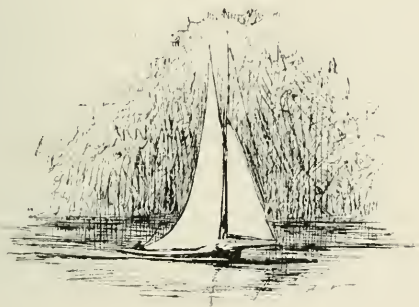
the rear of Cornwallis' subsistence department. Mrs. Meyers had supplied the British troops with black bass and stewed potatoes. She said her patriotism must find vent some way. When they wanted to pay her money, she said, "No, give it to the poor, send it to President Grant." She was a Perkins, and the Perkins blood always tells. In after-years the patriotic Meyers got a claim through Congress for \$13,000 "damages done to garden and liquors drank at bar by British officers." General Nye got it through. Nye afterward made a speech in favor of "bridging the Potomac" with the carcasses of dead Secessionists." But the wiser counsels of General McClellan prevailed. Lincoln told him it would be wrong.

#### THE BATTLE RAGES.

The Patriots from Saratoga County fight behind the colored troops. They occupy dangerous places behind empty barrels, and eat paper after paper of fried potatoes, while the battle rages wildly about them.

The balls go by them thick and fast—in wagons. The colored troops from Congress Hall made *charge after charge*. Amid the groans of the wounded and the shrieks of the dying, they gather behind the monument—a forlorn hope. Where is Fitz John Porter? His command left Saratoga at daylight. They marched around by Ballston Spa and Schenectady. Alas, too late! General Butler now moves up with a fresh regiment of colored troops. Butler *steals* a march on Burgoyne and joins the gunboats in the rear of his commissary department. His men consume everything in their reach. The entire British army is left without rations. The Uhlans surrender—the Saratogians cease to carry water to the British, and Burgoyne sends General Trochu forward with a white flag. General Burgoyne receives General Gates with a haughty air. "Lift up your head, O ye Gates," he says, in a commanding voice. Gates accepts the situation meekly, and Burgoyne permits him to return to Congress Hall. Fitz John Porter now hove in sight. He fired a

few shots into the Patriots in the rear of Moon's, and then came forward and fell into McClellan's arms. It was an affecting sight. Mrs. Moon and Mrs. Meyers and Wm. Leland agreed to the terms of surrender. The British officers were imprisoned at the Clarendon. Many of them married fortunes. Burgoyne himself, as I wrote before, occupied a position in the New York Custom House, and became a staunch supporter of Gen. Grant. Many patriotic Saratogians were lost in the battle, but they were generally found in cellars and behind barrels the next day. Young ladies who eloped with British officers had large families of children and lived happy lives.



## THE PERKINS' FAMILY.

CONGRESS HALL, Aug. 26th.

The ladies came to me this morning, and wished me to entertain them with some reminiscences of the Perkins' family, their religious and political belief, and their philosophica, traits. I divided my sermon into four heads :

1. BIOGRAPHICAL.
2. THEOLOGICAL.
3. POLITICAL.
4. ADVISATORY (*philosophical*).

1st. BIOGRAPHICAL.—The Perkinses are a great family. Some of them were in almost every battle of the Revolution—some on one side and some on the other. Nathaniel Perkins was in the battle of Saratoga. All day he was in the thickest of the fight—carrying water to the British.

My father lost his arms at the battle of Saratoga—he threw them away so he could run faster. He led his men so well that he was sent for by Wm. Leland to lead the Union Hall Germans. My uncle, Abraham Perkins, first served with General McClellan, but getting a chance of promotion, he became a quarter-master on Beauregard's staff. He was lost at Gettysburg, but afterwards found hid away behind a barrel eating hard boiled eggs.

I only speak of the Saratoga Perkinses incidentally. Our pride of blood, and name, and revolutionary aristocracy culminate in Litchfield County—State of Connecticut.

There I was born.

I had no father or mother. I was born an orphan. It took place at my aunt's—aunt Sarah Perkins. My father died in infancy. His name was Cyrus Perkins. I think he had Circassian blood in his veins. My uncles' names are Nathaniel, Joseph, Isaac, Jacob, Nehemiah, and Consider. My aunts are Debora, Ruth and Rebecca. My grandfather never patronized

the New Testament. When uncle Jacob Perkins registered his name the other day at the Grand Union, Wm. Leland asked him if he kept a clothing store.

"Why?" asked my uncle Jacob indignantly.

"Because there are so many Jacobs on Chatham St."

My uncle Consider Perkins was named after Captain Consider Standish, of Plymouth. Plymouth was named after Mr. Beecher's church.

The Perkinses in Litchfield County are famous agriculturists—they raise prize cucumbers and large families of healthy children. I was one of a family of eleven—*but not the only one*. The children generally turned out well, and the cucumbers brought a good price. My uncle Consider has frequently started for New London with a load of small cucumbers. It was a long distance, but the cucumbers continued to grow in the wagon. From these few baskets of small cucumbers my uncle often sold three or four wagon loads in New London.

New London was then larger than New York, and a good deal more aristocratic. Peter Minuet bought Manhattan Island for sixteen pounds sterling. He sold out to one of the Stuyvesants for £26, and went back to England, built a castle, and revelled in luxury.

William Tweed and Peter Sweeney have sold out the city a good many times since, and they, too, alas! revel in luxurious castles on Fifth Avenue.

In the days of the Colonists, New London and the Perkins family were great. They distinguished themselves in agriculture and other scientific branches, and whitened the ocean with the sails of glorious commerce—they sold mackerel. The Pequot house was then a lone fisherman's hut. Mr. Pequot married a Perkins, and my grandfather gave him the house as a wedding present. Pequot thrived well. He raised a good many Pequots, who in turn begot other Pequots. They finally got so strong that they went over to Salem on a crusade against the Puritans.

They captured 936 Puritans, 432 Baptists, and 91 Christians. People talked a good deal about religious liberty in those days, but alas! it was the same as now. New Yorkers talk a good deal about liberty, but they have got to go over to New Jersey for their Sunday lager and Orange parades.

2nd, THEOLOGICAL.—My uncle Consider is a great Baptist. He said he would kill every darned Presbyterian in the country if he had his way. He was *devoted* to religion!

My father was a member of the Episcopal Church. He said he did not believe much in religion, and that Church came nearest to his belief. I inherited my father's religious faith. I am happy in it. Our Church permits swearing in a mild form. Most all of the Fifth Avenue *swell* fellows belong to our Church. We never let our religion interfere with our dancing and euchre playing.

Far different.

I used to believe everything I read in church books, but, alas! I find they won't do to tie to always. When I visited Parma, I saw a hand of the Virgin Mary—I saw another in Rome—then one in Cologne, and lastly one in *Tvertza* near Moscow. I never could reconcile all these hands. As the priest showed them to me, he wept a pious tear, and said, "They are all the true hands of the Virgin, and here are the books to prove it." I said, "Alas! people were handier in those days than they are now."

In Tartary they talked of sending missionaries to convert the poor heathen in New York. Then they showed me piles of burnt bones, where their good heathen had died for their faith, like our John Huss, Cranmer, and Latimer of Oxford. I said, "Alas! you are all honest—you are all right. You can all have Confucius, Mohamed, the Pope, Swedenburgh, and Brigham Young, but they can't all be right. I don't want to run any risks."

3rd. POLITICAL.—The Perkinses are staunch Democrats, though I favor the PRESENT Administration. I had one cousin, Nicodemus Perkins, who was so Democratic that he enlisted in the Confederate army, under General Lee. One day the

Adjutant, who was subject to bad spells, issued an order detailing "Niggerdemus" Perkins for picket duty. My cousin was captured that night by one Union scout. He now loves the old flag. He frequently sings :

"Sweet flag, I love thee still,"

and then he goes down on the Connecticut river bottom in search of it, and digs for hours. Many of the Connecticut Perkinses are still voting the Presidency ticket.

"Why do you do so, Uncle Consider?" I asked.

"Do you want me to marry a nigger?" he exclaimed in pious indignation.

Alas! it is chronic with him!

Many of my relations are pursuing the evil tenor of their ways in Saratoga. Some dance, some go to church, and some alas! like the dissolute Saratogians, spend their time drinking Congress water.

Yesterday my uncle Jacob had a fight with the spring boy, because he wanted to waste a glass of water, simply because it had a small snake in it. After my snake story, he continued to drink the water with even greater relish. He said the time to stop drinking the water was when the snakes were in—not after they had come out. They are great philosophers—the Perkins are. They all marry the first time young. After that they are not so particular.

No Perkins ever dyed his hair, colored his mustache, owned a striped shirt, or wore a paper collar. No Perkins was ever a call-porter, peddler, photographer, circus man, life insurance agent, book canvasser, lightning-rod agent, or negro minstrel.

Far different.

4th. ADVICE (philosophical).—When I first saw the four hands of the Virgin Mary, and the statue of William Tell, I thought I had learned some wise things. Then I thought with Mr. Billings, that you'd better not know so much, than to know so many things that a'n't so.

This I give to you in good English. I can spell better than A. Ward or J. Billings.

2nd. In selecting your companions my advice is to associate with the nicest people. If you know nice people, it is easy enough to descend in the scale. If you begin with the lowest, we read in *Lacon*, it is impossible to ascend. "In the grand theatre of human life, a *box ticket* takes us through the house."

3rd. "If you want enemies excel others; if you want friends let others excel you." We hate those only of whom we are envious and jealous, because they excel us. We desire their goods or talents. Contempt applies to a person who has done a mean thing. To be hated by the envious and jealous, is a frank admission that you are their superior.

4th. Everybody is susceptible of flattery. When they abuse and ridicule *your* rivals, they indirectly flatter *you*, and you are pleased. Diogenes abused the superiors of himself and the Athenian mob, and delighted his vulgar auditors. Some one said to the old blind poet:—

"Mr. Milton, you are the only person we have ever met who is not susceptible to flattery."

"*I am pleased* to hear you say so," said the old poet.

5th. Conversation generally runs around in a circle. Little-minded people talk clear round the circle, and repeat every day, while great minds talk on and on, and it will take a month to even find which way the race is going to turn, you will hardly live long enough to hear them repeat. Little minds see one horse, one book, one house. Large minds take in every racer on the track, carry "libraries" in their brains, and, in fancy, see whole villages and cities, as you see men on a checker board.

6th. Dull people are many times improperly called dull, because they consider you of too little importance to call them out. Their great minds do not show out everything in a minute. They have a ground glass shade over their minds, and if they choose to lift it, they can flood you with intellectual light.

Others may be bright and *Jerky*, as Holmes says, but they distract you, and soon talk out, while the dull friend is "like taking a cat in your cap, after holding a squirrel." Thunder makes a big noise, but lightning *strikes* !

7th. A moneyed aristocracy is not to be sneezed at. Money buys bath tubs, choice cuts of beef, country places, and well ventilated houses. A horse fed on oats, will look more beautiful than a horse fed on hay : so children fed on spring chickens are better than children fed on dry crusts. The beautiful daughters of the rich are caught up by those who can afford the luxury, and whole families may acquire, through good food and well ventilated rooms, an elevated type of features and figure. Because some of the rich degenerate and grow gouty on champagne and salads, you must not overlook the many who become beautiful on roast beef (happy hearts), and the regenerating bath.

*Lastly.* My uncle Consider in a late sermon where he was sworn in to preach the Gospel—as he understood it—promulgated the following undisputed facts—says Consider :—

*First*—I see before me ladies drest in rich camel's hair shawls, and gentlemen in long-tailed Russian overcoats—at grate expense. You all look nice. Neither of you can see hiz own close. So I should think that all this vanity would be a bore, for you hav to wear nobby close just for poky people to look at—so to speak.

*Second*—Billtweed is a grate skoolmaster—he teaches both by precept and example. He advises virtue and pracktics korrup-tion. His precept is good, and his awful example is enough to konvince everybody.

*Third*—If you want to be wize, let other people do all the tocking ; and soon you will no all tha no, and hav your own noledge besides. Brown's Boys at a Fifth Heavenue party korner a bottle of shampane themselves, and then "lay lo" and drink with everybody else.

*Fourth*—When a man lies to you he says I'm so "klever" that you kant see thru me. He compliments hisself at your expense.

*Fifth*—Periclese tho't it was a "big thing" to be pointed out on the Broadway of Athens, but the same thing happens every day in New York to Morressy and Heenan, and Kount Jones, the wash-tub inventor. Athens was a one-horse town to New York, so Periclese must be a one-horse man to Kount Jones.

*Sixth*—If you hear a society swell mention any young lady's name lightly, watch him. If he looks noing and boasts of undue familiarity, he is one of two things—to wit: If what he sez is true, he is a goose and a lo skoundre<sup>l</sup> *for telling it*; and if it is false—but I've rezolved to keep all profanity out of this sermon!

*Seventh*—Dr. Johnson sed that the anshunt Romuns, when poor, robbed others, and when rich themselves. For 200 years New York has ben engaged in robbing herself. I pitty humanity if she ever gets redy to turn around and filibuster on the rest of the world. I dred the universal piracy which will follow the turning point.

If New York were as smart as Rome she would have plundered the world first, for now she kan't raise money enuf to start on a decent krusade!

*Eighth*—My dear young ladies, I have been a great philosopher in my time. The Perkinses are all great philosophers.

Once I saw a man pulling his arms off trying to get on a new pair of boots, I said:

*Philosophically* they are too small, and you will never be able to get them on *till you have worn them a spell!*

I heard an officer in the Seventh Regiment scolding a private for coming too late to drill, so I said:

*Philosophically* somebody must *always* come last; this fellow ought to be praised, for, if he had come earlier, he would have shirked the scolding off upon somebody else!

I saw an old maid at the Fifth Avenue, with her face covered with wrinkles, turning sadly away from the mirror, so I said :

*Philosophically* mirrors now-a-days are faulty. They don't make such nice mirrors as they used to *when you were young !*

I heard a young lady from Brooklyn praising the sun, so I said :

*Philosophically* the sun may be very good, but the moon is a good deal better, for she gives us light in the night when we need it, while the sun only shines in the day time, *when it is light enough !*

I saw two men shoot an eagle, and as he dropped on the ground, I said :

*Philosophically* you might have saved your powder for the *fall alone would have killed him !*

An old man in Philadelphia brought a blooming girl to church to be married to her. The minister stepped behind the baptismal font, and said as he sprinkled water over her head :

*Philosophically* I'm glad you brought the dear child to be baptized !



A young man was disappointed in love at Niagara Falls, so he went out on a terrible precipice, took off his clothes, cast one long look into the fearful whirlpool, and then—

*Philosophically* went home and went to bed !

Two Mississippi River darkies saw for the first time a train of cars. They were in a quandary to know what kind of a monster it was, so one said :

*Philosophically* it is a dried up steamboat getting back into the river !

A poor sick man, with a mustard plaster on him, said :

*Philosophically* if I should eat a loaf of bread, I'd be a live sandwich !

As a man was burying his wife, he said to his friend in the graveyard, "Alas ! you feel happier than I." "Yes, neighbor," said the friend :

"*Philosophically* I ought to feel happier, I have two wives buried here !

A man "out West" turned "State's evidence," and swore that he was a member of a gang of thieves. By-and-by they found the roll of actual members, and accused the man of swearing falsely "I was a member," said the man. "I——

*Philosophically* "I was an *honorable* member !"





## SARATOGA IN 1901.

ELI AN OLD MAN.

UNITED STATES HOTEL, SARATOGA, Aug. 28th, 1901.

Thirty years ago, in the days of vigorous manhood, I often visited this peaceful village. The last time was the year 1871, after the great Franco-Prussian war, when Lan. wrote for the *Commercial*, and before General Grant's second struggle for the Presidency.

I was young then, but alas! I am now an old, gray-haired man, tottering under the weight of three-score years. I well remember the splendid young fellows who surrounded me in those days. Many of them became distinguished in after-life, and some, alas! were early reaped by the keen sickle of Death!

Many of these splendid fellows belonged to the 7th Regiment, and were killed in the great Orange riot in 1880. Indeed, half of the regiments were killed during those bloody times. This riot took place just north of Central Park, and extended all along up the Boulevard to High Bridge, which was then the centre of the city. The Bloomery-dole road had been closed and built over for many years. The City Hall and Post Office had been moved up to Madison Square. Peter Gilsey alone survives these changes, and he remembers and narrates how he sold out

the Gilsey House to a grandson of James Gordon Bennett for the *Herald* publishing house, and how there was a grand public meeting to subscribe money to buy the old Fifth Avenue Hotel for the New York *Times*, after the long litigation had reclaimed the old *Times'* site to the City Corporation.

At first they didn't think there was going to be a riot. There had been a good deal of grumbling among the Boulevard laborers up towards the old Jerome Race Track, and a good many recent meetings had been held on Thirty-fourth street, which was then a great Irish quarter. First they wanted their time diminished to six hours per day. This was granted. Then some bad leaders with orations, meetings, and pamphlets, inflamed the laborers to declare for the Commune. The people thought it was all talk, but one day on the 17th of June, 1880, the Communists headed by an armed regiment absolutely appeared in the centre of the city in front of the Great Westchester Hotel. They commenced robbing, burning, and pillaging in every direction. Their cry was, "The rich shall divide their property with the poor." The 7th Regiment, backed by the 9th, and the Brooklyn 23rd, flew to its armory, seized arms, and commenced its march against the rioters. The rioters without any attempt at a parley, opened fire at their first appearance. Colonel Clarke fell pierced by three balls, and General Shaler was knocked senseless upon the ground by a shot from a concealed field-piece, and was run over by the mob. Major Sniffin and Lt.-Colonel Fitzgerald were also killed. The whole regiment was pushed back, but were reinforced by General Dakin, with the 23rd Regiment of the 5th Division. General Dakin was in front. A shower of balls came and the General with four officers were killed instantly, and the militia, outnumbered, had to fall back into Central Park. Then came a time of terrible bloodshed. The big hotels were gutted, banks robbed, and newspaper offices burnt. The venerable Horace Greeley and Mr. Bryant were lynched by the mob; Mr. Belmont and Mr. Aspinwall's picture galleries were destroyed, and every window was broken in the

Hotel for women, which Mr. Stewart had built many years previous. Alas! these were terrible times, and I shudder at my own narration. Finally General Grant (the good man is dead now), sent up 8,000 regular troops with Sheridan and Sherman at their head. The mob was at last subdued. Since that time we have had peace, and neither Catholics nor Orangemen think of parading.

#### EUROPE.

I had been absent in Europe attending to our Moscow office of the Grand International Aerial Flying Company for thirty years, when I jumped into one of our aerial floating palaces for my summer trip.

Our aerial train was destined for Saratoga *via* Baden-Baden, Margate, Long Branch, and the Adirondacks, and was propelled through the air on the large wing system invented by a descendant of one of the Hoes, whose grandfather had, years before, invented the great cylinder printing press. I had heard very little of America during the past thirty years, my American letters simply referring to personal and family matters, the wealth and growth of the Perkins family. Baden-Baden, Luxemburg, and Wiesbaden, were held by the French, under the Presidency of a son of the Duc de Chambord, after the war of 1891. Napoleon III. had settled at Hempstead Plains, on Long Island, and all Europe was quiet. After spending a day at Baden, and an afternoon at Margate and Brighton, in England, we

#### DROPPED DOWN AT LONG BRANCH.

We were astonished at the great change which the thirty years had made. We looked for the old Continental Hotel. It was gone. A venerable fisherman came along. I asked him if he was sure we were at Long Branch. He said he was.

"But where is the Continental, the Mansion House, Howell's, and those long wooden hotels which used to be here?" I asked.

"O, they went into the ocean years ago. The beach washed

away. Do you see that yacht?" asked the old man, pointing to the sea.

"Yes."

"Well, that rides at anchor about where the West End used to stand."

"But what became of the President's cottage?"

"Well, that went with the rest. But the President didn't care. He was very rich. He had made a good deal of money raising horses in the White-House yard. By-and-by some one, I believe Mr. Dana, gave him a fine colt. That colt became a racer, beat everything in the country, became worth \$100,000, and finally General Grant resigned the Presidency to look after him. You know Mr. Dana and President Grant made up after the election in 1872, and they were very warm friends before Mr Dana died."

"Dana dead!" I exclaimed filled with sorrow, "what killed him?"

"Well, it is a sad story," continued the old fisherman, "but I will tell you about it as near as I can remember.

"You know Mr. Dana had a way of keeping a list of President Grant's relations in a paper which he then published called the *Sun*. Well he kept that list faithfully and well. Every relation he could hear of he put down. The President kept on having children—they in turn had other children, and there were a great many grandchildren.

"Mrs. Grant suggested to the President the propriety of drowning some of his children.

"But the President said,—'No, other Presidents have had children—Mr. Adams and Mr. Van Buren, and while perhaps it would have been better if Mr. Van Buren had drowned his children, still, on the whole, I think I'll let ours live.'

"So they kept on living and increasing. By-and-by they made a column—these children and grandchildren did—then two columns, then a whole page. They took up so much room that Mr. Dana gave up, first his editorials—then his local news—then his foreign matter. Then for days and weeks the paper appeared

with nothing in it, but those faithful lists of the President's relations."

"What then?" I asked deeply interested.

"Well everything went on well, till one day Mr. Dana got a telegram from St. Louis: '*Two more grandchildren for President Grant.*' What could he do? The paper was full. In a quandary the unhappy man rushed over to the *Tribune* office to see old Mr. Ripley, to see if there wasn't room for them in the encyclopedia. Ripley said 'he was sorry, but there was no place for them.' Then in a fit of remorse, Mr. Dana threw his scull-cap at Mr. Cummings, pulled a wide-brimmed sombrero over his eyes, and started for the East River bridge——"

"And jumped off?"

"Nobody ever knew. His clothes were found the next morning floating on the tide past Fort Hamilton."

Filled with sorrow, for I loved Mr. Dana, I bade adieu to what was once Long Branch, mounted the car, and flew

#### THROUGH THE AIR TO SARATOGA.

The first thing that met me as I alighted was this mammoth hotel—the United States. Three gray-haired men tottered up to bid me welcome. They were the venerable James H. Breslin, Hiram Tompkins, and James M. Marvin. The silver-haired R. H. Southgate, I found, was also one of the proprietors. The parlors were gayly lighted, and the belles and beaux were just going into the *sit* room.

"The what room?" I asked when they told me.

"The *sit* room. Why, don't you know about it?" they all asked.

We don't dance the round dances any more you know in America—it's too tiresome, then it's considered vulgar now. The mammas accompany the daughters into the "sit" room, when the gentlemen sit down by them, hold their hands, and put their arms around their waists, and hold them to their bosoms, just as they used to in the round dances, only they don't go dancing around the room. There they sit and talk for hours.



THE "SIT" ROOM.

"O, it's so much nicer! no getting heated and catching cold—all is quiet and genteel. This is the result of thirty years of civilization. The trouble of dancing all around the room was more than the fun was worth."

I now looked to see

#### HOW THE YOUNG LADIES WERE DRESSED.

Such a change! The high heels are gone. There are no more round shoulders, but the Goddess of Fashion has not been idle. Her ways are almost as ridiculous as they were in 1871, when they used to stuff out with newspapers, and dangle their hands and their right-angled wrists in front. Now, they have the front soles of their shoes made an inch thick, while the heels are taken off, and every young lady stands bent as far over back, as she used to stand bent forward, thirty years ago. Their dresses are stuffed out on each side with newspapers, just as they used to stuff them out on the back. Sometimes the eyes are painted black underneath, as they used to be.

They said the *crêtonne* suits were worn for two years, then the ladies got to wearing dresses made of peacock's feathers.

I noticed the waists of the dresses to-day at the United States were very high—the same as you see in the pictures of

Mrs. Madison. Gloves have twenty-four buttons, and extend to the shoulder. The dresses are cut low-neck—very low; but the neck and shoulders are covered with white kid to match the gloves. These necks fit so nicely that you think you are looking at the naked shoulders. Shady young ladies now wear stuffed arms and necks, and defy detection. The old fashion of powdering the face to take away the gloss and glow of health, has been discontinued.

Gentlemen wear trowsers very large at the knee, and tight at the bottom. The coats are cut low in the neck with short sleeves, something like the ladies' dresses in 1872. Gentlemen also wear single eye-glasses, waxed mustaches and imperials, and earrings, a fashion which used to be observed thirty years ago by the ladies. Gentlemen's hats are generally the mode, *chapeau de brigand*, turned up at the sides, with rooster's feathers.



GENTLEMEN IN 1901.

After breakfast I strolled out to see the great city of Saratoga. I found the aristocratic Clarendon precisely as I had left it thirty

years ago. They wanted to build another hotel opposite, but they found it would interfere with the hand-organ, and the project fell to the ground. Many of the Clarendonites were so attached to the hand-organ that they remained all winter to hear it play.

The Grand Union, I found, was burnt to the ground in 1894. They had been without gas in Saratoga for three nights. Then came the great eclipse of the sun in 1894. Everybody was anxious to see it, but the gas was out. In a rash moment Wm. Leland, to gratify a guest, touched a light to one of the wings, expecting to make a small temporary light to see the eclipse by, and then he proposed to put it out. William became interested in the eclipse, the flames spread apace, and soon the whole structure was wrapped in flames. Judge Barnard, Judge Hilton, and A. T. Stewart perished in the flames. Mr. Stewart left his Thirty-fourth street house to New York as an art gallery. Warren Leland escaped, moved up to John Brown's tract, cleared off the North Woods, and now has a mammoth farm where Murray used to conspire with the musquitos to bring suffering upon his fellow-men. He is a public benefactor.

At Congress Hall, which now extends twelve blocks back over the Indian encampment, I found many familiar faces. The next charming *belles* were those little babies which I left a good many years ago. Miss Flora Davis, Miss Gracie Buckley, Miss Julia Watson Southgate, a golden-haired blonde, and Miss Madge Heywood Breslin, a liquid-eyed brunette. They near the centre of an admiring group.

#### INTEMPERANCE.

After traveling for thirty years among the temperance societies of Scotland, seeing a few muddled red-nosed Lords in England and France, and spending some time in Germany where it is impossible for people to drink enough of her flimsy beer and sour wine to get drunk on, it was really refreshing for me to drop down on the shores of our dear native land, and see our

noble patriotic citizens having a good square old American drunk? They had built a new *Kursaal* for gambling and drinking in the rear of Congress Hall. There at twelve o'clock at night every boy went to look upon the bright and shining example of American intemperance. When I saw the great blue eyes of the new generation of Americans rolling foolishly—and listened to their meaningless but loving twaddle, I felt the impulse of a spell. What was it? It was the power of association. It carried me back to New York in her younger days—carried me back to the theatre bar-room at the Grand Opera House,—carried me back to the Gilsey House and the knights of the round table, at 11 p. m. Tears came to my eyes, as after my thirty years absence, I caught a whiff of their whiskey breath—for it reminded me of the old free-lunch atmosphere of Ford's and Jerry Thomas'. It reminded me of the lobby rooms in the capitol at Washington, reminded me of the air about City Hall in the palmy days of the "ring," and of the tail end of a Fifth Avenue wedding reception in 1872. It was a revival of the pure and lovely associations of my youth, to see a man honestly drunk all over—drunk in his eyes—legs, in the scowl of his eyebrows, and the small of his back. But alas! it was a sight that wounded my personal pride. I thought that the science of sweet and beautiful intemperance had been carried to perfection in the days of my youth. It was a sad thought, that in this great work of civilization the proud 1872 of my youth was indeed behind the 1901 of my old age.

With tears in my eyes I turned away from the sad spectacle—the eclipse of the early career of American intemperance! In 1901 I found everybody drank—drank steady, and drank like the Bostonians, between drinks, too. Why Gilsey House openings, Old Brewery sprees, or the struggles of the regular army officers with raw Commissary on the frontier were nothing in the consumption of poor whiskey at the Saratoga *Kursaal* or at the Red Lion above the park. The old drinking of my boy-

hood was only sampling. If the comparison shall be once made officially, the intemperance prestige of our youth will be destroyed, and with all our glorification, the Republic of Washington, in the glorious march of intemperance, will have to stand in the shadow of the hereditary aristocracy of 1901.



## NEW YORK IN 1901.

### FASHION'S CHANGES.

After my thirty years' absence, I found wonderful changes in the city. There were social changes as well as geographical. People hardly speak the same language. English cant phrases had so crept into the language, that you could no more read the books of 1871, than you could read the books of Chawser.

A party of Englishmen, headed by a son of Charles Dickens, had built a London Hotel—the "Red Lion"—away up above the park. This was the resort of all the young English "swells" in town. The "Red Lion" was very Englishy. They didn't speak American there at all.

Everybody wore number 16 English shoes, and one guinea Fleet-street trowsers. The coats were generally of Pool's make. Old Pool was dead, but his son Fitz Piercy Pool had a tailor-shop in the hotel. When you see a coat that looks as if it was made for the wearer's grandfather, you can put it down as a masterpiece of old Pool, tailor to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. In Europe, Horace Greeley, before his defeat by General Grant killed him, would always have been taken as a patron of Pool's. These Fitz-Pool coats were magnanimously made, being in the English mode—about four sizes too large. They were made with high collars and long tails. They overcame the wearers to a great degree.

The "Red Lion" reminded one of the "Green Lion" in London, where Shakespeare and Dr. Johnson used to get drunk. Alas! I saw many Englishmen trying to follow in the footsteps of the lamented Shak. when I was in London.

Many succeeded.

The rooms of the "Red Lion" were small, but then, as I before remarked, they were Englishy. One of the guests, a young Englishman, born in New York, told me he was bound to do the straight English thing if he had to sleep in a 7x9 room, and breakfast on a rasher of bacon and one roll. I told him this *would be* the straight English *mode*, but that I preferred my regular meals even though I had to submit to the indignity of being called an American. Then I thought of Bunker Hill Monument—my blood warmed a little, and I said, right among the Red Lion foreigners—I said, "Gentlemen, I beg your pardon, but I am proud of my nationality, and the time is far distant when I shall desire to leave the proud Commonwealth of Connecticut to become an Englishman." This sentence I had read in one of honest old Ben Butler's speeches on the Fishery question. It sounded pretty, and so I used it. The young man addressed said I was a blarsted Yankee from the Fifth avenue. His name was Ezra Green, Jr. He was a high-toned New York Englishman, and he turned and cast upon me an "imperial look."

"I disdain a Yankee," he said in scorn.

I thought this was queer when I remembered that his father and mother once lived on Second-avenue—over there where the Fifth-avenue fellows used to go to flirt with the girls on Sunday afternoons.

Alas! Ezra's father was once a tailor on Avenue II. Time passed, and this respectable tailor grew to be a

## MERCHANT

TAILOR.

More time went on. Providence prospered Ezra, and his coats fitted well. He spent much of his feeble income in improved signs. One day they saw a flashy painter paint these letters over his door:

EZRA GREEN,  
MERCHANT Tailor and IMPORTER

More time skipped along, the tailor moved up town, and they saw *Ezra* raise the imperial arms of England and France on each end of his sign. Then it read, in bright gilt letters—



Alas! the poor "tailor" became smaller and smaller, until it faded entirely away—and still *Ezra* made clothes.

One day a retired Broadway merchant saw the imposing sign, and stepping in, innocently asked *Ezra* the price of "exchange on London."

"The price of the which?" inquired *Ezra*, sticking his shears behind his ears.

"O! I am mistaken. You do not do bank business?"

*Ezra* said he made clothes for a good many bankers, but the Broadway merchant slid away as if ashamed of his mistake.

Fortune smiled upon *Ezra*, affluence gilded his destiny, and his clothes wore well. He rode in a liveried landaulet, traveled in foreign climes, revelled with the nobility in palaces without expending a cent outside for patching his pants. His career was happy and glorious abroad, and his breeches never ripped at home. When they wanted him to return to his native land he said—this tailor said:

"Away, base hirelings—dost know a Prophet is without honor in his own country?"

But, alas! *Ezra* was wrong. Profit is always honored in New York. I said, "Look at Mr. Claflin and Mr. Stewart; they used to buy and sell cloth, and still they once had front seats at the Grand Duke's ball."

## GOING TO PARTIES IN 1901

Great changes had taken place in going to parties since 1872.

The old idea of dressing and going to parties, got to be a bore. The idea of going to five parties a week, from December to Lent, was hearing to constitutions, and a source of great trouble and expense. So I found they had hit upon the idea of going to a party in imagination.

I found the new idea was for the young ladies to remain at home, and go through the ceremony of going to a party, without being compelled to submit to its most "borish" features. It only took two young ladies to carry out the idea, with the aid of a little cigar smoke from "Cousin Tom."

This is the way the young ladies did it:—They spent the usual two days previous to the imagined party with a dressmaker—that is, were squeezed and laced, and lived up stairs during that time in figured morning wrappers, seeing no one but mother, the chambermaid, and bel-boy.

On the afternoon of the party (in imagination), the hair-dresser came with hot irons, pulled the hair-pins out of her front-hair, and dressed hair generally. She pulled it, singed it, burned forehead, and made her feel dry and uncomfortable. Then came the powdering and dressing, which commenced at six and ended at nine.

Young lady now flops into a chair, tears two pairs of gloves, frets, scolds her sister, and has hysterics because Charley don't come. Alas! Charley is only a clerk, on \$1,500 a year, and how can he afford a carriage? So Charley is taken sick—in imagination; but, in reality, Charley has smuggled himself off *alone* to another party.

Now the young ladies, having finished their toilets, come down stairs. They stand in the hall a moment, while Charley opens the door to look for the carriage. Then they promenaded through the parlors.

Now they go into the back hall, and black-boy dips out ice-cold lemonade. Then they stand around in corners, step on each other's dresses, spoil \$2.50 gloves on fifty-cent bouquets, tread on each other's toes, tear off a flounce or two, tread on each other's toes some more, and then (in imagination) go down to supper. Being a little late, they only find a place to stand in one corner of the hall. Then young ladies close eyes, and imagine this scene.

Charley hands stewed oysters over people's heads. Old Thompson drops boned-turkey on her back, and clumsy literary man spills ice-cream down low-neck dress.

Ough! (Wakes up.)

Closes eyes again, and imagines.

Takes salad in one hand, glass of champagne in the other, and *holds up dress with elbows!*



AT SUPPER.

Dress falls, and nice oily salad slumps down on gaslight green silk! Stands on one foot a little while, then on the other, then leans on Charley. (Awful tired.)

Drinks part of a glass of champagne, and Charley pours the rest on dress in the corner. Poke each other in the ribs, tread on each other's toes some more, and then squeeze through oyster and ice-cream plates towards stairway. Champagne cork flies and breaks eye-glass.

Crack! Fizz!!

Wakes up, and goes up-stairs.

Sister squeezes her hands till they are red, then holds brother Charley's greasy crushed hat against back of lavender silk. Tears her dress some more, and jams against sister. Now embrace with arms around waist (*à la* round dances), and stand over hot register till in a glow of perspiration, then go and sit on the stairs in a draft. Wind feels good on bare neck. Sister sits on dress on stair in front, and makes silly speeches about Fred Hart's divine dancing. Dishes up Lizzie Smith a little. Then sister squeezes hand on the sly.

Now goes up-stairs. Gets brother John to puff tobacco-smoke in hall, like Sexton Brown's boys.

Brother John says :

"My dear, th' cov'nor's champ's very good—hic! ain't it?"

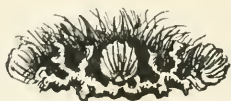
Goes and stands on balcony in cold, waiting for carriage (in imagination). Comes back, goes up-stairs. Tired and fagged out. Head aches, cold bed, hungry, bad dreams.

Next morning, eyes red, hair burnt, dress ruined, gloves soiled, heel off kid-boot.

Oh dear!

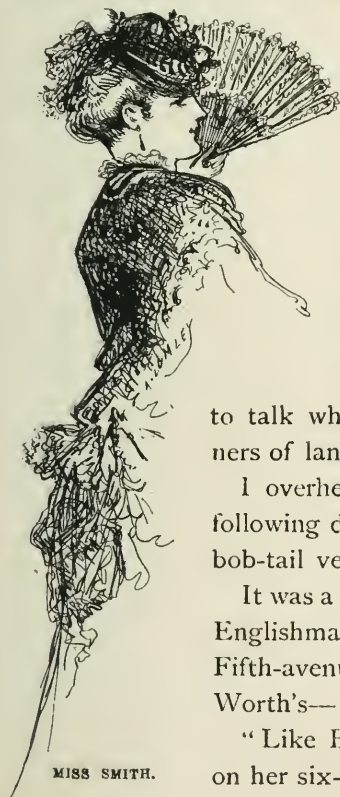
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Now what an improvement on the old way of going to a party in 1872. Just as well to have all your fun in imagination at home, and save carriage hire. Isn't it?"



## CANT WORDS IN 1901.

Cant words, I remember, used to be the *mode* at Saratoga years ago. Swell, nobby, spooney, jolly, loud, bore, and a half-dozen other flash words, "indicated," as Dr. Holmes said, "the intellectual bankruptcy of many very genteel idiots," who didn't live at our hotel. They talked in those days all day and never got out of the same time-worn vocabulary. These words were like X, Y, and Z in algebra. They represented unknown quantities or qualities which "swell" people could not command language to describe precisely.



Now when I used to talk to Dann Piatt and Mark Twain—(poor fellows, they died a good many years ago!)—when I used to talk to those kind of fellows who really understand the king's English (over the left), I was only too glad to rest upon these cant words and phrases. I confess I rather liked them. It was so easy

to talk when you could thus cut off the corners of language.

I overheard, one day thirty years ago, the following dialogue between the masters of this bob-tail vernacular :

It was a "clever" dialogue between a young Englishman, born in New York, and a young Fifth-avenue belle, arrayed in a dress from Worth's—

"Like Brown?" asked Miss Smith, pulling on her six-button glove.

"Yes, rother, but yed kneuw he's too 'swell' for me, yeu kneuw," replied Mr. Jones, buttoning up his Pool coat.

"Now," said my uncle Consider Perkins, who lived in those days, and who listened with swelling indignation to Mr. Jones' reply, "if you refer to my friend Mr. Brown, of Grace Church, I beg to say that you are wrong. He's not swelled at all. It is all the result of a good 'square,' healthy diet and gentle Sunday exercise. No, sir! Mr. Jones, there is no swell there—not a bit of it!"

"Pshaw! Mr. Perkins, we don't mean your poky 'Mr. Brown at all. We mean 'natty' Fred Brown, of Fifth-avenue."

"Oh!" and my uncle went on reading "Hervey's Meditations."

"Fred drives a 'nobby rig,'" continued Miss Smith.

"Yes, awful; but 'deuced 'loud.'"

"'Jolly' with the fellows, and awful 'spooney' on the girls, eh?"

"'You bet!' 'regular brick!' but he 'sours' on them quick. Don't mean business, Fred don't; he's 'spooney,' then 'chills all at once!'"

"Like the sermon yesterday?"

"Pshaw! too slow! 'Rum,' eh, to hear old Swope pitch into the Jews? Did you notice Fanny Green laughing when he read about David 'going for' Goliah? Ha! ha! too funny. How did you like the singing? Just 'too lovely,' wasn't it?"

"Oh, 'so-so.' Fact is, I've 'chilled' on last year's operas. They're a 'bore.' I'm afraid our 'singing business' is going to 'bust up.'"

"Oh, awful! that would be perfectly dreadful! shocking!! perfectly atrocious!!!" &c., &c.

#### NEW AMERICAN DICTIONARY.

I found, on examination, that these terms were almost all foreign importations; they came straight from London. They were simply the literary coinage which passes among the London

chaps, in the clubs and in the ante-room after the Lord Mayor's dinner.

It wounds my national pride to think that we had to depend entirely on England for these "cant" phrases. It was a sad thing that in bob-tail grammar, that great mark of civilization, we should be, indeed, behind London. With tears in my eyes, I turned away from the sad spectacle—a nation's humiliation. I resolved that we should be no longer eclipsed—that we should "bang" the tail of language as well as they.

So in 1901 I invented a new dictionary, or appropriated one which was being used by a young lady friend.

Startling invention!

And so simple! In five minutes' practice you can express precisely, by the terms of this new discovery, every sentiment or emotion of the human heart. Linley Murray, who caused so much unhappiness to our forefathers, is at last superseded—eclipsed—"thrown into the shade."

Thoughts are now expressed in percentages. One hundred is the superlative or the par basis of every emotion, quality, quantity, or sentiment. The rate below one hundred gives the precise positive and comparative value of the object rated.

See how in our conversations we now eclipse the old "swells" of the Brevoort House and the cockney chaps of Rotten Row!

"How did you like Longfellow before he died, Miss Smith?"

"100."

"Tennyson?"

"75."

Now, hate or disgust, which are negative emotions, or rather passions, are expressed by the negative sign (—) before the percentage, while positive passion of love, as Lord Kame calls it, or adoration, is expressed by the plus sign (+) after the percentage.

"How did you like poor dead Walt Whitman?"

"—5." (She hates him.)

"Is Mr. Brown good-looking?"

"60."

"Dress well?"

"80."

"How do you like him?"

"95." (Strong friendship.)

"How is the weather?"

"100." (Beautiful.) (25, shabby; 10, atrocious.)

"What theatre do you like best?"

"Wallack's 95; Booth's 90; Niblo's 50; Bowery, 20."

"Is Smith clever?"

"—10." (He's a fearful "bore.")

"Do you love me, darling?"

"75." (Cool friendship.)

"How do you like Mr. Thompson, the banker?"

"105+." (Heavens! She's in love with him.)

"Like to dance the round dances?"

"120+." (Adores them!)

"Fond of the square dances?"

"—25." (Despises them.)

"Will you *be sure* to give me first 'round' at the next Inauguration Ball?"

"100."

"How was Mr. Tweed for honesty?"

"—75." (How much nicer than to say he stole!)

"Was Mr. Greeley honest before he died?"

"100 generally, 95 with Mr. Seward, 75 with Conkling, 60 with Grant, 5 with Murphy, and about 50 on Protection."

"Do you think Mr. Dana used to love General Grant before they died?"

"—374½."

"How much did Grant use to care?"

"0,000,000,000."

I wrote this new dictionary out first for the *Galaxy*, thirty years ago, and gracious you ought to have heard the critics "go for it." They said I'd been "stealing John Phoenix's thunder."

As if words, phrases, or figures could be appropriated by any one man. If I say "it is very hot" shall some one accuse me of flaguesism because Dickens said the same thing in *Oliver Twist*?

If John Phœnix says it is a 60 hot day, can't I say Tweed is 75 honest?

If you describe a drunken scene, you will undoubtedly get in some of the situations in *Toodles*, and because I use numerals for adjectives, I get into the ground of John Phœnix! Has John Phœnix got a patent on numerals? I say now that I wrote this article before I ever saw John Phœnix's article—that with me it was original, and that on looking at John Phœnix article, I don't see similarity enough between the two to necessitate the destruction of either.



# RITUALISM IN 1901.



## CANDLES VERSUS THE SUN.

The greatest changes I found had taken place in religion. The Ritualists carried everything before them. Our good old Bishop Potter finally became a Catholic before he died. He became a strong believer in Candles, Kerosene, and Manhattan Gas, and he recommended all the churches to blind their windows and burn tallow candles to the glory of the Lord. Then the Pope dressed him up in a scarlet chasuble, made him a Cardinal, and then he died. They wouldn't let Mr. Beecher nor Mr. Claflin come to his funeral because they stuck to the old-fashioned faith till they died. Cardinal Potter called them heretics. I myself forgot the teachings of good old Bishop Delancey who confirmed me; and joined first the Ritualists, and now with Father Ewer, Father Brown, and Father Noyes. I am a strong Catholic.

My dear mother in the country, held out against Ritualism for many years, but I finally converted her to the true faith. I wrote her many letters which were read in the home church. It was a long time before she took to kerosene and candles. She



RUTH PERKINS.

frequently said: "O Eli, I cannot forget the teachings of the good old orthodox Episcopal Church, of Bishop Delancey and the early Fathers, and go off with Cardinal Potter and your new-fangled religion of candles and Manhattan gas."

Once in 1880, after I had written my dear mother a long letter, begging

her come over to candles and ritualistic night-gowns, she sent me the following reply :

LOG CITY, Madison County, N. Y., March 2, 1880.

*My dear Son Eli* :—Your St. Alban's High Church letter was read with a great deal of interest here in our home church, but it made us all feel very bad. We are sorry that you have gone to the wicked city, where you so soon forget the simple teaching of the old Church of your childhood, and go headlong into these false, new-fangled notions about Ritualism. You ask us to board up the windows of the old church, bar out the sunlight, and burn flickering tallow candles. You ask us to tear out the old galleries of the church, to dismiss the girls from the choir, and dress the farm boys up in night-gowns, as you do in the city. You ask us to do away with good old Dr. Watts and sing opera songs selected by the organist of St. Alban's and arranged for the boy singers by the middle fiddler of a German band. You ask me to tear up our charts and maps, and decorate the church with blue and gold "hallelujahs" and gilded crosses. O my son, we cannot do it ! We prefer to go on in the good old way. If God will not save us because we do not burn candles—if He will not forgive our sins because we look straight up to Heaven, and confess them *directly* to Him, then I fear we must perish. My dear boy, does not the Bible say : 'I said I would confess my sins unto the Lord, and so THOU forgavest the wickedness of my sin ?' Then do not, I pray you, my son, depend upon any forgiveness of sin which men may grant. Eli, if you are bad, do not expect any man to forgive you, but go right straight to your Maker, the way your mother taught you in your childhood. Suppose you confess your sins to a priest ?

"Who will the Priest confess to ?"

"Why, to the Bishop."

"Who will the Bishop confess to ?"

"To the Archbishop."

"Who will the Archbishop confess to?"

"To the Cardinal."

"Who will the Cardinal confess to?"

"To the Pope."

"Who will the Pope confess to?"

"To the —, no, to God!"

"Now, Eli, the Pope is very wise to confess his sins straight up to God, and you should do the same."

I hear they have a very high altar and a good deal of ritual nonsense in one of your churches away up-town—I think it is the Church of "St. Mary the Virgin," on West Forty-fifth street. Won't you go up there and see just what they are doing, and tell those two young fellows who call themselves Father Brown and Father Noyes, if they want to be Catholics, to go and be Catholics, but not to pretend to be Protestants and then steal the ritual of the Catholic Church?

Write me again, and our good Elder Cleveland says he will read your letter at our Thursday's prayer-meeting.

Your affectionate mother,

RUTH PERKINS.

This was my reply:—

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, March 4.

*My dear Mother*:—Your letter has caused me much anxiety. After sleeping with it under my pillow, I went up yesterday, as you requested, to the Church of "St. Mary the Virgin," on West Forty-fifth street, near Seventh avenue. Since my conversion to the High Church Ritualistic faith, my dear mother, I have usually attended Dr. Ewer's church. I love Dr. Ewer.

I see new beauties in Ritualism every day. The blazing candles, the darkened windows, the pomp and procession of boys in night-gowns, and the awe which I feel for Fathers Ewer, Brown, and Noyes, when they turn their backs on the audience and drink wine to the glory of the Lord, is beyond description.

I've thrown away the old Prayer Book which Bishop Delancey

gave me, and now I have a beautifully-illuminated blue-and-gold one, with all the places marked—when to get up and down. Most everything has been changed since you taught me the old-fashioned ritual for confirmation, but, dear mother, it is so much nicer now. Don't you remember where it used to read, "O, Lord, have mercy on us, miserable sinners, and help us to keep this commandment?"

Well, we don't have that any more in our High Churches. The old-fashioned people down at Grace Church say that now, but we don't think it is nice to stand up before everybody in the church and confess that we are "miserable sinners." So we have done away with that, and we have instituted a *private* confessional, where we all go on the sly and confess our sins to Fathers Brown, and Noyes, and Ewer. We hire boys in night-gowns to stand up publicly in the church and sing about being "miserable sinners." But, then, no one can hear what they do sing, so they don't care. When we confess, we go in and kneel down and talk to the Fathers through a hole, while he sits and smokes a meerschaum; and then, with a word or two, he forgives us, and we go home feeling pure and happy again. I know the wicked Publican confessed his sins straight to God when he stood in the market place and pounded his breast; and Christ said he did right,—but, dear mother, things have changed since then. How do you think we Fifth-avenue people would look confessing our sins in public? No, we rather go round and confess them to Dr. Ewer on the sly.

#### CHURCH OF THE IMITATION CANDLES.

But you ask me to write about the services at the "Church of St. Mary the Virgin."

Well, I went up there yesterday. It is a High Church—higher than St. Alban's. It is where our dear Bishop Potter trains his candidates for the Catholic Church. Here they practice the High Church business a little while under the instruc-

tions of the Bishop, then they jump over into the Catholic pasture as Father Bradley did.

The Low Church people say a good deal about our thirty-six burning candles here. They don't know that they are *not* candles at all, but only china imitations, with streams of weak Manhattan gas spurting out of the top. We fool them entirely. Why, every time those Low Church people attack our candle business, every time they attack that point, they only attack the Metropolitan Gas Company, and they are not weak enough to stand it. If we had good gas here, as they do have in Cincinnati and Chicago, we gas-light Christians could stand any amount of Low Church opposition. Sometimes I think if the Lord knew we were burning thirty-six streams of foul-smelling gas to His glory, instead of real candles, that He would be displeased. And sometimes I think instead of burning so much gas where it does no good, except to make a big show, that if we should give the money to poor widows who spoil their eyes trying to sew by feeble lights on side streets, that it would be better; but such wicked thoughts, Dr. Ewer says, are the workings of Satan upon my mind.

One wicked man-of-the-world, Rufus Hatch I think, who gave \$25,000 to a Low Church, told Dr. Ewer that the candles were silly humbugs, and that the china imitations were d—d frauds on a humbug—frauds on the people, and contemptible attempts to deceive the Lord. Since that time this wicked man has been detected giving money to some suffering orphan children who didn't belong to any church at all!! But you poor country Christians can never go into the High Church business, because you have no gas works. The new religion of imitation candles is reserved exclu-



POOR LITTLE GIRL.

sively for us in the city, my dear mother.

But to our new High Church service.

I got there early, and took my seat directly in front of the new \$10,000 marble altar which Mr. Murray, a shrewd downtown High Churchman, has just contributed to "St. Mary's." The six pews in front of me were occupied by the nuns. Yes, dear mother, we have nuns now in our church. They dress in long black dresses, just like the nuns of the Catholic Church. Bishop Potter's idea is to get the people used to all these Catholic forms and institutions, and then it will be only a step for our Jesuit Priests like Father Brown and Noyes to lead them over to Rome. On the pews in front was this notice :

.....  
THIS PEW  
IS RESERVED  
for  
THE SISTERS OF ST. MARY.  
.....

The altar was gorgeously arranged. It is, I suppose, twenty-five feet high, and made of solid marble. On it are forty imitation candles, and during the last end of the service they are all blazing with Manhattan gas. If the gas were better, we could make a better show still, but the gas companies here are all made up of Low Churchmen, who do not have the fear of the Lord before their eyes. Dr. Ewer says that he will be darned if he will forgive the wicked New York gas companies.

When the service commenced I opened my prayer book, the one Bishop Delancey gave me, but I could not keep the place. When we used to stand up, they all sat down, and when we used to respond, the boys in night-gowns looted up a chaunt in high tenor. Alas! my dear mother, my early training is of no account, and now I must learn it all over again. How can I ever be saved and not be able to get up and down with the boys in night-gowns? In the anguish of my soul I cry, "Would that I never had been born, for what does it profit a man to gain the whole world and not be able to dance to the candleistic ritual?"

The regular service commenced by loud singing away in the rear of the big \$10,000 altar. It sounded like the distant chorus in the Black Crook. Pretty soon the doors burst open, and a boy disguised as a girl in a black skirt and white night-gown, entered carrying a pewter plate. He bowed to altar, put plate on table, bowed to altar again and slid out side door.

Now twenty boys and seven men came in with great pomp all dressed in red, and white, and blue dresses, with night-gowns over them, and bearing a large cross.

Boy lighted more candles with a long pole, then bowed to \$10,000 altar, and slid to rear. Boy with big Son of Malta collar, carried Father Brown's dress train, as Father Brown stood with back to audience and addressed \$10,000 altar. Man disguised in women's clothes and wearing big red masonic sash, now saluted \$10,000 altar, kissed sash, and preached sermon. He abused the poor Jews, but didn't say a word about the wicked French Internationals who killed forty poor priests and a bishop.

Boys now brought wine and napkin to Father Brown. Father Brown made sign of cross to \$10,000 altar, drank wine, wiped lips, and saluted altar again. More candles lighted by boys. More wine drank. Drank wine. Imbibed wine and saluted altar. Guzzled wine to glory of altar. Two men in night-gowns advanced and drank wine. Then bowed as in the lancers. Drank wine. All marched off stage. Sexton disguised in black alpàcca dress, put out lights. Audience left.

Now, mother, I write you just what I saw. I don't know the names of things, so I only call things just as they seem to me.

Then, dear mother, we all went home. We were much impressed by these services. The children don't get to sleep as they do in the country. Our brilliant fireworks are as good as fourth of July to amuse the children.

Now, all this show didn't cost much. The forty gas jets cost say \$2.50 for the day. If they had been candles they would have cost \$3. The washerwoman's bill for keeping the night

gowns and women's dresses clean was about \$1.55—so \$4 did the whole thing. Now, to hold an audience with smart men like Drs. Chapin and Beecher and Dr. Tyng costs, I suppose, \$250 per day. Think, dear mother, what a saving it is. These intellectual preachers do cost so much, and when you can draw the crowd just as well with the cheap fireworks, isn't it better? Any darned fool of a minister can run the gas works just as well as Dr. Bellows or such gifted divines as Dr. Morgan or Dr. Montgomery.

Now, my dear mother, let me beg you again to dismiss our old preacher up in the country. Go into the candle business. Dress up the eighteen district school boys in girls' clothes and night-gowns. Have *opera bouffe*, and you will crowd the church every Sunday and knock the Baptists and Methodists into a cocked hat. Dismiss Mr. Wood, the old leader of the choir, and sing, *not* "Jerusalem, my happy home," but "New York, my happy home," set to music by the middle fiddler of a German band.

Ewer and Brown and Noyes are right. Their heads are level.

What if John preached in the altarless wilderness, and Christ promulgated Christianity from the barren sides of the Mount of Olives? They were old-fashioned. We have the new religion which comes through \$10,000 marble altars, and the new forgiveness for sin which comes, not from God, but from Ewer and Brown and Noyes. What if St. Paul said, "Ye have built an altar to the unknown God," and Daniel in his sublime wrath overturned the brazen candlesticks of Babylon, and shouted: "So these be the Gods ye worship!"

I tell you, mother, pure religion does not come in the simple sunlight—in the open fields, but it comes in the beautiful glare of Manhattan gas-light, in the sickly fumes and lovely stench of oxydized rottenness. Religion is no longer simple and child-like, but it comes with an army of banners, and with twenty men and boys, disguised as women, dressed up in night-gowns, and

bespangled with the red sashes of heraldry. God is no longer the God of spirit, the invisible, but He exists in the mechanisms of men. They have made Him into wafers, into sour wine, and He lives in dingy pictures in the Greek Church, in mouldy images in the Romish, and in high altars, in scarlet night-gowns, and in Manhattan gas jets in the new Church of progressive Yankeedom. God is not the great invisible One, whom you imagine in the country. He is not the great all-seeing Spirit whom the blind man can worship in utter darkness and without candles. He is not the Spirit whom the deaf man can worship without the songs of the opera looted out by the middle fiddler in an orchestra of imported Dutchmen. He who made the sun—who said "Let there be light" and there was light, sighs for the flickering candle, and He who thunders from Mount Sinai and plays upon the tree tops with the whirlwinds, sighs for the penny whistles and pewter bugles, yea, looks with admiration upon the new religion of the Manhattan Gas Works.

Uncle Consider, who has just returned from Africa, sends love. He has been invited to accept the position of Chaplain to the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Your affectionate son,

ELI PERKINS.

This letter did a great deal of good. It converted my mother to the true faith. They dismissed the choir in the country, tore up the old hymn books of Dr. Watts, and did away with their cheap-without-money-and-without-price religion, and started out with the fireworks. The farm boys were disguised as girls, and looted high opera, and the girls who used to wear white muslin dresses, and whisper in Mr. Wood's choir, became serious, sensible nuns. The windows of the church were darkened, and now not a single ray of God's sunlight can get in to disturb the gorgeous flicker of the candle. They darken the church windows to God's sunlight, just as they darken the windows of the soul with the thick veil of dogma and superstition.

## SARATOGA AGAIN IN 1901.

AUGUST 27th, 1901.

This afternoon I walked around Saratoga again with the same old statician who used to furnish me figures thirty years ago. We found the park filled with cozy *double* seats, and the young people from the different hotels were enjoying themselves very nicely under the shady trees.

The band played in the park, and it was such a relief, it seemed to me, from the dry, crowded hotel balconies of thirty years ago. The villagers started this custom of the band playing in the park, and soon they drew all the guests from the hotels, who liked it so much better in the park that they all left the hotels, and no one was left to listen to the balcony music.

The *one* seat that used to command all the approaches on the hill is still there. My venerable statician says 5,968 people eventually exchanged hearts on that bench, but that now the heart business is going on all over the park. He says the double benches have facilitated the engagement business a good deal—that twenty times as many engagements are now consummated in Saratoga as there used to be—and all just on account of these benches.

"Why," said the old man, "it was a hard thing to pen a young lady up in the corner of a hotel balcony long enough to get her 'on a string ;' and just as sure as you were on the point of proposing, some old fool of an uncle would come along and say :

" 'O Fannie ! are you using my newspaper ? I want to see the market reports.'

"Confound it !" exclaimed the old statician, "the old fool didn't know we were using it, and that when he took it away he unmasked a battery and left poor Fannie's beautiful hands exposed to the vulgar gaze of the remorseless balcony tramps."

The fact is, when they got those double seats in the park,

engagements became so frequent that mothers brought their daughters long distances just to avail themselves of our superior opportunities. Saratoga became a grand matrimonial mart, and, as Mr. Saxe wrote in 1881 :

"Those who came before to dance and drink the waters,  
Now come again to marry off their daughters."

#### CONGRESS SPRING DRIES UP.

" But how came it ?" I asked of my venerable "statician."

" You see," said the old man, " everybody in Saratoga got to boring for private springs. The new Indian Spring set them crazy. They all wanted private Geysers for fountains in their gardens. During the year 1880, no less than seventeen springs were bored in Saratoga door-yards.

Of course there was an end to the water, and by-and-by, I think in 1884, the old springs began to dry up. First, the Columbian, then Congress Spring, then the Hathorn. It affected Saratoga a good deal, and caused good old Mr. Hathorn's death. People kept away for a little while, but they soon found that the water from the deep springs was fully as bad as the old water, and so they got to drinking it again.

#### GROWTH OF SARATOGA.

Saratoga now extends all along Lake Avenue to Saratoga Lake. There are four beautiful rows of elms all the way, and it is one of the most delightful drives in the world—so much better than when I saw it in 1871 ! There is also the same kind of a Boulevard extending over to Ballston, past the Geyser, where they have a mammoth hotel. Moon died in 1892. His potato trade got to be immense. Moon was ambitious, and one day he heard Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Stewart talking about the "eclipse of the Moon." He made no inquiries as to facts, but took to heart. He died happy, and his last words to Mrs. Moon were, "Never let the Frank Wadel bottle get empty while Sam Duncan lives."

Mr. John R. Cecil, a most genial wit, who died many years ago, used to tell the venerable Charles Wall that "Moon took too many 'quarters' and 'halves,' and then got to be a 'full Moon' too often. He was able, alas! to make a good many changes, but he finally died broken hearted because he could have no 'new Moons.'"



Meyers continued to shoot "kilmaroos" in August, and partridges in September for many years. When Commodore Vanderbilt died he bequeathed him \$500,000 with which to build a monument to the woodcock and black bass, which had been eaten there by himself, Mr. Boody and Mr. Marvin. The monument stands on the shores of the lake, a warning beacon to black bass to keep away from the shoals of Cedar Bluff.

Meyers many years afterwards was buried under the same monument

#### LONGFELLOW AND UNCLE JOHN HARPER.

"Do you remember the great Longfellow race in 1871?" I asked of my silver-haired statician.

"Perfectly," he replied. "You know it came near breaking Uncle John's heart! Well, he went back to Kentucky with his three-year-old pet—took good care of him, worked him every day, and in 1872 the old man brought him up to the Branch. Old General Buford brought up Enquirer; Babcock entered Helmbold; and Belmont entered Kingfisher. The race was four miles—and such a race! Old John had not smiled for twelve months—ever since Longfellow was beaten. He had not cut his hair or shaved. The burden of his mind and soul was to win the race.

"The race came. Millions of people gathered to see it. I got close to old John. They started—the horses. Jupiter Tonans! what a race!"

"Who beat?" I asked, unable to conceal my excitement.

"Well, old John had it this time. A year had put bottom into 'Old Long,' and he came out just three lengths ahead of Kingfisher, Enquirer, and Helmbold, who were almost neck and neck."

"And old John?"

"Lord, the old man threw up his cane and broke into a laugh—his hoarse voice sounded all over the track. He embraced his horse and laughed again. He laughed all day—the next day—for a week. Nobody could stop him. It was a horse laugh. It gave everybody the nightmare to be with him. Finally, after the physicians gave him up, old John died—died laughing."



UNCLE JOHN.

#### THE BOYS.

"What became of the boys who with jokes and fun used to make everybody happy at Congress Hall?" I enquired of my old statician.

With tears in his eyes he continued: "You know, Greeley eventually became President, but he was impeached for using the regular army to drive people west. Senator Robertson and Mr. Sumner made a speech for Greeley, but both soon after died. Mrs. Traverse was converted, became an enthusiastic religionist, built a memorial church, and then went to that bourn from which no traveller returns. The Chesterfieldian Fernando Wood lived many years. He said when the forty thieves got reduced to four, his mission on earth was ended, and he was willing to die. Sam Tilden and John B. Harkins were

with him on his death bed, and they only survived him a few months. Hugh Hastings died in 1895. After Mr. Weed's death he became very sad and dejected. He even refused his regular meals. He finally died of a broken heart, and was buried by the side of Thurlow Weed.

B. F. Beakman and Mr. Bissell, and thirty-six other Christian gentlemen, succeeded in purchasing the Club House for a free library and reading-room, and it now stands a monument to their many virtues. Mr. B. spent most of his time there, engaged in reading and reflection, during the last years of his life. He often said to his family clergyman :

" You may break, you may shatter the vase if you choose to,  
The scent of the rose will hang where it used to."





I leave Saratoga in a day, severing my connection with thousands of friends and *Commercial* readers. I cease writing with a feeling of regret. I commenced writing because I thought modern journalism had become entirely too serious an affair, and I wished to throw a little sunlight into the columns of the daily press, too dreary with an array of facts clothed in bony and funereal language.

I cannot leave this charming watering-place without thanking my personal friends for their moral and intellectual support—I cannot leave without thanking the press generally for its many kind mentions and quotations from my letters—without saying a *bon voyage* to the Richmond and Troy *Whigs*, to the New York *Sun*, to the Cincinnati *Commercial*, to the Albany *Evening Journal* and *Times*, and to Captain Ritchie of the *Daily Saratogian*. They have been friends, alas! whom I would always like to take home to supper with me!

I now go about other work, to write books and spin for the magazines, and may be for the daily press. I wish I could take everybody with me who has written me nice encouraging letters this summer—everybody who has shaken my hand, like those Christian gentlemen, Colonel Bridgeland, Colonel Heywood, Judge Mosely, Fernando Wood, Dr. Corey, Mr. Bissell, Mr. Wall, and Mr. Beekman! May we meet again. As they say in the East:

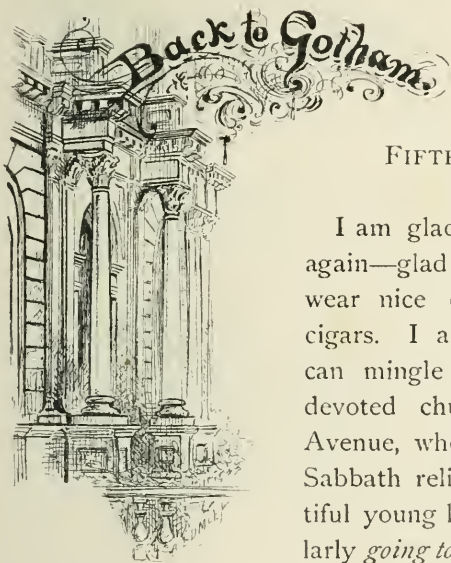
“May the Prophet take from my life and add to theirs.”

MELVILLE D. LANDON.

Congress Hall, September 4th, 1871.



## HOME AGAIN.



### FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,

September 10th.

I am glad to get back to the city again—glad to get back where they wear nice clothes and smoke good cigars. I am pleased to be where I can mingle in the festive crowd of devoted church-goers — on Fifth Avenue, where young men keep the Sabbath religiously, and where beautiful young ladies are to be seen regularly *going to and returning from* divine worship in India shawls, rich laces, and beautiful pungee.

In the Park I meet the same dashing tandems which used to "stun" everybody at the Springs, the same swell fellows, and the same beautiful ladies. The chronic old bachelors of the Clarendon still ride *alone*, and young wives with old husbands, who used to flirt with natty *beaux* on the balconies, now meet their young lovers on the Park—the Realto of the lovers and the loved.

Many young ladies and gentlemen who used to wander in the Saratoga grave-yard, or leave the festive round dances to study astronomy *and love* in retired balcony nooks, now pass, *arm in arm*, to church. She has a quiet, submissive look, and he, alas! is oblivious to the rest of the world.

Engaged!

The sentimental young lady who gazed with ad-



ASTRONOMY AND LOVE.



FIDO.

miration upon the stars, never noticing what the sentimental young fellow was doing with her hands, is still gazing from her Fifth Avenue window. Her lover has gone away to Europe, and again her thoughts are *sic itur ad astra*. Her only solace is Fido, the lovely little dog which Eugene gave her when she returned from the Springs. As she sits and watches the spirit of her lover among the stars, so Fido watches with a sentimental reverence for his mistress.

At the Fifth Avenue I meet the same old ladies—heads of “flirtation,” “income” and “pedigree” committees, who used to watch the Clarendon balconies. We spend many social hours talking over the romances of the summer—talking over the conquests of love and, alas! the scandal cases. They say several old husbands have committed suicide, and that Baron Flourens

was finally killed by a jealous rival. Then they tell me all about the engagements.

The golden-haired blonde who flung her arms around me that dark night when the gas went out, begging me with love's young tears not to dance with Lizzie Smith, is here with the rest. She is still flirting with Albert. Like the other Clarendon *beaux*, he still looks sweetly, but he does not propose. Sometimes he looks mournfully in her face, and murmurs—

"Darling Julia, do you love me a little?"

"Yes, Albert—so much! you know I do."

"I am too happy," he says, "for I like to be loved," *but he does not propose.*

Julia now plays and sings a sweet air in the little ante-room, with the door half-closed.



WED OR CEASE TO WOO!

Never wedding, ever wooing,  
Still a love-lorn heart pursuing!  
Read you not the wrong you're doing  
In my cheek's pale hue?  
All my life with sorrow strewing?  
Wed, or cease to woo!

Rivals banished, bosoms plighted,  
Still our days are disunited:  
Now the lamp of hope is lighted,  
Now half-quenched appears,  
Damped, and wavering, and be-  
[nighted,  
'Midst my sighs and tears!

Charms you call your dearest bless-  
[ing,  
Lips that thrill at your caressing,  
Eyes a mutual soul confessing—  
Soon you'll make them grow  
Dim, and worthless your possessing,  
Not with age, but woe!

It is a sweet plaintive melody, and, as Albert leans forward to turn the leaves, Julia's mother glances through the half-open door, as she promenades by with Colonel Knight.

"Julia looks happy to-night," she remarks to the Colonel; "I think Albert has proposed."

But alas! Julia's mother had too much confidence in human nature. Albert was a flirt.

As the frost touched the autumn leaves, and the trunks were packed for Philadelphia, Julia's mother called her aside.

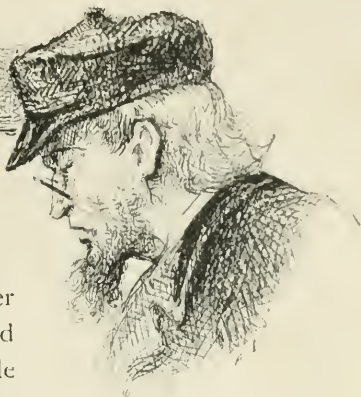
"My poor child," she sighed, "I fear we have lost our summer. To-morrow we go back to Philadelphia with ruined hopes.

Fair hope is dead, and light  
Is quenched in night.  
What sound can break the silence of despair?  
O doubting heart!  
The sky is overcast,  
Yet stars shall rise at last.  
Brighter for darkness past,  
And angels' silver voices stir the air.



JULIA'S UNREQUITTED LOVE

# NEW YORK



AT BALL & BLACK'S.

FIFTH HEAVENUE HOTEL.

Yesterday my Uncle Consider Perkins arrived from Litchfield County, Connecticut. My Uncle Consider is not a college man, but he has got good square Perkins' blood into him. He says he has. He says he is proud of his "genlmnly" tastes. He says he was born a Litchfield County farmer, but that our ancestors came from a noble "origum." He says he is very glad to visit me at the Fifth Heavenue and to see something of our fust society.

UNCLE CONSIDER

I take him round with great pleasure.

Uncle Consider said he wanted to buy some holiday presents for Aunt Ruth and Aunt Patience, so we dropped into Ball, Black & Co.'s.

Now there is a good deal of very nice and very cheap jewelry made in Connecticut—some in Litchfield County, but it is not made by the Perkinses. Perkinses never go into any such thing. They all, except myself, follow the glorious pursuit of agriculture ; they can't tell an oroide watch from a genuine Tobias.

As we entered Ball & Black's palatial store on Broadway, Mr. Black advanced to meet us.

"What will you have, gentlemen?" said Mr. B. very politely.

"Some jewelry, if you have some cheap," said my Uncle Consider, feeling in his trousers' pocket for his wallet.

"What kind, Sir?" asked Mr. Black.

"I guess I'll take a cheap black Emanuel busum pin, for Mrs. Perkins," said Uncle Consider. Then he asked the price.

"Well, plain enamels are 75," said Mr. Black.

"All right," said Uncle Consider, "put this ere one up. It's cheap enough. And now, Mr. Ballandblack," he continued, "I want to get some antic jewelry—some ear-rings for Aunt Ruth, you know, Eli," he said, looking over his spectacles to me.

Mr. Black handed out a tray of *antique* ear drops and asked :

"How do you like ear-rings *à la Pompeii*, Mr. Perkins?"

"I don't like these old-fashioned antics," said my uncle, "I want new-fashioned antics. Hav'n't you some antics *à la Chicago*?"

Mr. Black smiled and handed out a pair of new-fashioned *antiques*, saying, "These are worth 90, Mr. Perkins."

"They are thundering cheap," said my uncle, and then he asked :

"Hev you got some more antics, Mr. Black?"

"No *moire antiques*, Mr. Perkins, they are not in the market."

"Wal, put those up, then ; and now, Mr. Ballblack," said my uncle, holding onto Mr. Black's collar, "I want to get a real, No. 1, gilt-banded, brass-hooped copy of the Holy Scriptures, for sister Patience. I want a good, substantial, polywog Bible, with the complete hypocrisy in it."

"Here is a good one, Mr. Perkins, and cheap at 80," said Mr. Black, showing a gilt-clasped Bible.

"That *is* cheap, I swow," said my uncle ; "that is gol blasted cheap, Mr. Blackball," said he, with a wave of his hand, "send me up five of them, hypocrisy, polywogs, and—"

"What in the world do you want so many for, uncle?" I asked.

"Why, Jerusalem crickets, Eli ! them polywogs is dog cheap ! Why, you can't buy a Sander's spelling book up in Litchfield for less than 90."

"Send 'em all up to the Fifth Heavenue with the bill," said Uncle Consider, and then we went around to Madame Gobare's, to see about some silk dresses.

This morning the Fifth Heavenue folks sent up my uncle's bill. The waiter knocked at the door, and as my Uncle Consider opened it, he stuck the bill into his hand.

"Thunderation, Eli," my uncle commenced, "I'll be kust if—"

"If what, Uncle Consider?" I asked in amazement.

"Why, the kuss Blackball said that busum pin for Betsey was to be 75; I thought he meant 75 cents, and, great guns! he's gone and charged 75 dollars for it. And them 90 cents antic ear-rings are put down at 90 dollars—and—Lord bless Litchfield County, if he hasn't gone and sent up five of them miserable 80 cent brass-hooped polywog bibles with the hypocrisy in them at 80 dollars apiece!—Five hundred and sixty-five dollars—when I thought the kuss was selling them to me for 565 cents!

"Ough!"



## ELI CONFESSES HIS SINS.

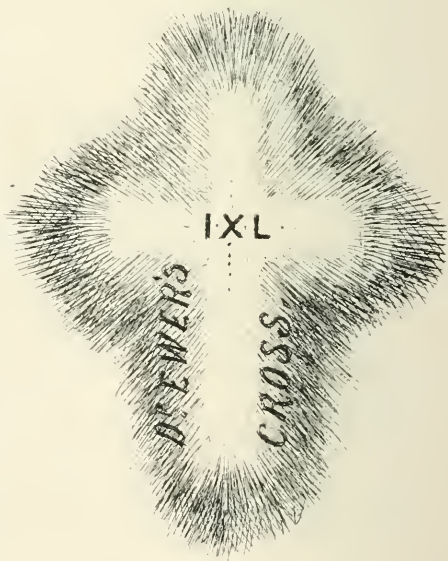
I have joined the Ritualists. I belong to Dr. Ewer. We have seceded from the 5th Avenue church, and now we've got a little Catholic-Protestant church on 7th Avenue. Bishop Potter is with us on the sly, and we are going to take our whole congregation straight over to Rome.

O, what a time we did have in our little 7th Avenue church last Sunday—the candles we lighted, the way we all confessed our sins, and the way we abused the old church on 5th Avenue.

We haven't got much money nor much religion, but we have got more pluck than you can imagine. We are bound to do just what we have a mind to whether we want to or not.

Gracious! how it would have bothered those poky people over on Fifth Avenue if they had seen the lights we put up. We darkened the windows, blinded every ray of God's miserable sunlight, and burned two magnificent tallow candles and forty-four gas jets.

On the altar we had a blazing cross, four feet long, made of seventy-five blazing streams of gas. It was glorious. It was hot and uncomfortable, to be sure, and made Dr. Ewer's face red; but it was grand—yes, sublime—except when some blundering Christian opened the door and let in the miserable sunlight. We are going to build a church with no windows and a double door, so that God's miserable sunlight



can't get in to eclipse our beautiful candle lights. What is the use of sunlight when it is pretty light enough in the day time without it?

"What did we do?"

It is easier to tell what we didn't do.

Why, in the early morning, at 8:30 A.M.—think of it, lazy Fifth Avenue Low Churchmen—we all got up and went to mass and confessional. The ladies had more talking than confessing to do, and I began to think that Dr. Ewer was holding a reception. We would confess a little, then we would abuse the old church on Fifth Avenue. One lady confessed that Miss—— was fixed out by the committee to dance with the Grand Duke, but that she got hold of Catacazy, who introduced her to Alexis, and she stole a dance. She said she was sorry, but she did want to dance with the Grand Duke so much. Dr. Ewer said that was very bad, and that if Miss —— hadn't been a Low Church lady, he would never have forgiven it.

"What will you confess this morning, Mr. Perkins?" asked the Doctor, turning to me.

"Well, your Worshipful," I said, "I confess that I went to the Navy Yard ball, that a miserable Low Churchman stole my overcoat and hat, and that when my driver got drunk, and I was compelled to get up on the box and drive home in the wind bare-headed, and in my swallow-tail coat, that I forgot myself and swore like the devil."

"And you are sorry for it now, Mr. Perkins?"

"Yes, I'm sorry that I swore; but when I think of my lost hat and overcoat, I think if I had the Low Church scoundrel who stole them I'd cut his da—darned ears off!"



## FIFTH HEAVENUE FLIRTING.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, Feb. 10.

Those flirting Fifth-avenue fellows!

Everywhere I go, the young ladies are furious at the way Brown's Boys are conducting themselves this winter. Their chief aim seems to be to get a young lady "on the string" and then trifle with her affections. They always talk, but they never propose. They fuss around three or four months with a young lady and then plead poverty and the I-don't-want-to-take-you-from-your-nice-home dodge. Now, the girls are willing to go. They are willing to live in a garret with a brave, handsome, working fellow, with a heart big enough to kill them with manly love. They don't like these timid, calculating fellows. They like a man who will rush headlong wherever love beckons him, knowing that happiness and wealth will surely follow after. The young ladies begin to get mad. They are tired of waiting.

I LIKE TO BE LOVED.



JULIA IN THE TWILIGHT.

Last night I went home from Dr. Ewer's with Julia. Julia is visiting with her cousin who lives in a palatial residence on Fifth Avenue. The old folks had retired, and the gas in the front parlor was down. The back parlor, we noticed through the windows in the folding door, was brilliantly

illuminated. We sat on the sofa. The darkness gave me confidence, and I took Julia's hand and was about to say something confidential in the feeble gaslight, when we heard Julia's cousin Mary in the back parlor with Charley Brown. Charley

was taking advantage of the darkness, too. We saw their shadows on the glass-door. I heard him whisper :

" Mary dear, I have something confidential to tell you."

" What is it, Charley ?" she lisped, in a sweet voice.

Then we saw one arm of his shadow encircle her shadow, and somebody whispered :

" I think, Mary—I think that—I love you ! "

Then we heard a suppressed sigh.

" Julia," continued the voice, " do you love me ? "

" Yes, Charley, I do love you," she sobbed.

" How much ? "

" More than words can express."

" I am very glad, Mary," continued the voice, " for I *do* like to be loved."

" Well, Charley ? "

But Charley never said another word. Young fellows seldom get further than this now-a-days.

This is as much as any reasonable young lady ought to expect.

Now, Charley is an honorable fellow, and he has gotten just so far with 386 different young ladies on Fifth Avenue. It is called by the fellows the " sticking point."

One day I said, " Charley, did you never get any further than the ' sticking point ? '"

" Pshaw, Eli, yes," he replied. " There are two other points still. We call them the ' awful oath dodge,' and the ' poverty dodge.' Why, I've come these dodges over the Fifth Avenue girls more than twenty times."

" What is the ' awful oath dodge ? '" I inquired anxiously.

" The ' awful oath dodge ' is where we ' get sweet ' on the girl, tell her that we love her, get her to say she loves us, then announce with tremendous solemnity that we were compelled to take an awful oath at the bedside of our dying grandfather not

to marry until the age of thirty. Of course the young lady can't wait so long as that, and we are out of the scrape."

"Well, what is the 'poverty dodge,' and how do you do it?" I asked, still opening my eyes at Charley's revelations.

"Never tell, my boy?"

"Never!"

"Well, I always tell the girls that I love them."

"Yes?"

"Ask them if they love me."

"Yes?"

"Then they say 'Yes.'"

"And you——"

"Why, then I sigh, and say, 'Alas! darling, I do love you, but I love you too much to ask you to marry me. You, Mary, are used to a life of luxury. I am poor and proud. I would not ask you to leave a home of comfort for a home such as I could give you.'"

"Well, Charley, how does this generally work?"

"Splendidly, old fellow! That's what we Fifth Avenue fellows call the 'poverty dodge'—the very last jumping off place, you know."

Oh, Charley is such an honorable fellow!

Now, the city is so full of Charleys that we good fellows, who really mean business, are completely in the shade. We are so diffident. We hold our hats deferentially in our hands, and when it comes to the question of proposing, we, non-professionals, stammer and back up, then go ahead, and finally get the cold shoulder, while Charley runs off with your sweetheart.

No fellow can ever propose nicely till he has done it twenty or thirty times.

#### JULIA'S IDEA.

This morning I got a perfumed note from Julia. She says she is down on the "I-like-to-be-loved" fellows, who go around making girls commit themselves, as Charley Brown and her



JULIA.

cousin Mary. She says she has got a new idea which she brought from Philadelphia, and so she writes it to me :—

“FIFTH AVENUE, —  
“DEAR ELI :—

“This is our new idea. All the girls have agreed to it. We call it the *honorable* dodge, and we are bound to put through every flirting fellow in New York on it. The idea is—but I'll tell you how I practiced it last night and you'll understand it better. But

you know it is a secret, and of course you are to be trusted.

“Well, last night Fred Palmer called. You know he is an awful flirt. We sat on the same sofa where you and I sat before. The gas was low, and pretty quick Fred began to talk ‘spooney.’ I pretended to be affected. Then he said, ‘What a pretty ring you have, Julia.’ (The old dodge, you know.)

“‘Yes, so—so, I replied.

“‘Is that your crest engraved on it? he asked, taking my hand. (Another old dodge, you know.) It isn't half pretty enough for your hand, he continued. You should have a diamond solitaire. Would you like one? he asked, looking lovingly into my eyes.

“‘Yes, I said, if it comes from the right one.

“‘How would you like one from me, Julia? he asked, with a sigh.

“‘Oh! I should be delighted, if I thought you loved me, and then I looked down on his coat sleeve.

“‘But, Julia, you know I do love you—I love you dearly, I ——.’

“‘Do you love me enough to speak to father about it? I asked, interrupting him.

“‘Yes, dear Julia, I will speak to him to-morrow, he said,



BUT, JULIA, YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU!

kissing my hand, ‘I——I——’

“‘No, Frederick, I remarked, removing my hand from his convulsive clasp, ‘I am glad you are willing, but I am engaged to Eli Perkins, you know, and I was only seeing how far you would go!’

“So keep the idea a secret a little while, my dear Eli, and we girls will fool every fellow in New York. Mum is the word!

“Your own love,

“JULIA ——.”



## FLIRTING.



MOLLY BROWN.

The following letter from a young lady is full of suggestions. It comes written in a patrician hand. The writing is graceful, sweeping, and dashy. It tells the story so truly, and teaches a moral so keenly, that I cannot resist giving it to you.

Miss Mollie Brown, of Forty-sixth street, writes :

*Dear Mr. Perkins :*

I wish to ask your sympathy and advice on a subject that has long been weighing on my mind, and that is—flirting.

You see I have got the name of being that despicable thing—a flirt—simply because I look after my own interests. *Par example* : I am pretty—every one says so—and have plenty of admirers. Well, so soon as a young gentleman, whom I like pretty well, calls on me two or three times, I am brought up for examination before my paternal.

“Who is he?” my relative sternly inquires.

“Mr. Smith, papa,” I meekly respond, telling in ten words all I know about the man.

"Where does he live? What's his father's name? What's his business? How much does he make a year? What are his habits?" follow each other in quick succession, and, not being able to answer, I steadily set to work to discover these important facts, my father never thinking of doing it for me.

Well, in two months, by continual pumping I discover his place of abode—quite stylish!

In three months I discover his father's name—John.

In four his business—small broker in Wall street.

In five, income—uncertain.

In six, habits ditto!!

Now, what is left for me to do? I have wasted three months finding out that it would be very foolish for me to marry Smith. I can't help it—I tried hard; but in a big city like this, it is hard to find out about anybody, so I can do nothing but give the case of Smith up, and try again. Of course I've treated Mr. Smith kindly, because he looked like a solid fellow, and I didn't like to lose a good opportunity.

Now, it happens that, having tried to look out for myself in this way some dozen times or so, I have drawn down on my devoted head the opprobrious epithet of—Flirt—and as a natural consequence, all your "Brown's boys," thinking me fair game for a flirtation, are overwhelming me with their detrimental attentions, to the disgust of all the eligibles.

Now, dear Mr. Perkins, can't you advise me on this subject, or at least make Mrs. Grundy retract the unenviable name she has bestowed upon me?

My only desire is to pursue my own way peacefully, and, before I die, marry some well-educated young man with a good family, good business, good habits, good income, good-looking, and good-natured enough to make me love him; and surely no girl could ask less, could they?

Yours, imploringly,

MOLLIE BROWN.

Forty-sixth street, March 17.

No, Miss Mollie—no ! your experience I believe to be the experience of almost every pretty young lady from Madison square to the Park. The mission of an accomplished young lady is to marry a brave young fellow with money enough to support her, and love enough in his big, generous heart to make her happy.

You are not a "flirt." You simply show a little management. You are doing simply what your big brother and shrewd father ought to do for you—guarding against being deceived. You don't want to wreck your young life by marrying a man whose life is purposeless, and who is penniless, reckless, and heartless ?

"What is to be done ?"

Why, there should be confidential relations between you and your father. I don't mean that he should be an old pepper-and-salt dromedary, who drives blooded fellows away by boring them to death with business questions the first night they call ; but as soon as Mr. Smith shows the least speck of devotion, you should go right and tell your father, and he in a gentle and Chesterfieldian manner should make a quiet inquiry about Smith aforesaid. Finding Smith one of Brown's boys, he should tell you so, and the next time he called you could be out ; while if Smith was found to be a plucky, and aspiring young fellow, your papa could say that, and leave the rest to you and Smith aforesaid.

"What is flirting, anyway ?"

It is simply making yourself agreeable. It is a compliment to be called a flirt. I never knew a flirt who wasn't pretty, accomplished, and whose heart, when once caught, wasn't big enough and warm enough to make a man worship her all his life. Such being the case, of course she was fixed out with velvet walking dresses, camel's hairs, six-button gloves, and boxes at the opera for the rest of her natural existence.

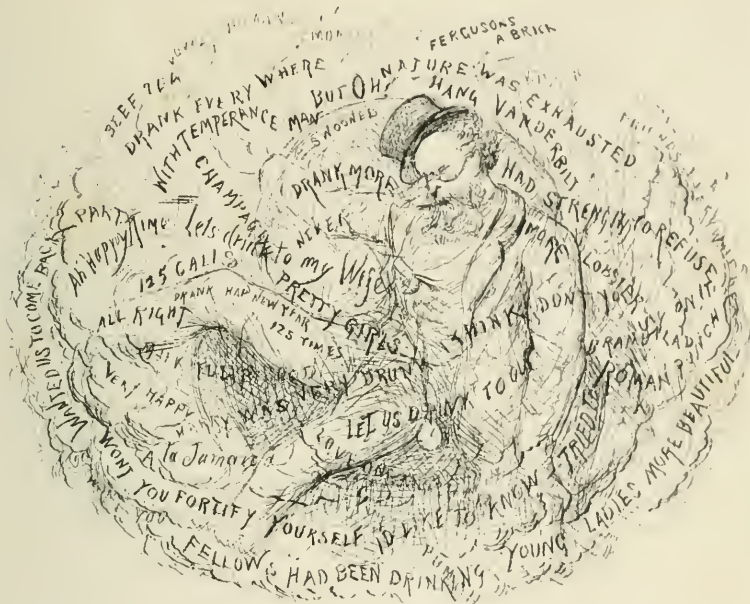
If you call it flirting to become engaged to a fellow and then break such engagement, and with it an honest man's heart, after

cabbing a *solitaire* and a winter's supply of opera and big bouquets, I don't. If you call it flirting for a scamp to absorb a year of a young lady's life, to steal her confiding kisses of betrothed maidenhood, and then break an engagement and a confiding heart—if you call that flirting, I don't. I call such things criminal, and a man ought to be put in the Tombs for doing it, just the same as he ought to be put in the Tombs for any other swindling confidence game.

Flirting in the New York sense is when a young lady makes herself agreeable, and consequently has lots of admirers, whom she keeps "on a string" until she makes up her mind which one she loves best, and which one has the biggest and bravest heart. Flirting with blooded New York fellows is when a young fellow with a heart full of splendid boyishness loves all the pretty girls on the street, until, by-and-by, some sweet angel captures him, head, heart, Russian overcoat, and the thousand little flirting loves are concentrated through the focus of honest love upon the new object of his adoration. And there they both stand, Mollie Brown! both caught, both true and together—one spirit, they travel down the happy highway of life!



## NEW YEAR'S CALLS.



UNCLE ELM'S 125TH CALL.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, 1 A. M., Jan 2.

I don't feel like writing to-day, my head aches. I made calls yesterday—made 125 calls. I finished them about twelve o'clock—an hour ago.

I had my call list written off, and commenced at Sixtieth street, and came down. My idea was to make 125 calls of five minutes each. This would take 625 minutes, or ten hours. I think I did it. I worked hard. I was an intermittent perpetual motion. I did all that anybody *could* do. If any fellow says he made 126 calls, he—well, he is guilty of li-bel. I tried it. I made my 125th call with my eyes closed, and at my 126th I swooned on the hall stairs. Nature was exhausted. Oh! but

wasn't it fun ! It is nothing to make calls after you have been at it a spell. The last twenty calls were made with one eye closed. I was actually taking a mental nap all the time. My tongue talked right straight ahead, from force of habit. Talking came as easy as ordinary respiration. All I had to do was to open my mouth, and the same words tumbled out :

" Hap—new year, Miss Smitte !"

" Ah, Mr. Perkins ! I'm delighted—"

" May you have man' hap' returns—bye—by !"

" But ar'n't you going to drink to—"

" Thank—pleasure (drank). May you live thousand years. By—by," (sliding into the hall and down the front steps.)

I started at noon. Made first call on young lady.

She said, " You have many calls to make. Won't you fortify yourself with a little sherry ?"

I said I would, and drank small glass.

Called next on married lady on Fifth Avenue.

She said, " Let's drink to William."—(You know Will is off making calls on the girls.)

" All right, Mrs. Mason"—then we drank some nice old port to absent William.

On Forty-ninth street met a sainted Virginia mother, who had some real old Virginia egg-nog.

Very nice Southern egg-nog. Abused the Yankees, and drank two glasses with Virginia mother.

On Forty-sixth street met lady who had some nice California wine. Tried it. Then went across the street with Democratic friend to say New Years and get some of old Skinner's 1836 brandy. Got it. Mrs. Skinner wanted us to drink to Skinner. Drank to Skinner, and ate lobster salad.

Met a friend, who said :

" Let's run in and see Coe, the temperance man."

Coe said :

" Ah ! happy time ! Let's drink to my wife."

Drank bottle of champagne to Mrs. Coe—then drank to children.

Drove round to Miss Thompson's, on Fifth Avenue. The Thompsons are famous for rum punch. Tried two glasses with Miss Thompson. Very happy. House looked lovely. Ate brandy peaches. Good many lights. Pretty girls, quite numerous. Drank their health. Drank claret. Then drank Roman punch. Went out, leaving hat and a twelve-dollar umbrella in the hat-rack.

Happy thought!—Took Charley Brown in the carriage. Charley said, "Let's drop in on the Madison Avenue Masons." "All right," dropped in. Miss Mason says, "Have some nice old Madera?" Said, "Yes, Miss Mas'n, will have some, my dearie." Drank to Mrs. Mason, and ate boned turkey to young ladies. Young ladies dressed beautifully—hair, court train, and shoes *à la Pompadour*. Left overcoat and changed high hat for fur cap. Saw a span of horses in a carriage drawn by Charley King. Charley was tightlually slight. Said he had been in to Lees, eating boned sherry and drinking pale turkey.

Now all called on the Lambs on Thirty-fourth Avenue. Old Lamb was round. "Lam's chops very good," says Charley.

Also drank brandy peaches here, and ate more pony brandy. Young ladies beau'ful—high heeled dress and shoes cut *decolleté*. Great many of them. Nice Roman punch with monogram on it. Had fried sandwich with brandy on it. Presented large bouquet in corner to Mrs. Lamb. Exchanged hat for hall card basket, and slid down front banisters.

Called on Vanderbilt. Hang Vanderbilt! Vanderbilt didn't rec'v calls. Carried off card basket and hung Charley's hat on bell knob. Used Van's cards to make other calls with. Kept calling. Called steady. Called between calls. Drank more. Drank everywhere. Young ladies more beau'ful. Wanted us to come back to party in the evening. Came back. Grand party. Bernstein furnished by music. Drank more lobster

salad. Drank half a glass of silk dress and poured rest on skirt of Miss Smith's champagne in corner. Slumped plate gas-light green silk down on to nice ice cream. Dresses wore white tarletan—young ladies cut swallow tail. Sat on young lady's hand and held stairs. Very happy. Fellows had been drinking.

11 P.M. Left party. Carriage outside wanted me to get into Fred Young and promenade over to the Stewarts. Roman punch had been drinking Fred. He invited eight other horses to get into the fellows and ride around to the Stewarts. Stewart tight and house closed up. Left pocketbook in card-basket outside, and hung watch and chain over bell knob.

Called on the Furgisons. All up. Had old Burgundy. Furgison's a brick. Took sherry. Beau'ful young lady dressed in blue Roman punch. Opened bottle of white *gross grain* trimmed with Westchester County lace. Drank it up. Got on (hic) outside and drove driver home. Fellows getting more tete-uly slight. Drank *Pompadour* rum with young lady dressed à la *Jamaica*. Hadn't strength to refuse. Drank hap' (hic) new year fifteen times—then got into Fif Thavenue Hotel, and told driver to drive round to the carriage. Came up to letter, and wrote this room for the *Com-vertiser*. Pulled coat off with the boot-jack, and stood self up by the register to dry. Then wrote —(hic)—wrote more — (hic.)

U-LI PERKINGS.



## ALBERT AND JULIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 4.

I am in the city of Brotherly Love. I came on to call on Julia, who has returned to the city of Brotherly Love. I wanted to see her after our season at Saratoga. I wanted to talk about Albert, the balcony scenes, the grave-yard, and our engagement.

As I pulled the bell of her palatial Chestnut-street mansion, the big walnut doors swung back, and there—there—in the parlor with Julia—sat Albert. I overheard him say, “dear Julia, this is the city of Brotherly Love, isn’t it?”

“Yes, and Lovely Love too, Albert,” she replied sweetly.

Then he looked thoughtful a moment.

“Julia,” he continued, “you have thought me a flirt——?”

“Yes, Albert,” Julia interrupted.

“You have seen me at your side all summer. Together we danced the German, together we have promenaded in the moonlight, and now, dear Julia,” he continued as he fumbled in his vest pocket——

“What, Albert?”

“Why, dearest Julia, I would ask you to walk with me down the pathway of life.”

Julia made no reply. She had evidently forgotten me, for her face sank gently on his shoulder, and then I saw him gently slip a *solitaire* upon her finger, while her face lit up with a flood of happiness.

My Julia was gone!















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